THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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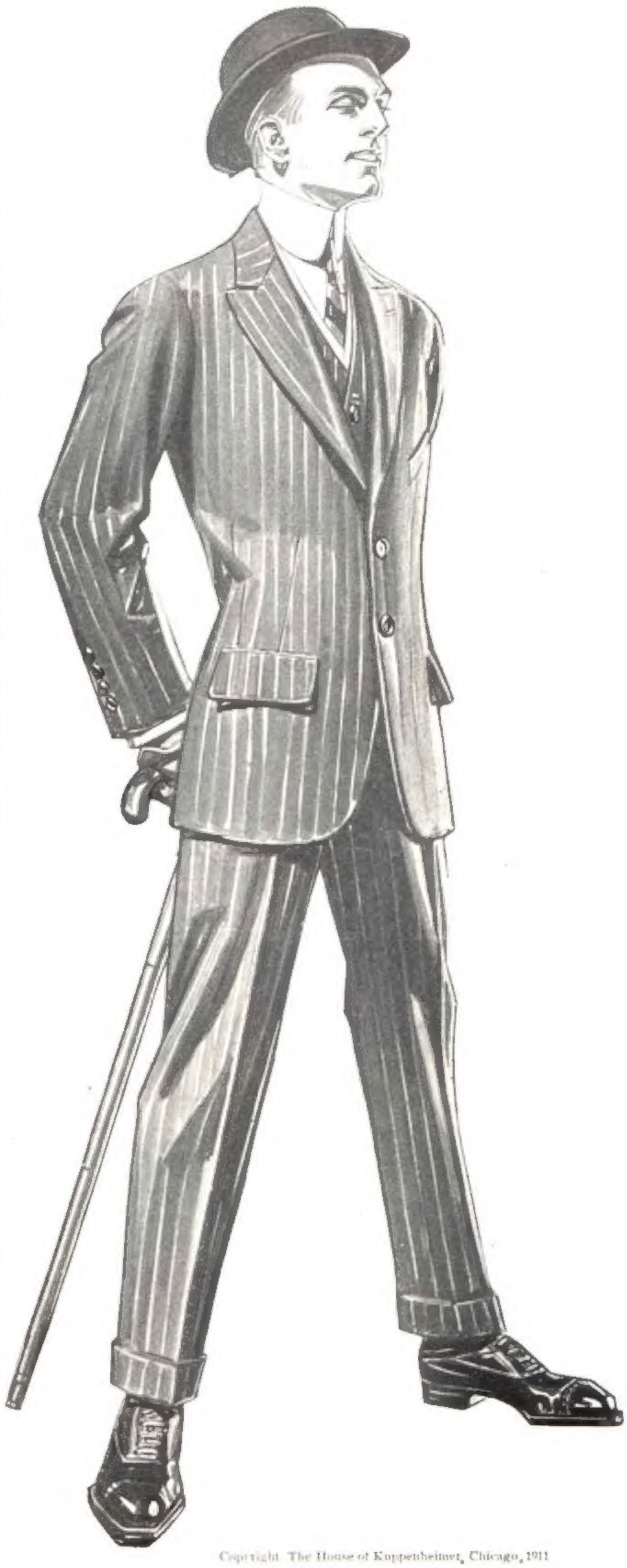
SEPT. 9, 1911 — 5cts. THE COPY

Philip Boileau

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



IF your preference is for the English Sack—fashion's newest style, with its soft roll, Reflex front, its narrow shoulders and narrow sleeve effect, its semi-form-fitting exactness, you'd best insist upon a Kuppenheimer garment.

Our name is on every garment—

You'll not find its equal in style; no matter where you go—nor what you pay.

All the new Fall and Winter Kuppenheimer styles in suits and overcoats are now being shown by the better clothiers.

Send for our book, Styles for Men.

The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston

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Chicago, September 9, 1911

Practical "Master Suit" Features

Coat

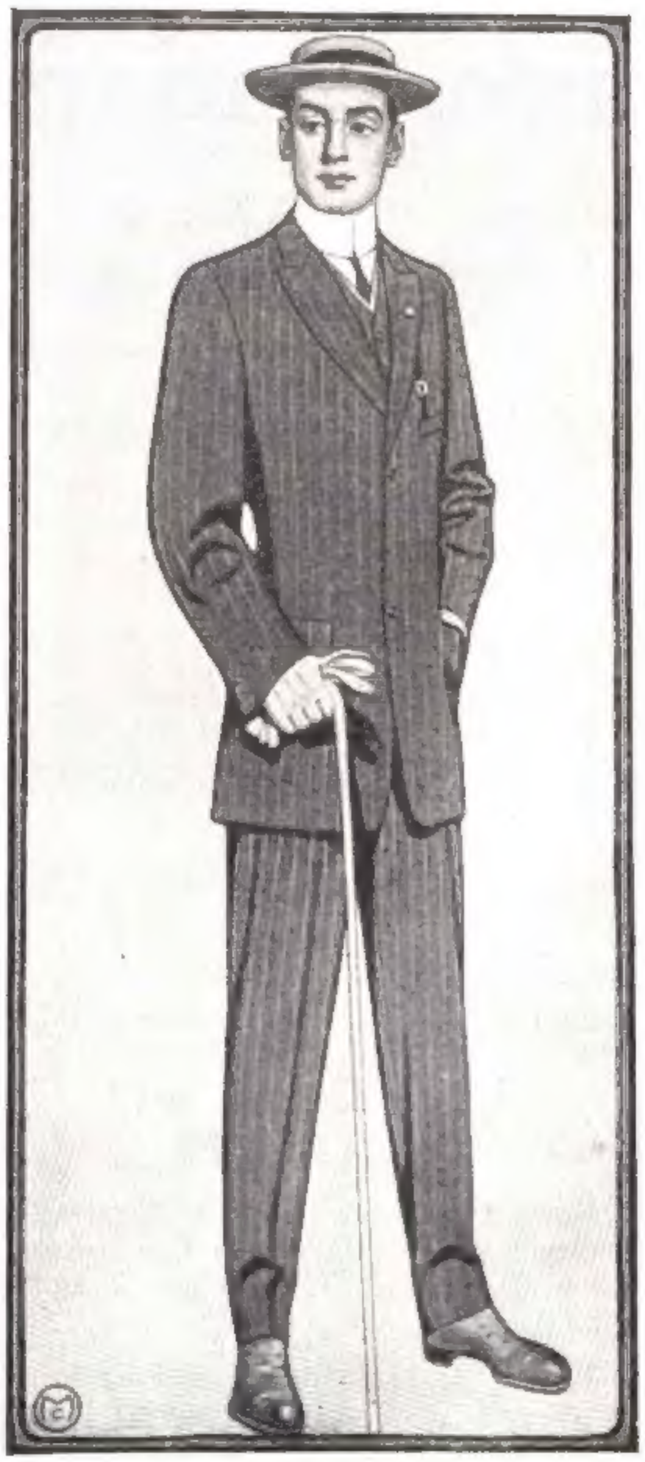
1 Pencil pocket joining inside breast pocket.
2 Match pocket on inner left side.
3 Perspiration shields at armpits to protect lining.
4 Neck-cape; prevents wrinkling below coat collar. Patented.
5 Extension safety pocket; conceals and secures letters, papers, etc.
6 Boutonnière holder under lapel.
7 Watch pocket within outside breast pocket.

Vest

8 Side buckles to produce smooth-fitting back.
9 Watch guard in lower left pocket for fob or chain.
10 Pencil or fountain pen pocket; opens in seam of upper left pocket.
11 Vestee. Detachable and washable; attached with gold pins; adds dressiness.

Trousers

12 Permanent crease; keeps trousers pressed and prevents bagging at the knee. An excellent, practical feature. Patented June 16, 1908. No. 890792.
13 Cash pocket within right-hand side pocket. Permits carrying keys, knife, etc., on same side without confusion.



"The Master Suit"

Practical "Master Suit" Features

Trousers—*Continued*

14 Guard in watch pocket to prevent theft or loss.
15 Pencil pocket in right-hand hip pocket. Especially convenient when no coat or vest is worn.
16 Braid belt loops. Neat, attractive, practical. None the less attractive with suspenders.
17 Tunnel belt slides; hold trousers firmly over hips and keep belt in place.
18 Two steel pivot pearl buttons at front of waistband. Add tone and smartness.
19 Loop in front for belt; holds belt in position.
20 Improved secret money pocket on inside of waistband. Closed and hidden by buttoning to inside suspender button.
21 Silk braid edging on hip pockets.
22 Our specially designed side pockets. Big, roomy, and shaped especially to follow the form of the hand. Pockets curve down to crotch.
23 Silk braid edging on watch pocket.
24 Hanger of colored silk braid.
25 2½-inch turn-up for soft turn-up or permanent cuff.
26 Extension safety pocket; same as No. 5 in the coat.
27 Belt of same material, with patent gold buckle.

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men

and Men who Stay Young

THE modern clothes-maker must incorporate more than merely fine tailoring and good fabrics in his clothes. He must also embody "lines" which give the wearer the appearance of perfect physique. Ask your clothier to let you try on a Master Suit of Society Brand make. You'll like the effect of full chest, trim waist and stately carriage—the graceful stride it encourages—and the air of refinement it gives you.

The Master Suit possesses the very latest style effects in men's clothes. It is tailored faultlessly—of staunch fabrics. On sale—ready-to-wear—in nearly every city; if not in your city, write us. $20 to $40.

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

Copyright, 1911: Alfred Decker & Cohn

Which Beans Do You Serve, Madam?

Here are two photographs—one showing Van Camp's Beans, one a dish of home-baked beans. Which kind do your folks get?

Note What a Difference

Every bean in the can of Van Camp's is nut-like and whole. Yet those beans are baked five times as well as the mushy beans in the home dish.

No beans are crisped in the can of Van Camp's, because we don't use dry heat. In the home dish the top beans are ruined.

Each Van Camp bean is mealy but separate. About half the beans in the home dish are simply a soggy mass.

The tomato sauce is baked into Van Camp's—baked with the beans and the pork. It must be added on top of the home beans.

The After Effects

But here are the points which you can't see. They can only be taught by comparison.

Van Camp's Beans are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. The middle beans in the home dish get about 100 degrees.

Beans are naturally hard to digest, and heat alone makes them digestible. The home-baked beans don't get half enough heat. So, instead of digesting, they ferment and form gas.

That's why you call them heavy food. That's why some folks cannot eat them. Nobody should. But, when the granules are broken as they are in Van Camp's, digestion is easy. There is no fermentation.

Saving Sixteen Hours

It takes sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking to get a home-baked dish like you see below. It takes one minute to serve Van Camp's cold—ten minutes to serve them hot. And they have all the savor of the freshly-baked.

You can keep Van Camp's on the pantry shelf—a dozen cans or more. Then you have a hearty, delicious meal which everyone likes when you don't want to cook. Users serve them, on the average, five times as often as they served home-baked.

And see by the picture what beans they get.

Van Camp's Beans
Actual Photograph

Learn How Good Beans Can Be

Beans are Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment. They cost one-third what meat costs. What a pity it is to spoil them.

We use Michigan beans, picked out by hand—just the whitest and plumpest, beans all of one size.

We make our sauce of whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. It costs us five times what some sauce would cost. It has five times the zest.

Compare this dish with the home-baked dish. Compare it with other brands. It is worth the trouble—a hundred times over—to find out the difference in beans.

Then insist on the beans that you like best—the beans that your folks prefer. Insist on your right to choose. Your grocer can always supply Van Camp's and he always will do so if he knows that you want them.

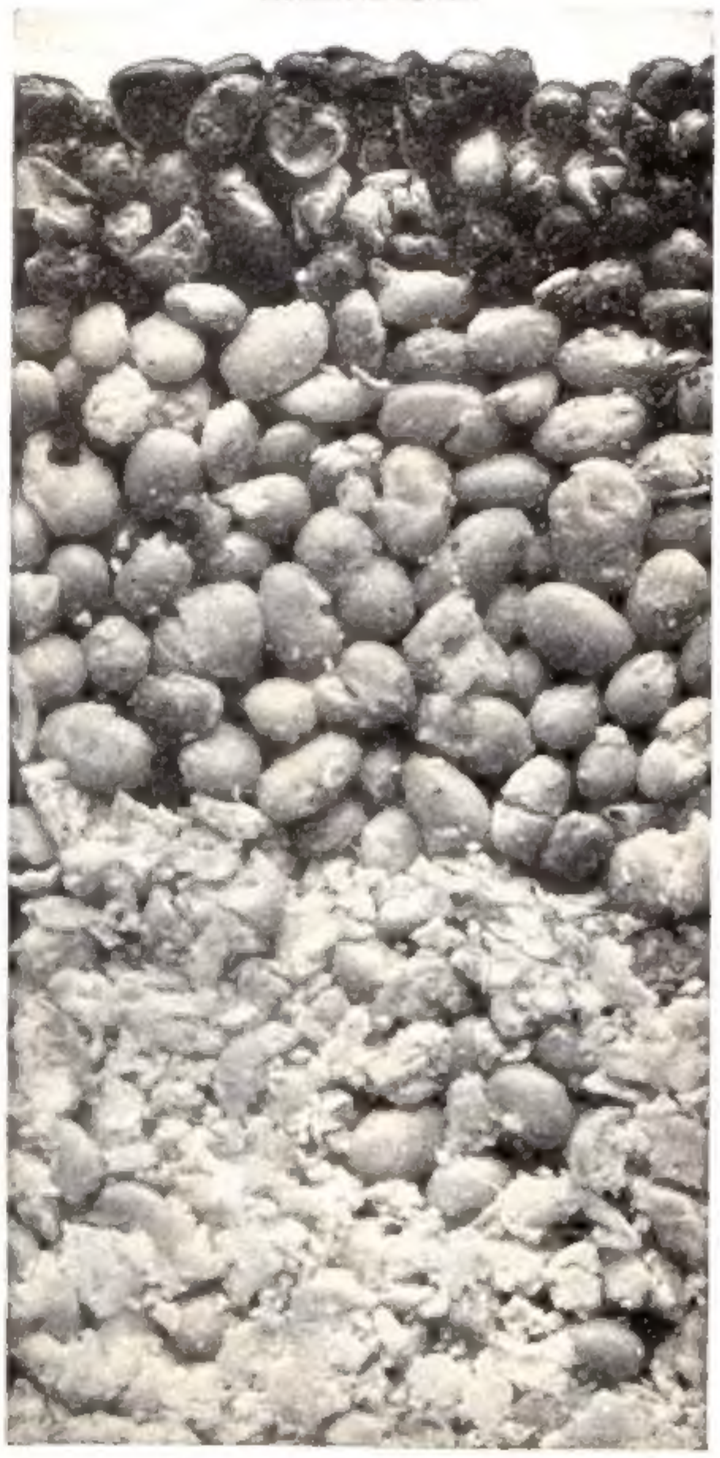
Van Camp's now outsell all other brands combined, because people find none to compare with them.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Home-Baked Beans
Actual Photograph



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THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Extra-Legal Proceedings

Mrs. Postlewait, With a Polite Apology for Her Poor Hand, Took Up the Pen and Laboriously Signed

HUMPHREY folded his napkin, laid it beside his plate and patted it down gently, then glanced across the table at his wife and remarked: "I saw Wilkinson this morning. He wouldn't renew the note for more than thirty days. He says I've got to pay at least half of it then or he'll close me up." He had put off the statement to the last moment.

Mrs. Humphrey looked startled, and exclaimed, with a passionate little tremble in her voice: "The mean old skinflint!"

"Oh, well, it's business, I suppose," her husband commented tolerantly. "He's been carrying me a long while now."

"He's a mean old skinflint!" Mrs. Humphrey repeated vehemently, and winked a slight moisture out of her eyes. "That Atmo note was nothing but a swindle anyhow. Mrs. Taylor told Mrs. Reimer he bought it at a three-hundred-dollar shave, so he must have known it was crooked. You're too easy-going, Addy! You ought to have fought it in the first place. Mrs. Reimer said so herself."

Addison patted his napkin absently and gazed into his empty plate. He did not wish to discuss the painful subject of the Atmo note with his wife. He knew that her view of it was not at all businesslike, but strictly feminine and hopelessly prejudiced. Its proper name was the Atmospheric Generator note. It represented his unfortunate investment in the patent right to a wonderful contrivance for generating electricity for farm use by wind power. The note was for eighteen hundred dollars, and he owed Doctor Wilkinson—or the First National Bank, which was all the same thing—twelve hundred besides. "Anyway, I owe him the money," he reminded her gravely, "and he says I've got to pay him fifteen hundred of it in thirty days. Of course," he added rather cheerfully, "I've just got to get out and collect some of the money that's due me. That's all there is about it."

"Oh, you must, Addy!" said Mrs. Humphrey earnestly. "You must! Now do it, Addy! Will you—right away?" she entreated. "You're so easy-going and good-natured, you know. You let anybody have credit and you let your accounts run and run and run. But you must get after 'em now—get right after 'em with a sharp stick!" she added, as she shook her head at him vigorously, her face full of trouble. Of course she loved him very much and was very proud of him, but that did not blind her to his defects. "You know you've got a son to think of now," she reminded him solemnly.

The son's demands at present were strictly limited to food that cost nothing whatever, his age being eleven months; but naturally the parents were already planning his education. Indeed, the slumbering roll of fat, slightly diversified by limbs and features, which then reposed in the next room, tugged quite sharply at Humphrey's heart, and he nodded darkly, saying: "I'll do it, Carrie; I'll do it!" He lapsed into thought for a moment and observed, half-absently: "There ought to be some hook or crook to get that money out of Postlewait. He owes me near fifteen hundred dollars."

"Yes!" Mrs. Humphrey exclaimed eagerly. "There must be some way if you'd just go at it right. Addy, will you go right straight to Mr. Reimer and see if he can't do something for you? I know he can if he's a mind to. You tell him," she concluded, as one playing a final trump, "that I said he'd got to do something about it. Will you go to him?"

Addison gave a little sigh and nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'll go see him." It was not a pleasant errand, for Mr. Reimer had already favored him with several candid legal opinions. For example, the last time he consulted the lawyer—concerning the Atmo note, some three months after he had canceled the original note by giving a new one—Mr. Reimer had considered the case a moment and then remarked: "All I can say to you, Addison, is that I'm blamed sorry for your wife."

Leaving the house Addison turned toward the main street of the village, walking with a kind of rapid amble, his body slightly bent forward at the hips and his nose thrust out as though his head could hardly wait for his thin legs to catch up with it. His chin was long but sloping. His brow sloped also. His face was smooth-shaven, his hair and eyebrows of no color at all, and even his eyes were only a light bluish-gray. They were not only amiable, however, but nervous and inquiring.

Turning into Main Street he naturally glanced across the dusty roadway to the two-story brick establishment occupied by Moses Postlewait. The front of the establishment was more than half covered with white muslin, stretched on wooden frames, upon which were painted in large red letters such statements as: "Stupendous Clearance Sale! Clothing at Half Price! Boots and Shoes Going Begging! Cyclonic Sweep of Hats and Caps. Chance of a Lifetime."

At the moment there was nobody in the hot little street to be electrified by these statements excepting Addison, the village marshal, the drayman, a dejected horse and two sleeping dogs. But on Saturdays Mr. Postlewait did a thriving trade. For some time he had been disposing of much merchandise at low prices strictly for cash; yet he seemed never to have any cash. His bills to the wholesale trade stood overdue and unpaid. Mrs. Postlewait, on the other hand, was notably flush. Within thirty days after Mr. Postlewait had sold his fine, well-improved, sixty-acre fruit farm north of town to a mysterious person in Chicago, Mrs. Postlewait had been able to buy the same farm back—having been supplied with funds, her husband explained, by an indulgent brother-in-law in Milwaukee.

Now Mr. Postlewait had made many improvements on the farm, building a new house, a new barn, erecting a fine new windmill and water-tank and inclosing the premises with a wire fence. He had favored his fellow tradesman, E. Addison Humphrey, with an order for all the hardware embraced in these improvements, including furnace and plumbing for the house, windmill, water-tank and fencing. But he had sold the farm to the mysterious person in Chicago without paying Humphrey, and Mrs. Postlewait, the present owner, maintained the incontrovertible position that she had never bought a penny's worth of anything from Mr. Humphrey and didn't owe him a cent.

With a heavy heart and misgiving mind Addison climbed the stairs on the outer wall of Bane's feed store to lay these facts before Mr. Reimer. He rather expected the lawyer would tell him he was a blockhead for having failed to procure a mechanic's lien on the farm.

No street or window sign marked Mr. Reimer's shabby office. A legal shingle, such as lawyers usually hang over the sidewalk, was nailed to the door by which one entered the office from the hall. The legend upon it was simply, "Joshua Reimer, Attorney at Law and Equity."

The lawyer was fifty-odd years of age and of an agreeable portliness. His rosy cheeks and upper lip were clean-shaven, but he wore a short, grizzled chin whisker. When Addison entered Mr. Reimer was in his shirt-sleeves as usual—the same kind of "hickory" shirt that he always wore. It was unbuttoned at the neck, and the sleeves were rolled up. His clean white cuffs and standing collar lay on the table with much other litter. He never wore a necktie; but when he appeared in court he pinned a white dickey over the bosom of his hickory shirt. He listened to Addison's statement and shook his head, saying:

"You couldn't get a cent out of him at law; not a cent. He's all primed to bust right now."

Addison unhappily contemplated the littered table and observed: "You see, I've got to raise fifteen hundred dollars for Doctor Wilkinson inside of thirty days, or I'm all primed to bust too." He glanced up at the lawyer and smiled forlornly; then added, as though the fact puzzled him: "He really owes me the money."

"Well, if he owes you the money," said Mr. Reimer, with a touch of asperity, "why don't you go out and get it? I said you couldn't get a cent at law, and you can't. But there's quite a difference between law and equity."

As the young man considered this statement a rather startled look appeared upon his face, and he was about to speak; but Mr. Reimer stopped him by leveling a heavy forefinger at his salient nose and saying severely: "Now, see here, young man, I'm a lawyer. I never in my life advised a man to go outside the law and I never will. Remember that. But the law, Addison, is a more or less hidebound, bone-headed, unhuman sort of thing. It don't always meet a man's reasonable wants. I will simply advise you to go off by yourself and sit down and think whether the Almighty probably gave you brains for the purpose of getting you into the poorhouse or for the purpose of taking care of your family. Now don't ask me the answer, because I don't know the answer any more'n the man in the moon."

Pondering this somewhat cryptic advice Addison descended the stairs. Mr. Reimer seemed certainly to hint at some proceedings of an irregular, violent and bellicose nature—possibly even attacking Mr. Postlewait with force and arms and taking the money away from him. Now Addison constitutionally loathed a row. He knew it would get his mind all mussed up and sweaty, precluding that precious preoccupation in speculative thought that was his chief delight. It was difficult for him to believe that Mr. Postlewait or anybody else really meant to swindle him. He told himself that, at any rate, it was only right that he should try peace and persuasion once more. He turned back, therefore, to the scene of the stupendous clearance sale.

The huge signs half obscured the windows, and the long, narrow store, with its heaps of dark merchandise, seemed like a dim cave after the midday glare of the street. Addison had hardly crossed the threshold, however, before he saw the stumpy and bandy-legged figure of the proprietor hastening forward to greet him.

Mr. Postlewait approached with a smile so warm and broad that it seemed to involve even his dead left eye. He promptly hooked his arm through Addison's and dragged him toward the dim rear of the store, assuring him at every step that he was precisely the man he wanted to see; indeed he had been just on the point of going to the hardware store in search of him. He pushed Addison into a chair at the end of his own battered little desk and sat down facing him, knee to knee. His manner of conversing was extraordinarily energetic. He continually bobbed his head, smiled and grimaced, while his forefinger pecked industriously at Addison's knee or breast.

It appeared, in short, that Mr. Postlewait was deeply embarrassed financially. He exhibited past-due bills, dunning letters from wholesale houses, threats of lawsuits. But he had just concluded an arrangement with Mrs. Postlewait's indulgent brother-in-law whereby the latter was to advance him three thousand dollars in cash. The money was absolutely sure to come and the fourteen hundred and thirty-two dollars owing to Addison should be the very first thing paid out of it. At the end of fifteen minutes he conducted the caller back to the front door, arm in arm, patted him affectionately on the back and dismissed him into the street with a broad, warm smile.

Addison felt greatly relieved, and repaired to the hardware store that he had inherited from his father with a brisk step and smiling face. He had a little office at the back of the store, inclosed by a plain wire grill. There for more than half an hour he busied himself sending out statements to his debtors. On some of the statements he wrote, "Please remit"; and on some, "Long past due; please come in and see me about it." A good many of the accounts he passed without sending out any statement—because the man was dead, or there was no hope of getting any money out of him, or Addison knew he'd been having rather hard luck, or he'd been in a month before and promised to pay as soon as he could raise the money. Addison hated to dun people. Presently his pen began to straggle aimlessly; then, almost of its own accord, it began making marks that had no reference to bills receivable. In fact, the hardware merchant's mind was slipping back to the Atmospheric Generator. He felt sure the thing would work if only he could think up a better way of managing the storage battery. Thinking of that sort had an unfortunate fascination for him. He sat humped over the desk, at which he stared vacantly, an absent-minded light in his eyes, a vague little smile playing upon his lips.

A sharp ring of the telephone aroused him from this pleasant trance. He took down the receiver and at once recognized his wife's voice.

Mrs. Humphrey also had been thinking, but in no pleasant trance. Indeed, the more she thought about Doctor Wilkinson's ultimatum the less pleasant she felt. This was in July when the days were hot. She had chosen that afternoon to roast a leg of mutton in order to have a stock of cold meat in the house. The kitchen was hotter than the day and the gasoline stove would not work properly. It roasted everything, Mrs. Humphrey included, except the mutton. Every time she opened the oven door, shielding her perspiring face with her hand, and saw that the roast was showing no more signs of browning than it would have had it been lying in a refrigerator, she thought again of the outrage that mean old Doctor Wilkinson was threatening to perpetrate upon patient, good-natured, hard-working Addison. The exterior heat, conspiring with the fire in her breast, presently got her into a very warm state. She telephoned to the hardware store demanding that Lute Morrow come instantly to the house and adjust the stove.

Lute was Addison's tinsmith, plumber and general handy-man—inherited from Humphrey senior along with the stock, fixtures and good-will. Humphrey senior had been a hard master, Humphrey junior was an easy one; and Lute believed in the law of compensation. Issuing from the one-story brick hardware store he paused in the shade of Mr. Taylor's awning next door and remarked that it was droopy weather. Lute himself drooped. His head hung forward upon a meager neck, the buttonless vest dangling from his sloping shoulders, his trousers began bagging a foot above the knees, and his rusty shoes shuffled dispiritedly along the piping-hot cement walk. Having discussed the weather with Mr. Taylor and compared it with all other weathers he could remember, he ambled across the street to a sociable group that lounged in the shade of the old butternut trees beside the Vale House. There he paused and remarked that it was droopy weather. In this fashion he managed to cover the seven blocks between the Humphrey store and the Humphrey residence in forty-two minutes.

He paused again in front of the house to wipe his bald brow upon his soiled shirt-sleeve, and noted that the thermometer on the porch registered ninety-four. He calculated that it must be at least a hundred and four in the sun. Drooping past the side of the house, a blast as from a furnace smote his face. It came from the open kitchen window and he surmised that the temperature of the kitchen must be about a hundred and twenty. Shuffling up the back steps he opened the kitchen door and at once discovered that Mrs. Humphrey's temperature was at least two hundred.

He was not inflammable by nature, and long association with Jabez Humphrey had almost indurated him; but when Mrs. Humphrey finished her remarks he was red, dumb and sweating. He liked Mrs. Humphrey and knew in his penitent soul that she would again take him into her house and nurse him through an attack of fever with the same generous courage that she now displayed in calling him a good-for-nothing old tramp. He was aware, too, there was much truth in her statement that he took scandalous advantage of her husband's good nature.

When Mrs. Humphrey Finished Her Remarks He Was Red, Dumb and Sweating

Having meekly discovered and removed the obstruction in one of the pipes of the stove, Lute penitently shuffled out to the woodshed and returned with the top of a soap box, which he laid upon the oven. Mrs. Humphrey, being temporarily exhausted and secretly ashamed of herself, merely asked why he did that fool thing. He explained that the thin sheet-iron of which the oven was made permitted the heat to escape into the kitchen, while the board laid upon the oven would tend to hold in the heat, thus browning her roast and reducing the temperature of the room. In further mute expiation he clambered up to the attic and procured a square of zinc, fastened upon a wooden frame, such as is often put under heating stoves. This clumsy utensil he stood up in front of the stove. To be sure Mrs. Humphrey would have to lift it aside whenever she opened the oven door, yet it would help to keep the heat in the oven, where she wanted it, and out of the kitchen, where she had no use for it.

Coming home to supper Addison repaired to the kitchen in fond search of his wife, and at once noticed the unusual appendages to the gasoline stove. His wife explained them and paid due credit to Lute's ingenuity. Certainly the roast had browned, the kitchen was cooler. With an incidental and mildly amused interest Addison took the board from the oven and found that the heat flew up into his face. He lifted away the zinc and his thin legs were instantly sensible of a rising temperature. He coincided with his wife's opinion that Lute wasn't by any means such a fool as he looked.

Both of them were willing to postpone discussion of a subject far more important than Lute Morrow's intellectual capacity. Mrs. Humphrey was willing because down in her heart there was a painful suspicion that her husband had once more succumbed to his easy-going, friction-hating disposition; Addison was willing because as he walked home that very same suspicion somehow dawned upon him. The cheerful assurance with which he left Postlewait's store had subtly evaporated.

At the supper table, with a smiling face and cheery voice but a misgiving heart, he informed his wife that he'd got matters all arranged with Postlewait. In reply to her anxious questions he described their interview, making it as convincing as possible.

For a moment Mrs. Humphrey looked silently across at her husband, while an odd little drama played itself out in her mind. She took her wifely obligations conscientiously and she knew very well it was her duty to pitch into Addison hammer and tongs, roasting him as brown as she had roasted Lute Morrow. Looking across into his amiable face she felt it was a shameful defect in her moral character that she simply couldn't do it. She could only lay down her knife and fork and slowly shake her head at him, with a silly little swelling in her throat.

"Oh, Addy! Addy!" she exclaimed mournfully; "don't you see he's just lying to you? Don't you know he's told you exactly the same kind of lie a dozen times before?"

A grave and startled look appeared upon Addison's face for the vague suspicion in his mind at once became a

"If She Begins Signing Notes My Creditors Will be Jumping on Her. She Might Lose Her Farm"

certainty. He saw clearly that Postlewait had lied to him; remembered distinctly that Postlewait had told him a dozen other lies off that identical piece of cloth. He was astonished that he should have believed Postlewait. "I must be feeble-minded," he told himself; and the thought alarmed him as though a jury of eminent alienists had solemnly pronounced it.

"He is a liar," he muttered miserably. "But—why, I think he means it this time." It was a pitiful clutching at an imaginary straw.

"Did you see Mr. Reimer, Addy?" Mrs. Humphrey asked with an aching heart.

"Yes, I saw him," the unhappy merchant replied. "He says there's nothing I can do—at law. Well—you see—I've simply got to get after the other people that owe me. There's seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars coming to me besides what Postlewait owes me. I've been sending out duns all the afternoon—nearly all the afternoon," he corrected. "I'm going to keep right after those fellows. I'll get after Postlewait too"—he shook his head threateningly. "His wife's got that farm, and it's worth eight or ten thousand dollars. I'll make her sign a note. I'm going out to see her tomorrow. Anyway, I don't believe Doctor Wilkinson would close me up. Of course he wants to scare me into paying him something; but he wouldn't actually close me up." So discoursing Addison soon worked himself back into his usual sunny temper.

Coming home to the midday dinner next day he hurried to the kitchen, as overflowing with happiness as though he had just found a gold mine. "Well, I've collected a hundred and sixty-two dollars this forenoon!" he declared. "Five or six days of that kind of work will put me on Easy Street, you see, and I've got twenty-nine days! I'm going out to see five farmers this afternoon. I'll get at least a hundred dollars out of the bunch—probably two hundred."

Mrs. Humphrey perceived that his joy was altogether on her account, exactly as though he were getting the money for her and had no personal interest in it whatever. So she laughed a little and kissed him, and forbore to ask whether, as a matter of fact, he hadn't collected the hundred and sixty-two dollars from his very best debtors who would have paid him any time he asked them to.

"Still using old Lute's improvements, I see," he remarked, his high spirits flowing over in a happy laugh.

"They're awfully awkward," Mrs. Humphrey replied. "But they do keep the kitchen lots cooler and make the stove work better. I should think the stovemakers would fix up something like that that wasn't so awkward. It would sell like hot cakes."

She made this observation quite incidentally, and Addison, with light-minded amusement, again experimented by lifting off the board from the oven and removing the zinc. "There's something in that," he declared. "If somebody would get up a sort of hood or case for the oven, now, that wasn't in the way and would hold in the heat." He circled round the stove, smiling over the notion, his head a little to one side. "A sort of case, now ——"

"Come on to dinner," Mrs. Humphrey interrupted; for he was quite as apt to forget to eat as to forget everything else. At the dinner table he bubbled over with pleasure in his morning's collections. Evidently he regarded his monetary difficulties as quite solved. After dinner he followed his wife into the kitchen; and again Lute's appendages to the stove caught his eye.

"I believe that might be worked out now," he commented. "A sort of hood, say." He halted opposite the stove, staring at it intently, his head bent. Presently he muttered, "There's something in that," and left the house by the kitchen door.

He went to the woodshed, where he pounced upon the soap box from which Lute had taken the cover. A few minutes later, upon that hot July afternoon, several citizens of Vale observed this amusing phenomenon: E. Addison Humphrey, hardware merchant, walking rapidly up Main Street—his eyes fixed vacantly upon the piping hot cement flagging, a vague, absent-minded smile playing upon his lips—lugging an old, empty soap box. The drayman remarked to the village marshal: "Seems to be havin' another of his nutty spells; probably goin' to make electricity out of soap boxes."

Among other junk in the basement of the hardware store that represented Addison's profitless experiments was a stock of asbestos board a quarter of an inch thick. With this material, under Addison's direction, Lute Morrow completely lined the soap box; and at a quarter past four the marshal was again diverted by beholding E. Addison Humphrey rapidly traversing Main Street, quite oblivious to the heat, lugging an old soap box.

At home Addison took the thin sheet-iron oven from the gasoline stove, putting his asbestos-lined box in its place. The remainder of the afternoon and the fore part of the evening he spent in carefully baking his box. He could not have been more intensely absorbed in the process if his life had depended upon it. From time to time he examined the interior to see how the asbestos withstood the heat; and whenever he laid his hand upon the exterior to see whether it was getting hot, one might have supposed that he was watching the temperature of a patient in the crisis of a fever.

Mrs. Humphrey hovered over the experiment with bated breath. In one hand she held her watch, in the other a thermometer. Following low directions from Addison she continually took the temperature of different parts of the kitchen, announcing the results in guarded tones as though she feared to awake the patient.

At a quarter to ten Addison arose from his chair in front of the stove, turned off the blaze, and bathed his baked face in cold water at the kitchen sink. "It's a success, Carrie," he said gravely; "it's going to work."

They repaired to the living room, and for two hours and a half Addison sat at the writing table drawing diagrams, making calculations and conversing with his wife in absorbed tones. She gravely replied, commented, suggested, while her heart beat fast with the awe and wonder of Addison's grand idea. They hadn't had so highly, solemnly happy a time together since the evening of the day the baby was born. Some people wondered—expressing that wonder with the utmost candor—why intelligent Carrie Matson was so devoted to her fool husband. This was one of the reasons.

The first thing next morning Addison repaired to the sash and door mill of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company, on the bank of Vale Creek at the outskirts of the village, and ordered a bottomless box to be made of half-inch ash lumber, with a door that opened by sliding back, according to the diagram and specifications which he delivered to Mr. Sterling. Three days later he sat in his kitchen, his wife beside him, gazing raptly at the embodied oven of his dreams—a tidy box of half-inch ash, lined with asbestos, the outside painted a cool olive green. There was a neat little china knob on the sliding door, and in the center of the door was neatly stenciled in white letters, "The Humphrey Wooden Oven. Patent Applied For."

The next two days he couldn't pay much attention to the hardware business because he was continually running over to the house to note the result of some experiment with the oven that he or his wife had suggested. At the end of two days he ordered fifty boxes like the model at the mill, telegraphed for a fresh supply of asbestos board, hired a carpenter to help Lute line the boxes and a painter to decorate and stencil the outside.

He then became an incarnate, locomotory and voluble wooden oven. Even those who thought very poorly of his abilities in general admitted that he was a natural-born salesman. In addition to that sunny-tempered, infectious and insinuating obligingness that characterized him, he had—when it came to selling goods that he was really interested in—a kind of soft, persistent enthusiasm that was like warm taffy; the more you tried to get free of it, the more completely it gummed you up. Personally he fell upon every man, woman and well-grown child that came his way, dragging him or her in to see the model oven that he had set up in his tinshop or the one that was constantly on exhibition in his kitchen. In one way this was inconvenient, for the Humphreys had nothing to eat except hot roasts and cold meats. But, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Humphrey almost rivaled her husband in waylaying and dragging in innocent passers-by. Addison hired young Little to strap a sample oven to his gasoline runabout and drive around the country drumming up trade among the farmers. A buckboard would have been cheaper than the automobile, but he felt the oven should be introduced in state. He put a full-page advertisement in the Vale Vindicator and employed three boys to litter up a six-mile radius with hand-bills.

And the ovens began to sell. Word of them spread among housewives. Every one that was installed proved a center of interest to neighboring women. Ovens became the grand staple of conversation and of thought in the Humphrey home. Addison beamed enthusiasm, radiated hope; he and his wife sat up nights calculating how many kitchens there were that needed wooden ovens in the county, in the congressional district, in the state, in the Mississippi Valley, in the nation.

But Mrs. Humphrey was by nature much more practical than her husband. "You know there's only two weeks left of the time Doctor Wilkinson gave you," she reminded him at breakfast one morning. "You haven't been making many collections, have you?"

Addison's eye fell unhappily to his plate. "Why, I've collected about a hundred dollars lately," he said apologetically. "You see, I've been so busy with the oven. I'm going to get after those fellows now, though. I'm going to get after Postlewait again too. I'm going to tell him he must get his wife to sign a note. But anyway, you see, Carrie," he added, brightening, "I've got this oven business now. Why, that patent is worth twenty times what I owe Wilkinson. He can see for himself that I'll be able to pay him off in no time at all as soon as I get the oven business a little better organized. There's no danger that he won't give me what time I need." He had, indeed, been thinking a little about those collections—not so much because he wanted to pay Doctor Wilkinson as because he desperately needed some more money for the oven. That utensil had already absorbed the two hundred and fifty-odd dollars that he had collected, and considerably more that he had not collected. He had sold all of the first lot of fifty ovens and over a third of the second lot. He felt, however, that the grand point at present was to get the ovens introduced; nobody who could use a wooden oven ought to be without one. So he had sold many of them on credit. Meanwhile, the cost of the boxes at the mill, the carpenter's and painter's wages and the expenses incident to advertising and selling ate up cash with inconvenient rapidity, so he was rather harder up than ever.

On the way to the hardware store he dropped in at the establishment of Moses Postlewait. The proposition that he had in mind seemed to him quite incontrovertible. It was this: If Mr. Postlewait was absolutely sure of getting three thousand dollars from

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With This Material Lute Morrow Completely Lined the Soap Box

THE INFARE AT TEN SLEEP

By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

THE little mountain meeting-house slept in the moonlight. A whitewashed pine box by day, it glowed tonight in its forest setting like a marble shrine. The last of the worshipers had dispersed. The whoops of young gallants and the shrieks of coquettish girls had grown fainter, remoter, until merged with the whispering needles of the pines; but inside the little fane, swathed in darkness as by a sable robe except where the pale, phosphorescent patches of lunar light lay on the floor beneath the windows, the pastor still tarried, motionless and ghostlike in the high-backed pulpit chair.

It had been a bad day for Rook Ferris. He had stirred the ire of one of his elders by declaring that the whale which swallowed Jonah was not a fish. Two of his recent converts had been arrested for "bootlegging" moonshine whisky. The church treasurer had tendered him only five dollars as his last quarter's salary, whereupon the young shepherd had wrathfully exclaimed: "Ef that's all the Lord's money my members kin scrape up give it back to 'em fer seed!" The evening congregation had been smaller than usual.

Lastly, but really first in his present cogitations, a godless group of young people from Ten Sleep—Yelvertons, Cottongames, Thistlewoods and Tinklepaws—led by the daring and beautiful Celestine Yelverton, had invaded the church as wolves invade a fold, in the middle of the services.

Rook, never caught napping, had swung his sermon into an evangelistic vein and smote the sinners hip and thigh with the thunderbolts of his eloquence; but the bold, dark eyes of Sallie—as Celestine was usually called—had retorted with a shimmering, mischievous light, and her sensuous red lips had bent into a sweet, contemptuous Cupid's bow which shot arrows straight into the young preacher's heart.

For, in spite of prayers and fastings, penance, adjurations and solitary sojournings on the desolate mountaintop, where God would be most likely to show His face, Rook Ferris still loved this Babylonish woman as he had loved her in the days before his conversion. He walked with her in dreams, pictured her face in the clouds, heard her voice in the soughing leaves and, standing bareheaded under starlit skies, felt her presence instead of the angels' and archangels' upon whom he vainly called. Hence, as he sat in the darkness, the greatest conflict of his life raged within his breast—Satan on one side, God on the other.

It was midnight, as he judged from the position of the moon, before Rook left the church and mounted his horse—the sole relic of his unregenerate days and the fastest horse on the mountain. Satan had won the fight, and at Hosea Hatch's cabin, a mile distant, the rider reined in and hallooed up the inmates. When Hosea cracked the door and cautiously protruded his narrow face Rook bawled out above the chorus of yelping hounds, "No more preachin' from me fer you-uns!" and rode on without waiting for a reply.

"No More Preachin' From Me for You-uns!"

Upon reaching his lonely habitation, six miles farther on, he took from his pocket a slip of paper, obviously torn from a hymnbook, which bore the words: "Come on down to Sister Lute's infare tomorrow, Rook, and have a good time for once in your life." It was Sallie Yelverton's handwriting. Rook had seen her toss it into the contribution basket, along with her companions' tobacco tags, horseshoe nails, dead mouse and other choice offerings. The invitation was given in mockery, as he well knew. Yet he had determined, while sitting in the sacred pulpit chair, to accept it.

His motive, he tried to believe, was to teach the close-fisted Bible Grovers a lesson—to show them to what extremes the stinginess and indifference of his flock might drive even a minister. And he really felt injured; but in his heart he knew that it was the lovely face of Sallie Yelverton which lured him to the fleshpots of Ten Sleep.

He was no shillyshallyer, however; no balancer of pleasures and pains; no man to dance and then dispute the fiddler's bill. Hence he rose the next morning in fine fettle, stuck a fragment of looking-glass in the chinking of the wall and sang merrily while, with a pair of shears, he demolished his long hair—the hitherto cherished badge of his soul-saving profession. The change gave him a fairly boyish appearance—he was only twenty-five—and the metamorphosis was complete when he discarded his clerical garb for homespun "butternuts" and a hickory hat.

At the last minute he paused before a diminutive tin trunk. Halfway measures were not to his liking. He had renounced the church. Why not, therefore, go down to Ten Sleep on an equal footing with the other guests? So he took from the trunk his long-disused six-shooter and the same flask of whisky that he had carried on his hip the night of his conversion and had since preserved in order to prove his superiority to temptation. Then, though his little hillside patch of corn fairly clamored for the hoe, he saddled his horse and galloped off for the infare.

When Rook had submitted his neck to the yoke of Christ, a year before, Ten Sleep had lost its darling—the wildest of the wild; the terror of the mountain. Therefore, when he rode into Hunter Yelverton's yard, the whittling, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, horse-trading, quoit-pitching, gun-comparing crowd of men welcomed him with thwacks and viselike grips that would have made a weakling cringe. He was a bit shy at first under their rough prodding, especially about the loss of his hirsute adornments and clerical garb; but his ready tongue was soon parrying every thrust, and presently he strode over in his old swash-bucklering style to the open summer kitchen, where a group of young bucks were chaffing the girls.

Sallie Yelverton, with her muscular white arms bare to the elbows, was rolling out piecrust. At the unexpected sight of Rook she turned pale—so, at least, one of her chums afterward affirmed; but if she did her recovery was instantaneous, for she stepped forward to meet him with a lump of dough concealed in her palm. When she withdrew her hand from his, leaving the glutinous mass squeezed between his fingers, a chorus of merriment went up, dominated by Wigg Tinklepaw's hoarse, mulelike bray.

Rook laughed too. Then, noticing that Wigg, harnessed with an apron, was paring potatoes—about as gracefully as a polar bear might thread beads—he said: "Sallie, give me sunthin' to do too."

Sallie handed him a pan and indicated a chair, but in reaching for the basket of peas which he was to shell she managed to make a clean spill of its contents about his head and shoulders. A second burst of tickled yelps and squeals followed. Old Granny Camp, sucking her claystone pipe in a corner between toothless gums, cackled like a cockatoo.

"Excuse my carelessness, Rook!" exclaimed Sallie with mock regret.

Rook kept his temper and gave as good as he received.

"I've always heerd that a gal teases the feller most that she likes best," he answered.

"'Tain't true in this case," bluntly interposed Wigg, who was at present the foremost of Sallie's numerous suitors.

His First Shot Struck the Enemy's Tree With a Vicious Thud

"If it war I reckon you'd be the last one to find it out," retorted Rook.

"No quollin', boys!" admonished Sallie.

"Wan't quollin'," grumbled Wigg. "To prove it, hyer's my bottle, Rook."

It was just the chance Rook wanted, for taking a drink in public would complete his crossing of the Rubicon; but as he reached for the flask Sallie snatched it. "You boys can't drink and work," she observed lightly. Rook, however, perceiving that her motive was to checkmate his making a spectacle of himself, flushed and announced boastfully: "Me for a bottle of my own, boys." After passing it around he took a deep draught himself, though he knew that enough of the stuff would make a devil of him.

"You bruk with the chu'ch, sonny?" inquired the ancient dame, tamping the coal in her pipe with a leathern forefinger.

"Busted plumb loose," answered Rook carelessly.

Granny spat through the doorway, a good ten feet off, and observed caustically: "I been wonderin' what Delily sheared them locks of yourn."

Sallie's mischievous whimper cut deeper than the old woman's thrust and, as soon as he had finished his task, Rook stalked out of the kitchen. By noon whisky had made him loud and talkative and painted an ominous shimmer in his blue eyes. After dinner he took part in all the sports—turkey-shooting and horse-racing. The spectators soon recognized his chief motive to be the defeat of Wigg Tinklepaw, the mountain's athletic champion. From being out of training he failed to accomplish his purpose, but he pushed the big stupid fellow hard enough to anger him through and through; and when the races ended, Wigg winning the last heat only by slashing Rook's horse across the face, tragedy was in the air.

"Foul play!" shouted the crowd.

"Give him the prize! Give him the prize!" cried Rook fiercely, spitting from a dry mouth. "What do I keer fer the bauble? But if that pizen snake wriggles acrost my parth agin today I'll most certaciously tromp his head in the dust!"

"I won't give him the prize unless he won it fair," declared Sallie, who was dispensing the favors to the winners.

"Shet up!" commanded her father in an undertone. "Wigg cheated, of co'se; but if you aig him on the pighead's liable to do wuss."

No further clash occurred during the afternoon; but, as the big front room was being cleared for the dance that night, old Hunter felt relieved when Rook, though a master of the art, sulkily announced that he would take no part. For over an hour he steadfastly resisted the siren music, the rhythmic motion of the figures and the sing-song voice of old Cube Acres. Then Sallie, beautifully flushed from exercise, came to him, as Eve to Adam in the garden, with the pernicious fruit in her hand.

"Rooky, ain't you goin' to shake your foot? Wigg's havin' it all his own way with the girls. Please come!" To her subtle, cajoling voice she added the touch of flesh, taking hold of his fingertips. He went.

He cursed himself afterward for yielding, for the coquettish girl used him as a puppet with which to tantalize Wigg. At least, so he believed; but at the time, drunk with the music and the motion, not to mention his potations, and exalted by the sight and touch of the

woman he loved, he fancied he was winning her heart. And when the last dance, the "Ladies' Choice," in which she had chosen him, was over and the pair stood in the cool dark outside, somewhat removed from the others, he suddenly encircled her waist with his arm and kissed her.

She struggled only a little, but he let her go, for a stealthily approaching figure, too large to belong to any one but Wigg Tinklepaw, had caught his attention. His blood was up. He drew his gun, but Wigg forestalled him. There came a blinding flash in the gloom, a deafening report—and Rook knew no more.

For a fortnight he lay in an upper chamber of Hunter Yelverton's home. For seven days more he sat in the sun to warm his thin blood, or tottered on shaky, uncertain legs to the spring for water, or smoked his pipe in an easy chair, like a dotard. Then one day he abruptly announced his intention of going home, spoke the scant farewells of the mountaineer and rode away.

His peaked face wore a settled melancholy. Mind as well as body had suffered. Remorse had not yet set its fangs in him, but the woman for whom he had jeopardized his soul still danced impishly ahead of him, like a will-o'-the-wisp. During his sickness there had been moments when she wore the aspect of a ministering angel, and once he had nerved himself to speak the momentous word, but Mrs. Yelverton had called upstairs to Sallie that some one wanted to see her. She left with alacrity—so it seemed to the sensitive sick man. He heard her cross the yard a moment later; and, slowly and painfully raising himself to his elbow, he looked out the window and saw Wigg Tinklepaw's roan mare tied to the fence.

In the frenzy which seized him he would, had there been a rifle at hand, have shot the mare—yea, the man and the woman too! As it was, unmanned by weakness, he fell back on the pillow with a burst of scalding tears. From that moment he scourged his love as pious monks of yore scourged their bodies, and today he had purposely chosen an hour to leave when Sallie was absent from home. He suspected, in his fierce jealousy—though he afterward learned that he was altogether wrong—that she was trysting with Wigg, and he had no desire to see her again, much less go through the empty form of thanking her for nursing him.

A turn in the road, however, unexpectedly brought him face to face with her. She was on horseback, bareheaded, hair trailing in a thick plait, white neck exposed to the base, sleeves rolled to her elbows, with a spray of bloom tucked in her belt. Of all the sweet, fresh objects along the road that morning, she was by all odds the sweetest and freshest. Yet the young mountaineer's lackluster eyes dwelt upon her but an instant and he would fain have passed her quickly by.

"You ain't going home, Rooky?" she demanded in astonishment.

The solicitous, half-endearing tone, from lips yet moist, as he imagined, with Wigg Tinklepaw's kisses, was the last touch needed to unshackle the demon within his breast.

"I be," he answered sternly. "I ought to have went befo'. Small difference it makes to you, fer all your honeyed voice. I gave up my church, I made my name a larfing-stock and a byword in the mounting to come aco'tin' you. You knowed I loved you. You've knowed it ever sence Abel Day's house-raisin' down at Bone Gap two year ago. I come aco'tin' you, and you give me a Judas kiss as a signal fer that redhanded butcher of yourn to lay me out like a polled ox, hatin' me, I s'pose, because I've scorched you from the pulpit with the fire of God.

"The pore fool thinks you'll marry him, like I once thought. But you won't. You ain't the marryin' kind. You feed on men like a blow-fly feeds on spiled meat, and as soon as you git your fill you go abuzzin' off. You ain't nothin' but the shell of a woman. You ain't no more heart than a holler log. You don't ever aim to be a wife and mother. You don't want to rise airly of a mawnin' to cook a man's breakfast or lay awake o' nights to nuss a little babe. It might spile your good looks.

"Oh, you Babylonish woman—full of abominations! You're nothin' but a handsome she-beast, with your long ha'r and white skin and red lips—lips that would be calloused like a man's hands from unlawful kisses if it wan't the nature of such creatures to stay soft and warm and yieldin'. All you're good fer, all you've ever done, is to drag men into the pit. You've pizened my happiness ever since I was converted. You drug me outen the pulpit. Then, after givin' that redheaded tiger from Ganderbone enough blood to turn him into a maneater, you sicked him on to me!

"But go your way! The devil chuckles. It pleases him a'mighty. Your hour will come. Soon you'll begin to dry up and fade. Soon you'll have no more bait fer your man-trap. You'll go down to the grave a snaggle-toothed old hag, with no childern to do you honor or to bring you a sup o' water or a crust o' bread! And at the end you'll whimper fer a preacher, like all the other generations of vipers, and moan and groan fer him to save you. But he won't. He can't! God's word is agin it. Such as you would pollute Heaven and make hell a preference!"

His voice had risen until the hillside echoed its raucous notes. Cool and intrepid as she was by nature, Sallie's cheeks paled under the pitiless madman's anathema and her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth.

"We go sep'rate ways, henceforth and forever!" added Rook, after a pause. "Consider the truth I've told you."

"'Tain't the truth!" cried the girl passionately, at last. "It's a cruel lie! No man outside my kin ever kissed me but one—and that one was you."

"Rooky, Go See if I Kilt Him. I Only Aimed for His Hip"

Rook, riding on, deigned not to turn his head; and after he had passed out of sight woman and horse still remained on the spot, as motionless as an equestrian statue.

It was a desperate man who stood in his cabin an hour later and through stony eyes surveyed his weed-choked, ruined patch of corn—his sole support, now that he had broken with the church. Of equal seriousness to him was the loss of his horseshed and its little stock of hay, of which, fired by lightning or some miscreant, there remained only a blackened, charred rectangle on the ground.

"Either God or the devil!" he muttered stolidly. "They're both arfter me—and I reckon one'll git me soon."

He turned inside. His Bible still lay on a little table. It seemed years rather than weeks since he had seen it. He dully parted the lids. Alas, it was no longer the Book of Life! Its pages were as meaningless to him as if covered with the undecipherable hieroglyphics of a perished race. It was as if he had taken into his arms the form of a long-lost friend, only to feel it crumble to ashes.

For a week he prowled the fastnesses of the mountain like a wild beast, shunning mankind, living on squirrels and grouse, without bread or salt; but, in spite of the grief and remorse which unceasingly gnawed at his heart, he slowly grew stronger—and with returning strength there took form in his mind a purpose. He determined to kill Wigg Tinklepaw, who had tried to kill him.

Returning to his cabin at dawn one morning, he mixed himself a hoecake from the musty remnant of a sack of meal, removed the sandy stubble from his face, and then, with his rifle slung across his saddlehorn, set out for Ganderbone to exact the feudist's toll of blood. No fear, no compunction fluttered a nerve. Indeed, he felt a touch of his old cheerfulness for the first time. Azalea, rhododendron and flowering dogwood clothed the roadside like a bridal vesture. The aromatic, spicy breath of the conifers tinctured every wandering zephyr. The spiritual, hymn-like recitative of the woodthrush floated through the dim colonnades of the forest. For the first time in weeks he was conscious of Nature's smiling face.

Ganderbone lies high on Big Rainy's shoulder, and the road had narrowed to the scant width of an ox-cart when a man on a mule hove in sight, his long legs swinging close to the earth, a clownish, rimless hat perched on his yellow shock of hair. He passed Rook with a courteous "Howdy, stranger?" and then suddenly reined in his steed.

"Ben't you the preacher down to Bible Grove?" he asked, with some excitement.

Rook hesitated.

"I war," said he.

"Thort I'd seen you befo'," exclaimed the other, with a smile. "My name's Killis. Me and mother rid down to hyer you preach wunst, right arfter we'd lost our oldest boy. Mother thort if you'd holped so many others you mought holp her. You did too. Comforted her amazin'. She's mighty low right now, though, with a fever, and I'm afeered we're goin' to lose her. I cain't git a doctor—hain't got the money to pay fer one ef I could. So I thort I'd git a preacher instid—the one down to Peachtree Cove, which is ten mile nearder than Bible Grove. Otherwise I'd most certaciously gone fer you. 'Pears like the Lord must have sont you along thisaway, pa'son, fer it saves me a good twenty-mile ride, to say nothin' of how pleased mother'll be to see you 'stid of a total stranger."

Rook studied his rifle with a sober face. "I'd ruther think it was the devil 'stid of the Lord that sent me along. My friend," he continued, with characteristic candor, "I ain't fitten to pray fer your wife. I busted loose from the church more'n six weeks ago, raised hell down to the Yelverton infare, got shot up fer kissin' another feller's gal, and right now I'm headed fer the feller that done the lowdown job. Git him too!" he added, with flashing eyes.

The uncouth Killis chuckled in spite of his troubles.

"What come over you, pa'son, fer to cut up sich human-like didoes as them?"

"Devil got a strangle-holt on me, I reckon. Ain't let go yet, nuther. The Lord would sartainly turn a deaf year to any prayer o' mine, or send jist the opposite of what I asked fer to spite me. So you'd better git a preacher that's on speakin' terms with his God, even if it do mean a ride of twenty mile. Pay you in the long run, I'm athinkin'."

"Now, pa'son, scuse me fer sayin' it, but I don't figger it out thataway at all," returned Mr. Killis, looping a leg argumentatively over the pommel of his saddle and sinking his yellow teeth gum-deep into a plug of tobacco. "Ef you war prayin' fer yourse'f the Lord might tech you up a little with His whiplash, I'll admit. But He sartainly wouldn't take His spite out on mother. Then agin, I reckon you kin say as good a prayer as you ever could, even ef you knowed the Lord was stuffin' His years agin it. But mother wouldn't know that. She'd have faith in your prayer, fer you put up as servigrus a one as I ever heerd; and to my mind that's the main p'int, arfter all. Fer, ef you believe the Lord's agoin' to bless you, you're as good as blest already. Ef you don't believe it, you ain't."

Though Rook's theology rejected this argument his common-sense accepted it. He was, moreover, a tender-hearted man, to whom service for others was a joy. So, though sorely puzzled over the wisdom of his act, he accompanied Killis to his humble home.

The wasted, yellow-skinned, fever-racked woman lay on a "shuck" pallet. She was apparently oblivious of the

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She Was Entirely Up to Date

TAKI'S CAREER

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE mistress of the house was having breakfast in bed while "neat-handed Phyllis"—named Ingeborg—moved about the room in a definite, noiseless fashion, creating freshness and order at each touch. The quiet, efficient ways of this little Scandinavian person were such as give thrills of joy to a housekeeper. A sprawling pink dressing gown flew to its hook in the closet; bedroom slippers, kicked off at a ribald angle, came—toes together—to the bed; a half-open bureau drawer was closed; the shade of the window slid to the psychological soft-light distance; in about two minutes, without a word said, the room had lost its up-all-night expression and smiled with an air of conscious rectitude. I watched the transformation over my grapefruit—the mistress of the house was me.

In an army post, in a small ménage, perfect service is not common enough to be uninteresting; my heart gave a throb of ecstatic gratitude as I reflected that I had two perfect servants. My staff consisted of two; so my cup of joy was full. Taki in the kitchen cooked divinely and decorated fruit as if each chop he broiled for the gods; potato roses bloomed above the beefsteak; lemon-baskets of sauce-tartare nestled in the arms of the fish—so to speak; the grapefruit was scalloped around the edges—I dislike unscalloped grapefruit since that time; and the floral effects which Taki achieved with strips of red pepper and a few green peas would astonish Burbank. I sat down to my meals as to a play. To be sure, a Japanese and a Swede made a Babelesque combination; to be sure, there was confusion of tongues at times, but that was not unamusing. To be sure, Taki was firm with me and simply sucked in his breath and did his own sweet way when I ordered what he thought unfit; but, then, he knew—knew better than I did. I ordered ice cream; and Taki, without a word of explanation, gave me apple pie, and I bowed to his decree—but what joy it was to have a cook who had a decree! And doubtless apple pie was best for us—Taki knew.

And this lamb of a little Swede, trained and quiet and orderly—and so pretty! She blushed and smiled and dropped her blue eyes if you spoke to her, and either answered nothing or hurriedly murmured sounds that no one could understand and fled from the room—which was inconvenient, but very winning. I taught her English to her unbounded gratitude; and between the two of them, the Japanese and the Swede, I was never out of stories to tell when I went anywhere to dinner. For four months the situation had made life another and a brighter proposition. I might have known it was one of the things too sweet to last. My first glimmering came vaguely, simply as an uncomfortable feeling.

"Dan," I said to a large officer of the United States Army, whom I had once carelessly married, "there's something wrong about those servants."

"Wrong!" Dan shot back at me. "I thought you said they were perfect."

"They are perfect," I reasoned. "Of course. That's what makes me anxious."

Dan looked bewildered. "What do you mean?"

"Well," I told him, trying to put it clearly, "there's an atmosphere."

Dan waited. I didn't say anything.

"What's an atmosphere?" he inquired finally. "What are you driving at, Cissy? I can't figure you out when you get occult, you know. Try it on in English."

"Well," I explained, "I've just got a hunch—that something or other is up some of their sleeves that's going to upset the heavenly, heavenly equilibrium of this house."

"Oh, rot!" Dan disposed of that. "You're stale from Münsterberg and that truck—bad thing, reading books. Jump into your habit and we'll get in a ride before dinner, and the servants will be all right when you come back. You'll see."

I did see. When we came in, late for dinner, I flew to the pantry to reassure my angels—and behold! the dark angel was kissing the fair one! I backed out hurriedly. Upstairs I wailed to Dan:

"Now it's all spoiled! Now there'll be lovemaking and quarrels and tears and sulks and raptures—and then they'll get married. How can she! That pretty blonde thing to marry that swarthy, black-headed —— Ow!"

"I've got black hair myself," Dan observed mildly.

"But you're big," I argued convincingly.

"And, anyhow, why should they be married just because he kissed her?"

"Dan! How horrid! Dear little Ingeborg!"

"Oh, well; but I have heard tell that the Swedes were general in their affections. I'm ready for dinner, Cissy. Hustle!" And at that second Ingeborg knocked—to hook me up.

Next morning, out of a relentless sense of duty, I spoke to Ingeborg. I told her it was not nice to be kissed—which was not just candid. Ingeborg hung her pretty head and flushed, and her blue eyes shone with bewitching shyness.

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Nellison; I was very sorry. I understand not it was not nice to be kissed. I think mebby it was nice."

Then I screwed my courage to reprove Taki. The little erect figure stood at attention while I delivered my somewhat weak-kneed remarks; the impenetrable olive face moved not a muscle, the black eyes glittered respectfully just past me, till I had quite finished a wandering oration tending to show how it is unwise for Takis to kiss Ingeborgs in pantries. Then a lightning gleam of deviltry played across the mask.

"What it matters?" asked Taki. "It is only a Clistian." That battle I considered lost.

Next morning came my cousin Edgar, the judge—the youngest judge in the state. From the first minute he fixed Taki's attention. He was an intellectual looking fellow in glasses, with an expansive, incisive manner of talking; and his air and his title fascinated the little Oriental. Taki managed to slip into the dining room at almost every meal to help Ingeborg, his white coat and dark face making such a good point in the domestic landscape that I liked it. I saw that he listened to Edgar's harangues, but I had no thought of evil. He called him "Georgy," as the nearest he could get to "Judge." "Is Georgy comin' home lunch?" he inquired every morning; and, if Georgy was, whole flower gardens of potato and carrot and beet roses bloomed upon the table, and there were unexpected glories in the always glorious cookery.

Edgar habitually rode a hobby, changing horses often, and just now his charger was the necessity to every man, woman and infant in arms of a career. I don't know that any one denies it, but Edgar treated it as a discovery of his own. He held forth at the table one night and I saw Taki, transfixed, listening with tears running down his perfectly expressionless face. I tried to dam up the flood of Edgar then, but it was no use. He rushed right on in a torrent about "every human soul" and the intense satisfaction of "a goal"; and Taki stood in the shadows by the sideboard and wept continuously. Next morning I gave the orders as usual in my room, after my lazy upstairs breakfast. Taki, alert, inscrutable, put his whole soul into the food question of the next twenty-four hours.

"For lunch, Taki ——" I began.

Taki sucked in a long breath through his teeth. "Georgy comin' home lunch?"

"Yes; I think he is."

"I do lunch. I make good lunch. Madame order little lamb like this"—and he illustrated on his sacred person the part of the beast that he wished. Curry of lamb for lunch, I knew—and Taki made divine curries.

Then we arranged dinner, Taki, as always, lifting the whole menu off my shoulders.

"Any groceries needed?" I asked.

"Eggies," answered Taki solemnly.

"Anything else?"

"Awpls," impassively.

I learned through struggling that "awpls" were apples.

"Is that all?"

"Soupbones poog and poops." That was for the pug dog and her puppies.

"Very well—anything more?"

Taki sucked in his breath again. He was an intensely nervous little person.

"Shoog, he go fast. Georgy like cake—like dessert. Take much shoog. I must five poun' gronlay shoog."

Would the rank and file of mankind grasp that Taki's economical soul was distressed because Edgar devoured sweet things and the granulated sugar did not last? I understood and assured him that I did not grudge "five poun' gronlay shoog" for Georgy's sake. That finished the ordering; but behold Taki stood rooted, instead of melting off down the hall as usual. I looked at him.

"Madame," said Taki, "I'm awfully sorry. Please, I got to career."

"Oh, Taki," I pleaded, "don't career away from me!"

"I'm awfully sorry," Taki answered firmly. "Please, I got to. Georgy he say all man got to career to be respectful for heself. I wish to be respectful for me." He thumped his little chest. "So I got to career, please," he finished meekly and obstinately.

I could have taken Edgar's head off. I tried to make it clear to Taki that Georgy knew nothing and was just a talker, but he would not have that for a moment.

"Oh, no, madame," he said with a gleaming smile. "Georgy great man—big man! You know nothing, mebbe. Captain know nothing. But Georgy, he wise man—he Georgy. So I got to career," he reiterated.

I appealed to the mischiefmaker and was met with roars of laughter. "It's not funny," I remonstrated. "It's battle, murder and sudden death. I've never had such a servant. I simply cannot lose him. You did it. You go and talk to him—you all-knowing, all-wise ——"

I shoved the mighty one into the kitchen. From thence I heard conversation steadily for half an hour. And then my cousin came back with his hands in his trousers pockets, shaking his head impressively. I danced anxiously all over the library.

"What does he say? Will he stay?"

"They're an extraordinary race," the judge murmured. "Decision, then action—in instant succession. No palavering, no looking back—wonderful little people!"

The Menfolks Lapsed Into Respectful Silence While I Worked My Brain

My heart went down with an almost audible bang. "What do you mean, Edgar? Stop that footless meandering! I want to know if my cook is—going to leave!" I'm afraid I went crescendo.

"He is," was the answer, as calmly as if some old state had gone Democratic. "He is, indeed—extraordinary little people!"

"I hate you!" I fired at him and burst into tears.

In five minutes, after much if tardy remorse and sympathy from the man, I was swabbing away the last warm water from a sorrowful left eye.

"What is he going to ca-career at?" I asked gaspingly.

"We talked that over," said Edgar. "It quite touches me the way he defers to my judgment. I've never been more appreciated."

"Oh! you!" I threw back. I was not placing a high value on the judge's self-esteem just now. "Appreciated! You've hypnotized the poor little lunatic with your eyeglasses. What calling did you advise him to follow?"

"He's going to be an undertaker," Edgar responded with some coldness.

"An undertaker!" I hooted with sudden, wild laughter. "An undertaker! Taki?"

Edgar proceeded with serious dignity. "There's a good business in the town to be bought out—it was in the paper. He's got savings and I'm going to lend him a little." Then, quickly, in a protesting answer to my speechless indignation: "Hang it all, Cecelia, you can't expect to smother a man in your kitchen! He's full of energy and ambition, that little bundle of live wire. You couldn't have kept him long anyway. You oughtn't to blame me. All I did was to hit the gunpowder by accident. The thing was bound to come!" And with that I was laughing. "What's struck you now?" the judge sulked.

"Taki!" I explained—"Taki in a frock coat and silk hat, running a funeral! He'll put potato roses on the corpses—and parsley!"

Through mediation from Georgy, Taki put off careering a week longer, until after that demigod had gone. The day before the departure the judge called a council of Dan and me and himself.

"I've had a great time," he began. "You've been awfully good to me. I was tired out—and I feel like a fighting cock. I'm sorry about Taki, but I don't blame myself—a man can't help the influence he radiates. If I inspire people with a desire for bigger things——"

"For undertaking!" I interrupted.

"For—fuf—fine—for—— Hang it, Cissy, you've made me forget what I was going to say!" he grumbled.

Dan spoke from the depths of a chair and a big pipe.

"Thought you were going to say something special," he suggested. "Did you just want to tell us about your influence over Taki?" Dan was sorer than I at losing our cook. He loved Taki's cheese soufflés.

I had some sense of decency about a guest, however.

"Don't notice him, Edgar—he's been grouchy all day. You had something particular to say, though, hadn't you?"

"Well, yes." Edgar looked embarrassed; it is startling to see so fluent a person at a loss. We waited. "It's about about Aunt Anna!"

"What about her?" Dan's pipe came down and sat erect on the chair arm, and Dan cocked his ears. Edgar hesitated again and I felt a cold chill—Aunt Anna's name was never a sound of gladness in the family. Then he launched out:

"You see, she's written, wanting to come to my house for the month of May; and and I don't want her."

"Who ever did?" Dan growled.

"Keep still!" I commanded. "We all agree—what's the use of slandering the old soul?"

"Old cat!" his Honor murmured. "But she's got bunches of money and I don't want to offend her. Yet I can't have her just now. She'd queer everything. The fact is, there's—a girl."

Nobody jumped, for there always had been a girl in the case of Georgy; not the same girl—far from it—but a girl, from the time he was fourteen.

"A girl!" I repeated languidly. "What has Aunt Anna got to do with the girl?"

"Very much." Edgar had become very dignified. "Or she may have. You see—I hope to marry this girl."

"Are you engaged, Edgar?" I waked up to a touch of proper interest.

"Well—not—not formally engaged." Edgar was rather trying to be coy, I thought. "But things are going on hopefully; and if Aunt Anna came and settled on me for a month—it's goodby! She'd make trouble enough in two days to break up any combination."

"But, Edgar, you know how agreeable she can be. She's very—plausible. That confidential, flattering manner—that's quite taking with people who don't know her."

The judge shook his head. "They get to know her. It takes her about twice and a half to set a dozen people by the ears. And things are so critical with me!" he wailed. "The girl's abroad now—comes back May first—just Aunt Anna's date. If I had a little while then I might be happily settled for life—probably just in that month. And she is such a lovely girl! I want you to know her, Cissy—you and Dan, both."

Dan groaned.

"He means he thinks you're flirting again," I explained.

"No, indeed," Edgar protested. "This is a serious thing with me."

I'd heard him say that at least six times before, but yet he impressed me—Edgar's gift was impressing people. I began to feel sorry for him. "It is a shame Aunt Anna's coming just then," I sympathized. "But what can you do about it? Nothing can stop her. She's that sort"

"There's one thing could be done." Edgar looked at me so shamefacedly that I wonder I didn't comprehend. Instead, I rushed on destruction.

"Good," I said heartily. "Let's do it. What is it?"

"Cissy, you're a brick!" he threw at me, with almost tearful enthusiasm. "That's the sort of kindness that makes a man a friend for life. The thing is this: you write and ask Aunt Anna here for the month of May."

Dan's pipe went rattling on the floor. "Damn!" said Dan. "I like your nerve! She won't do anything of the sort—not while I'm alive to protect her. We had that old devil once—and so hellep me Moses—"

"Oh, stop it, Dan," I said. "And 'protect' me! Protect Danny, I reckon. Let me think it out."

The menfolks lapsed into respectful silence while I worked my brain. I knew I had to have Aunt Anna sometime soon—the family took turns at martyrdom and it was fully my time; it was five years since she had blessed our home. May was a good time. I could ride and be out-of-doors and away from her purring, stabbing tongue much of the time. And why not do Edgar a good turn? On the whole, it seemed best to face the music.

"Danny, don't argue," I pleaded; and I set the case before him.

He groaned and gave in, as a pampered man mostly does. That is the advantage of pampering them—it gives a leeway for abusing them when necessary. So Georgy went off next morning in high spirits and left me to battle with Taki's going and Aunt Anna's coming. My olive angel spread his wings shortly and flew to a lugubrious small shop in the main street of the town where a brand-new sign of "Sakisuki Takiuchi, Undertaker," appeared. Before he left, however, he introduced into the kitchen another little heathen who, though not the great and only, was not so bad. Instructed by the outgoing Buddha, he scalloped the grapefruit. Taki's fatherly care was over the house and his spry little figure about it almost as much as before; I found him in the kitchen, often working away busily, evening after evening, and life did not stop utterly as had seemed inevitable. I asked Ingeborg how she liked the newcomer, and she said: "He is not so favorite to me like Taki, but he is virtuous man." So I thought he would do.

That was in March, and soon it came to be April; and we were settled to the reign of Tanaka and jogging along fairly when one morning Ingeborg, as she slipped about my room, was somewhat quieter, a little slower. I looked at her. The blue eyes were circled with red.

"Ingeborg, you've been crying!"

"Yes, Mrs. Nellison."

"I'm so sorry. Is anything wrong?"

"Y-e-s," tremblingly, "Mrs. Nell——" The rest was a respectful gulp and Ingeborg made a dash for the door; but I caught her with a word.

"Tell me what it is, Ingeborg," I urged. "Maybe I can help you."

"Oh!—Oh, no!" the girl sobbed. "Oh, nobody can help!"

"Do tell me what it is."

Ingeborg dabbed at her eyes and brought out a staccato "T-Ta-ki!"

"Taki!" I was astonished, then indignant. "Has Taki been kissing you again?"

"Y-e-yes, Mrs. Nellison."

"The little wretch!" I said indignantly. "I'll have that stopped, Ingeborg—don't you worry."

"Pup-please, no, Mrs. Nellison"

"No!" I repeated. "Do you want him to kiss you?"

"Pup-please, yes, Mrs. Nellison."

I lost my sympathy. "Then, what are you crying about?"

Ingeborg, in agonized embarrassment, wriggled. "Taki going get married," she stammered.

"He is!" Again I was indignant and sympathetic. The little yellow rascal had wiled the heart from my pretty Ingeborg and now he was going to throw her over! I was boiling with resentment. "Who is he going to marry?"

"Me," sobbed Ingeborg.

The plot was too complicated for me. I sent for Taki that evening. He came, glorious in his professional little frock coat, his little silk hat in his hand—such a note of darkness as would decorate any grief.

"Taki," I said, "are you going to marry Ingeborg?"

"Madame, I do it," he acknowledged.

"I thought you said she was only a Christian," I suggested, with malice.

"Madame, I got tender nature—me. I forgive Clistian to Igglebo. Igglebo good gyarl—she don't know better to be Clistian. I forgive. I want some kinder wife—me. I cannot suffer alone."

"Do you suffer much?" I inquired.

"I got tender nature; so I suffer—yes, madame. I suffer on yesterday."

(Concluded on Page 49)

"Madame, I'm Awfully Sorry. Please, I Get to Career"

"Has Taki Been Kissing You Again?"

A SESSION OF THE HOUSE

Two Hundred and Seventy-Five of the Members Present Leave Hurriedly, Blocking the Doors in Their Anxiety to Get Out

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

It is twelve o'clock, noon. The Speaker has taken his place, pounded with his gavel and said: "The House will be in order." The members, who have been scattered about the floor, go to their seats much as children come into school after recess. The chaplain, who is standing at the clerk's desk, seizes a moment of comparative calm and hurries through a prayer, the members standing the while. As soon as the chaplain finishes every member on the floor begins talking loudly with his neighbor. The Speaker raps again. A few lines of the Journal are read and the Journal is announced as approved. The Speaker consults a slip of paper he has on his desk and looks inquiringly at Mr. Beegin, who has been waiting nervously for his chance. He hops up. They are off.

MR. BEEGIN: Mr. Speaker, I hold in my hand a copy of the Record of today. I note with amazement, and to the undoubted amazement of my constituents when this Record shall reach them, sir, that I am set down here as paired with the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Boogin] on the highly important vote on the disposition of waste paper, sir. In justice to my constituents and myself, sir, I desire to announce that I was not and never shall be paired with a Republican from Pennsylvania, sir. Though it is true an understanding existed, sir, he, sir, was paired with me and not me with him. I desire that the Record shall be corrected.

THE SPEAKER: If there is no objection the Record will be corrected in accordance with the suggestion of the gentleman from Arkansas.

While Mr. Beegin has been speaking the large, open face of Mr. Boogin has become red and then purple. Before Mr. Beegin has finished Mr. Boogin is on his feet waving his arms and emitting a series of incoherent sounds. As soon as the Speaker finishes Mr. Boogin roars: "I object!"

THE SPEAKER: Objection is made.

Members, who have been reading letters and talking, give attention to Mr. Boogin. Advancing down the center aisle he beats his chest and yells: "Mr. Speaker, coming as I do from the brightest star in the glittering constellation of imperial commonwealths that go to make up this glorious Union, I cannot sit silent under such aspersions as these here. I cannot sit dumb in my seat. I desire to say to the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Beegin] that I was not a party to having him paired with me. Somebody else done it. Had I done it I would never have allowed it—that is to say, had I allowed it I would never have done it; and, Mr. Speaker, I desire to say further that I take the pair with the gentleman from Arkansas and cast it in his teeth ——"

A MEMBER: They're false!

MR. BOOGIN: It is not false! I deny the accusation. I cast this aspersion in his teeth. I hurl it from me in loathing and disgust. I renounce it. I throw it ——

Mr. Bobson, who has been standing near Mr. Boogin, breaks in: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

THE SPEAKER: Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Alabama?

Mr. Boogin, choked off in this arbitrary manner, looks around and sulkily says: "I do."

Mr. Bobson runs his hand over his bald and shining head rapidly and says: "Mr. Speaker—a parliamentary inquiry."

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman will state it.

Mr. Bobson, beckoning to the official stenographer, says hurriedly: "As I understand it, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Arkansas asserts that the gentleman from Pennsylvania was paired with him, not the gentleman from Arkansas being paired with the gentleman from Pennsylvania; and the gentleman from Pennsylvania throws in the teeth of the gentleman from Arkansas the said pair. These two acts being accomplished almost simultaneously, I desire to ask if the hurling, on the one hand, and the renunciation, on the other, do not invalidate ——"

Mr. MaGoosh rises—a large, florid man, dressed in a long black coat, a black string tie and with hair falling well down on his collar. He is of commanding presence and he raises an imperious hand. "Mr. Speaker!" he bellows. "Mr. Speaker—a point of order!"

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman will state the point of order.

That leaves Mr. Boogin and Mr. Bobson standing and out of the picture. Both scowl fiercely at Mr. MaGoosh who, securing an advantageous position, pulls down his vest, pats his long black hair and begins orotundly: "Mr. Speaker, I raise the point of order that the acts recited in the parliamentary inquiry of the gentleman from Alabama constitute a breach of the rules of this House—the rules which, Mr. Speaker, are intended to guide the deliberations of this assemblage and to preserve and guarantee the rights of the individual members as well as those greater prerogatives granted under the Constitution, which immortal document, Mr. Speaker, having descended as it has from the hands of the Fathers of this great Republic, than which no greater the sun ever shone upon, and when I contemplate the destiny, the ultimate destiny, I may say, of this nation, banded together for the progress of man, I can conceive of no more magnificent gem in all our peerless diadem than those rights guaranteed, as I have said, Mr. Speaker, by that immortal document which, as I have said, Mr. Speaker, descended to us from those immortal Fathers of the Republic who builded wiser than they knew, Mr. Speaker ——"

The Speaker pounds with his gavel and says sternly: "The gentleman will state his point of order."

Mr. MaGoosh waves both arms frantically. "I was coming to that, Mr. Speaker. Is it possible that in this House the rights of free speech, guaranteed to us under the Constitution, that immortal document ——"

Mr. Bolus rises. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "will the gentleman yield?"

"Will the gentleman from Iowa yield to the gentleman from Ohio?" is asked.

"In a moment, Mr. Speaker," says Mr. MaGoosh. "As I was saying, that immortal document that has descended to us from the hands of the Fathers. I now yield to the gentleman for a question only."

"I desire to know," asks Mr. Bolus, who is a tall, thin man with a raspy voice, "whether this is a point of order or a riddle?"

"The gentleman will state his point of order," the Speaker commands.

"The point of order is this," continues Mr. MaGoosh, much put out at the curtailing of his speech: "it is plain the restrictions of the rules make it impossible that a pair can be cast aside in this offhand manner. A pair, Mr. Speaker, is one of the sacred prerogatives of this House. On the durability and validity of pairs depends the political future of many members of this House. Suppose, Mr. Speaker ——"

The three hundred members present are all talking. There is great confusion. The Speaker pounds with his gavel. "The House will be in order!" he says perfunctorily, just about as a mother says: "Johnny, don't do that!"

There are many cries of "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

Meantime Mr. Boogin, Mr. Beegin, Mr. Bolus, Mr. Bobson and Mr. MaGoosh are all down in the well, each seeking to get recognition from the Speaker and each yelling: "Mr. Speaker!" at the top of his voice.

The Speaker bangs with his gavel. "The House will be in order!"

Ollie James rises majestically in his place. "Mr. Speaker!" he shouts. The Speaker grabs at James. "The gentleman from Kentucky," he says.

"Mr. Speaker," says James, "it appears to me that this question is one that may be clearly comprehended by all. As I understand it, there is a question, under the rules, as to whether a certain member of this House can do a certain thing. Now, Mr. Speaker, those rules, as adopted by the majority of this House, constitute the fairest, the most equitable, the most magnificent summary of the wisdom of legislative procedure the world has ever known. Ages may come and ages may go, Mr. Speaker, new statesmen be born into this universe, new parties arise, new flags be unfurled to the glories of the golden sun—but never,

Withholding Their Remarks for Amplification and Revision Before They are Printed in the Record and Franked Out to Their Constituents

Mr. Speaker, so long as time shall last, will there be seen a compendium that embraces so much that is great, so much that is wise, so much that is essential, as this book of rules that I hold in my hand and that I desire to defend against all comers. Our country, Mr. Speaker, may be wrecked on the reefs of partisan discord, may sail on uncharted seas, may be impaled on the peaks of internecine strife and sink into the abyss of fraternal dissension; but, Mr. Speaker, these rules ——"

Jim Mann rises. "Mr. Speaker!" he barks.

James stops abruptly and turns to confront Mann. "Does the gentleman from Kentucky yield to the gentleman from Illinois?" the Speaker asks.

"I do," says James.

"Mr. Speaker," says Mann, "I have been greatly interested in the defense by the gentleman from Kentucky of these rules adopted by the Democrats of this House, and I rise to say, Mr. Speaker, that I know of nothing that needs defense more than these rules. They are arbitrary, clumsy, foolish, weak, idiotic and thrown together with no other thought in mind than to harass and gag and render unavailing the efforts of the patriotic Republicans of this House to conduct, with some semblance of sanity and some consideration for the rights of the people, the business of this country. They are tyrannical, Mr. Speaker—unjust, unfair, damnable aspersions on the integrity of the patriots on this side, who are striving to keep clear from demagoguery the proceedings of this body and to legislate with the sole idea of equal rights for all. They are devoid of that reciprocity ——"

At that moment Uncle Joe Cannon, who during the entire discussion has been sitting on the back of his neck

Mr. Boogia Roars: "I Object!"

in his chair, shucks himself out of the chair and gets to his feet. There is much applause from the Republican side.

"Mr. Speaker," he says.

"Does the gentleman from Illinois yield to the gentleman from Illinois?" asks the Speaker.

"Always, with pleasure," Mann answers, with a courtly bow.

"Mr. Speaker," says Cannon, clenching his left hand and raising the fist that ensues above his head and shaking it at the Democrats—"Mr. Speaker, it was not my intention to delay the House to discuss the question of reciprocity at this time; but, Mr. Speaker, I cannot sit idle here and suffer my party to go on record on this foolish and fantastic doctrine without raising my voice in protest. I am an old man, Mr. Speaker, as years go, but young in spirit; and my heart beats for my country. Oh! Mr. Speaker, in the last analysis you will find that this pernicious doctrine, falsely held to benefit the farmers, will bring ruin and desolation to this country, grown so prosperous and so great under Republican rule—and, Mr. Speaker, I grieve to say, this doctrine was foisted on this country by a Republican President. I am an old man, Mr. Speaker ——"

Mr. Fitzgerald rises. "Mr. Speaker!"

"Does the gentleman from Illinois yield to the gentleman from New York?"

"For a question."

"I merely want to ask if the gentleman from Illinois repudiates the Republican President of the United States?"

Cannon sniffs, waves Fitzgerald to his seat and continues: "As to that, Mr. Speaker, I desire to add that I consider this farmers' free list that is being discussed here in this House one of the greatest frauds ever perpetrated on a defenseless country by a half-baked majority. It is my opinion ——"

"Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Underwood, "it is my opinion that the gentleman is proceeding clearly not in order. What is the question before the House, Mr. Speaker?"

"The question before the House," the Speaker replies, rapping for order, "is whether the Record can be corrected as the gentleman from Arkansas desires."

"Question! Question!" from all parts of the chamber.

"Mr. Speaker," Mr. Underwood proceeds in a calm and even tone, "before putting that question I desire to say a few words concerning Canadian reciprocity, inasmuch as the subject has been brought to the attention of the House by the gentleman from Illinois. Standing, as he does, for the highest and most absurd protection ——"

John Dalzell has been sitting at his desk toying with the red carnation in his buttonhole. As he hears the word "protection" he jumps up and shouts frantically: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

The Speaker looks at Underwood, who nods and sits down. Dalzell walks out to the aisle and, facing Underwood, says: "Mr. Speaker, I had never thought this great House of Representatives could come to the day when we would hear the sacred term Protection bandied about on this floor by those who seek to encompass the ruin of that doctrine which, Mr. Speaker, has brought about the marvelous prosperity we now enjoy, which has built up this country from a vast expanse of unoccupied and untilled land to a mighty nation of ninety millions of people, all enjoying. Mr. Speaker, that marvelous prosperity, Mr. Speaker, that has been brought about by this doctrine of Protection of which you now seek to encompass the ruin—the ruin, Mr. Speaker! And I warn you here and now that when this mighty nation of ninety millions of people, all enjoying the fruits of this marvelous prosperity that has been brought about by Protection, shall be devastated and laid waste by the pernicious free trade you are seeking to engraft on the laws of this mighty nation, you will reap as ye have sown, Mr. President, and I tremble to think of what the future has in store for this mighty nation of ninety millions of people that is now enjoying this marvelous prosperity, all due to the policy of Protection, for which you seek to encompass the ruin."

Shaking with sobs, Mr. Dalzell sits down in the nearest seat, which happens to be the one occupied by Nicholas Longworth, who gently shoves him aside and rises.

"Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Longworth.

"The gentleman from Ohio!"

"Mr. Speaker, at this stage of the proceedings I desire to inquire as to the status of the pair either existing or not existing between the gentleman from Arkansas and the gentleman from Pennsylvania. Under the beneficent, although somewhat benighted, rules of this House ——"

Mr. Macon hurls himself into the well. Mr. Macon is a small man, but an expert hurler. "Mr. Speaker!" he screams.

"Does the gentleman from Ohio yield to the gentleman from Arkansas?"

"Apparently I must," says Mr. Longworth.

"Mr. Speaker!" shouts Mr. Macon; "I cannot sit here and hear the rules of this House impugned by the gentleman from Ohio. What does he know about the people, Mr. Speaker? What does he know about the cares and troubles and tribulations and privations of the plain people—the mighty mass of Godfearing yeomanry that goes to make up the bulwarks of this Republic? What, I ask you, Mr. Speaker, does he know of the farm and the farmer—this man, reared in the lap of luxury, the favored scion of aristocracy, the pampered darling of fortune? It is such as we, Mr. President, such as we that preserve this House to that democracy that was the idea of the Fathers when they laid out the plans for this House, Mr. Speaker; and I say it comes with bad grace from such as him to asperse our rules.

"I Am an Old Man, as Years Go, but Young in Spirit; and My Heart Beats for My Country"

"But, Mr. Speaker, I noticed in the paper this morning an article speaking of me as an obstructor to the business of this House, merely because I have held down the salaries of some clerks who, nurtured in luxury, Mr. President, do not appreciate the cares and the privations of the plain people. In the interests of economy, Mr. Speaker, I denounce the writer of this article as a cowardly and infamous slanderer of a pure and patriotic citizen, meaning myself; and I brand him as a pusillanimous penny-a-liner and a wart, Mr. Speaker—a wart! I have done."

Twenty members are on their feet clamoring for recognition. The roar of "Mr. Speaker!" is deafening. Mr. Rucker is recognized.

Mr. Rucker stands for a moment surveying the House. Then, like a fish jumping for a fly, he jumps for his subject. "Economy!" he snarls, and it is evident Mr. Rucker is excited. "Economy! I am as much in favor of economy as anybody, and I was glad to see this Democratic House take steps in that direction; but I want to say, Mr. Speaker, there is such a thing as being too economical. Unintentionally, perhaps, I was selected by the Committee on Committees of this House for chairman of one of its important committees. What do I find, Mr. Chairman? What do I find?"

Mr. Rucker's voice rises to a fine crescendo here.

"I find, Mr. Speaker, that I am deprived of a clerk for my committee; and I find that when you go to the committees of some of the other members of this House—some of the favored members—you have to send in your card and be introduced and wait outside while an army of flunkeys sees if these favored chairmen can stop long enough to see you. I find them all cluttered up with clerks and secretaries—and me, chairman of an important committee, with no clerk to speak of! Economy! Faugh on economy that gives favored ones regiments of clerks and deprives a man who has always put his shoulder to the Democratic wheel with an eye single to success and a hand on the tiller to help steer the Ship of State through the cyclones of distress, of any clerk worth mentioning. Under such economy as this the great Democratic party will go down to ruin and distress."

Mr. Garner rises and is recognized.

"Mr. Speaker," he says, "I am chairman of the committee that allotted those clerks, and I am from Texas. Does that convey any meaning to the mind of the gentleman from Missouri?"

"Mr. Speaker," injects Mr. Rucker hastily, "I meant nothing personal by my remarks—nothing at all—positively nothing!"

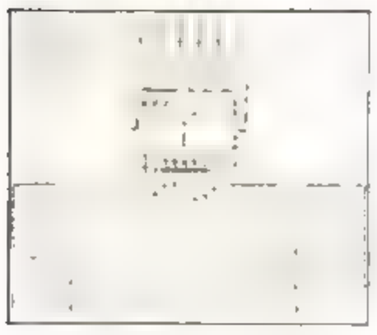
Mr. Garner takes a long and penetrating look at Mr. Rucker. "Very well," he says, and sits down.

"Question! Question!"

(*Continued on Page 57*)

"Mr. Speaker!" He Bellows. "Mr. Speaker—a Point of Order!"

The Knight, the Lady and the Fludge—By Wallace Irwin

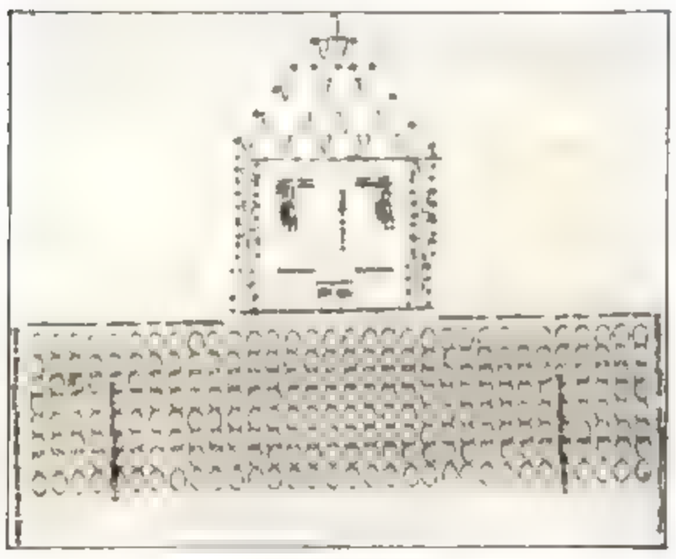


Per Illustration Number One

PROLOGUE

Dotty Dean was a romantic little typist—so she was—
On the thirty-second story of a Life Insurance Co.
Though she worked for sordid wages,
To her mind the Middle Ages
Were the golden times—though Dot was far from middle-aged, you know.

When the Manager was absent she would sit for hours and hours
With her pretty nose adjacent to the works of Walter Scott;
She could swallow Zenda's detail,
Both by wholesale and by retail—
E'en the minor works of Major made a hit with simple Dot.
How she pined for haunted castles! How she longed for donjon keeps!
And she'd very gladly given half her wages—which were small—
To behold the knights incrusted
All in hardware as they jousted,
While deserving damsels languished up in towers extremely tall.

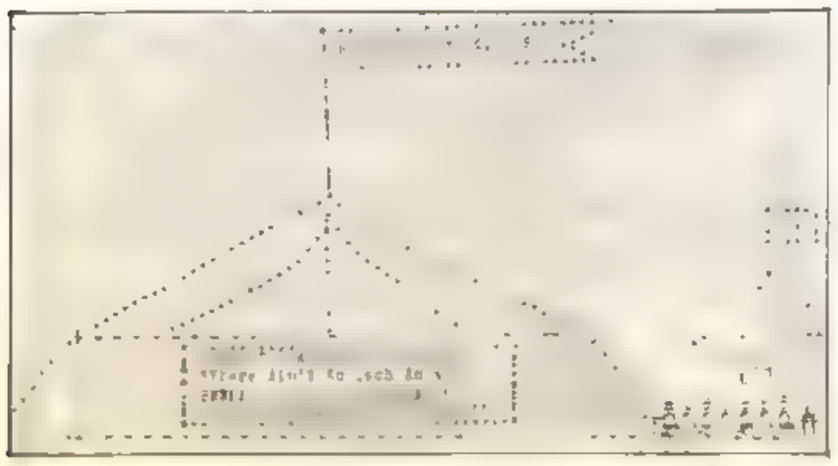


See Figure Five

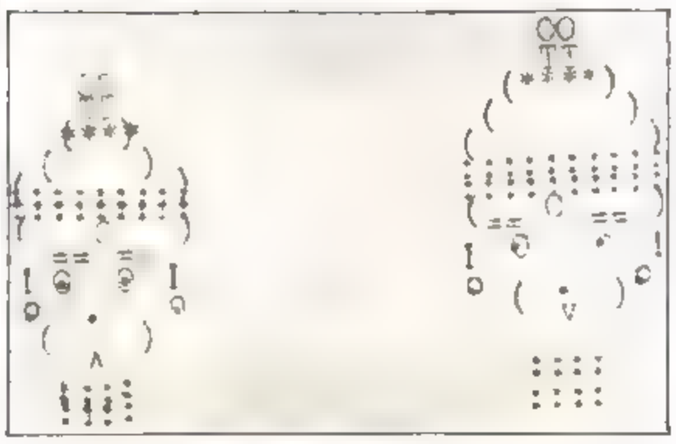
Well, one afternoon it happened that the Giants played the Cubs;
So the office force went early. But when Dotty quit the job
Lo! her nerves were badly jolted,
For the office door was bolted
By a spring-lock—which was broken. And she couldn't turn the knob!

Had she been the ordinary, unromantic typist girl,
She had doubtless screamed or fainted. Not so Dotty; for, you see,
She had taken her Indentures
In such Zenda-like adventures;
As for languishing in prison—that was nuts for Dotty D.

For it realized her dream of being captive in a tower,
With a Knight to make the rescue—contemplation of delight!
And she wildly thought: "Oh, glory!
Here's material for a story—
Say, I guess I'll show some authors how stenographers can write!"



See Figure Seven for the Same



As You Will See In Figure Three

"I Feel—Oh, Well!"—See Figure Four

So she got her little "writer" out and dusted off the keys,
Then she started in composing—same as Caines or Kiplings do.
When she'd rattled off the text, sir,
She remarked: "My duty next, sir,
Is to typewrite illustrations." And, by George! she did it too!

THE STORY—CHAPTER I

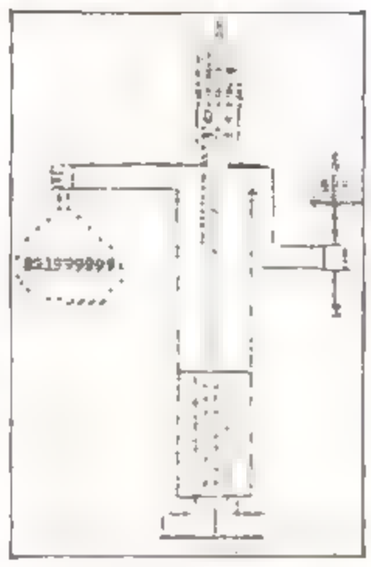
'Twas morning. In his castle high
The Sultan Dooli Alkali
Sat frowning at the rising sun—
Per Illustration Number One.
The Princess Panzi—Dooli's niece—
Sat in her turret void of peace;
And now and then she made her moan—
What's that? Ding-ding!
It was the King,
Who called her up by telephone.
"My girl," quoth he—his voice was gruff—
"I think you've lingered long enough.
Put on your waist of *point d'esprit*,
Your harem skirt of best pongee;
For Prince Kazoo
Has come to woo!"—
As you'll observe in Figure Two.
Whereat the Princess, up spake she:
"Great Alkali, so pity me!
For yestermorn upon the plain
I saw a Knight that turned my brain.
He was a strong Crusader lad;
A suit of London mail he had—
Like E. H. Sothern was his grace;
Like Faversham his glowing face.
Now when I think of poor Kazoo
My face is drawn with bitter rue"—
As you will see
In Figure Three.
"But, when my love I ponder o'er,
I feel—oh, well!"—see Figure Four.
Up spake the Sultan: "Fie! For shame!
What is this Malefactor's name?"
The maiden's voice grew faint and far
As wireless message from a star:
"His name is ——"

CHAPTER II

—— At the castle door
There rose a most tree-mendous roar—
As though a ton of boiler plate
Had tumbled on the postern gate.
Then, clanging loudly in his gall,
A Knight came striding in the hall.
Thus to the King: "Why stand afraid?
I am Sir Giles de Marmalade"—
See Figure Five—"and I have came
This Moslem maiden for to claim!"
The Sultan rose in haughty pride
And led the noble Knight outside,
Where, by some trick of magic craft,
He hurled Our Hero, fore and aft,
Into the moat. But, as he fell,
Sir Giles retorted: "It is well!
You think by cunning heathen tricks
To slay me!"—as per Figure Six.
"But I'll be back—and then you'll see
A larger Figure cut by me!"

CHAPTER III

'Twas just before the wedding eve.
When Panzi, weeping in her sleeve,
Was waiting to be married to
That Oriental dude, Kazoo.
When, lo! upon the sultry plain
A tower of canvas rose amain,
While gaudy flags began to blow—
'Twas Hasenpflug's Transcendent Show!
Now in this Show was advertised
Two features very highly prized:
Nifti the Juggler, who, 'twas said,
Could balance needles on his head
And bounce on these,
With fragile ease,
A heavy box containing lead,
While dancing hornpipes with his legs
And tossing up a dozen eggs.
The other marvel was the Fludge,
Whose weird attraction you may judge—
He's partly bird and partly fish
And partly kangaroo;
His nature's gentle as you wish,
His thoughts are clear but few.
At luncheontime he moans and bleats,
And Concord grapes are all he eats.
If you should meet the Fludge by night
You'd doubtless shriek in pallid fright:
"There's no such Thing!"
Perhaps you're right.
Around the tent the people came—
See Figure Seven for the same—
And e'en the Sultan Dooli A.
From out his fortress took his way,



As You'll Observe in Figure Two

As Per Figure Six

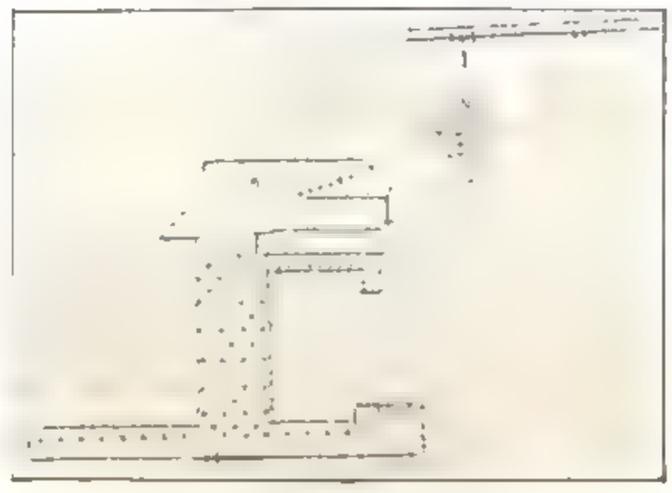
His lovely niece upon his arm,
To test the Show's transcendent charm.

The Circus opened passing fair.
The Sultan watched with pleasant stare
What time the Fludge performed in state—
As specified in Figure Eight.
But, when the Juggler Nifti came,
What made the cheek of Panzi flame?
What made her pulses go unsteady?—
Aw, say; you've guessed the truth already!
"Bismillah!"—this beneath her breath—
"As sure as life, as sure as death!
Behold him!"—as per Figure Nine.
"It is Sir Giles, that lover mine!"
Sure thing! Of course you've realized
The Juggler is Sir Giles disguised.

CHAPTER IV

The Sult was deaf, so didn't hear
When Giles leaned close to Panzi's ear.

(Concluded on Page 50)



As Specified in Figure Eight

THE INDIAN SIGN

By Allen Sangree

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

IF YOU'RE lookin' for a quiet place t' board, Steve," suggested Third Baseman Dasher, of the Pioneers, "why don't you try my mother-in-law's, down in Grove's Court? She serves big-league meals—nice cool rooms—there's a couple vacant now. I lived there till Mrs. Dasher and I got hooked up. Take a look, you an' Dan—can't beat it!"

"Two rooms?" queried Big Steve Doyle as he sorted out his mail in the clubhouse. "I was countin' on taking Southpaw Jones along too. You know his folks an' mine are related, and me an' Dan are kind o' helpin' him along. He had something today, Dash, didn't he?"

"He has smoke, all right, Steve; he ought t' make good. Say—not getting personal—but does that busted nose of his interfere with his breathing? He must 'a' got an awful kick sometime. What happened to him?"

Steve glanced about vainly for his partner, Dan Bunts, the notion of leaving the park without his company being unnatural.

"No; it don't hurt him at all—that nose. He was slidin' down hill when he was a kid on th' farm and his sled run into a wagon—I think it was. Zowie! Caught him on the smeller. They never had it fixed—and a darn shame, too! Say, Dash, he's sort o' sensitive about it—wouldn't say anything if I were you. Un'erstan'?"

"Aw, nix, Steve; sure not. I was sorry f'r him today when that guy back o' me kept callin' him 'Dogface.' For half a cent I'd 'a' pulled him off the grandstand—only McNabb's sore on that stuff. Well, s'long! Go down and see Mrs. O'Hara's place."

Messrs. Doyle, Bunts and Southpaw Jones found the new lodgings much to their liking, for Mrs. O'Hara knew the ways of a ballplayer—his reticence in meeting outsiders, his desire for prompt dining-room service. When the three athletes returned from the game there was not a minute's delay in putting before them nourishing soups and heaped platters of plain but brawn-making food. Isolated as much as possible at one end of the table, they performed a brave trencherman's duty with dispatch and without conversation. What though the rattle of their weapons did echo the defense of Thermopylæ or a bout at quarterstaves! 'Twas a serious thing—this stoking of big-leaguers.

Fleming, who worked at the necktie counter at Cook & Ramsey's, where the fact of his living in the same house with Doyle and Bunts gave him marked standing, fairly laughed as he watched Big Steve demolish the corned beef and cabbage. It meant strength to that mighty salary wing and half a dozen of the enemy pegged at second. It was the stuff heroes are made of.

"Big Steve et well last night," he would deign to inform Haskins, of the perfume counter. "They won't steal on him this afternoon—take it from me!"

Young Hopper, the country boy who earned seven dollars a week in a butter-and-eggs store, felt that if he could eat as heartily fame and fortune might also be his. At the risk of dyspepsia he cleared the commissariat decks at each meal. When, on his bimonthly holiday, he treated himself to the ball game he thought of vegetable soup, roast pork and apple pie every time Big Steve winged a sprinter at the middle cushion.

There was but one vacant seat at Mrs. O'Hara's table, the one adjoining Southpaw Jones; and for this Catcher Doyle was grateful, as it marooned his charge to some extent—prevented him from fanning, a vice toward which he seemed inclined.

One might have thought that this raw recruit from the minors, with his dented nose and goose-winged ears, would shun society. On field or off, his countenance was sinister and repelling, an effect that his poetic brown eyes and good-humored mouth did not offset. On his first swing of the circuit, veterans misjudged the tyro pitcher, picking him for a rough customer, battle-scarred and treacherous. This helped Jones to get away with his speed—about all he showed in twirling goods.

Big Steve probed for the truth.

"I won't say he's yellow," he confided to Bunts. "It ain't that exactly. No one in our family ever turned color ——"

"Too good-natured," put in Dan.

"And an awful fall guy f'r women," added Steve sourly. "I see him squinting at that manicure gal across the table; can't keep his eyes off her ——"

"Holy smoke, Steve!" interrupted Bunts. "I wasn't going t' say anything, but Saturday night I nailed him bumping highbrow fungoes on the stoop at that schoolteacher; you know—woman with the pearl hair an' watery lamps—sits next t' th' eggery kid. Lot o' literatoor and science stuff she was shooting and him swallowin' it

The Two Girls Talking Fast and as Sisterly as Though They Had Known Each Other a Lifetime

like a Great Dane chewing creampuffs! He's a mark, Steve! Some skirt'll tag him off first base before the season's half over."

Big Steve turned a significant gaze upon Dan.

"Well, that won't do, will it?" he said slowly, and his jaw fell with a guilty grin, which Mr. Bunts answered in kind. The truth was that the ventures of Doyle and Bunts in picking winners at various racetracks had been unfortunate; and when relative Enoch Jones came along, his pockets bulging with money—for the southpaw busher owned a valuable farm—Big Steve found him convenient financially.

"But, outside o' that"—Steve waved away the unpleasant topic—"I don't think Enoch has the stuff t' stay in fast company. Furthermore, I say he ought t' be back there in Pennsylvania, lookin' after his crops. Think of it—four hundred acres in Lancaster County! He c'n raise everything. His old man willed it to him. The Joneses are all well-to-do; th' Doyles never had anything. He's th' Welsh side o' the family; I'm the Irish. I told McNabb this port-wheel cousin o' mine was Irish too. Only f'r that, Mac wouldn't 'a' give him a chance. What's he want to play ball f'r, anyway? Just imagine! If you had a farm ——"

"How much are you into him for now?" questioned Dan Bunts, side-arm twirler, pinch-hitter and substitute fielder.

Catcher Doyle drew forth a little book and calculated.

"It's two hundred and fifty dollars, all told; and don't forget, Daniel, there's seventy-five dollars o' that on you. You played Oleander at Latonia when we was in Cincy—remember?"

"Yeh," Mr. Bunts assented wryly. And then: "S'pose he'd make trouble—sue you, or the like o' that?"

Doyle ruminated as he puffed his cigar, then reverted to the puzzle:

"I'm telling you, Dan, it's got me why he ever left home at his age—he's twenty-five—to butt into baseball. No; I don't think he'd come back f'r th' measly two-hundred and fifty dollars. By th' way, I see that Kindergarten's running tomorrow; that dog is about due now ——"

"Wisenheimer on th' ladies, you are," chaffed Bunts. "Why, I'd lay a bet there's a woman at th' bottom of it, as the saying goes. He's got a sweetheart out there in the lunch-basket league, an' he wants to make a hit with her—something like that. Un'erstan' what I mean?"

Catcher Doyle thought this over and at supper next evening admitted that his partner's philosophy was timely.

It had been an eventful and happy day for Southpaw Jones. The Pioneers were one run to the good and needed the game to keep in first position. When the Sharks got runners on second and third, with two men down and Kid Curtis, left-hand demon clouter, up, Manager McNabb had a hunch that he would pickle one and put the game on ice. Oh, for an experienced southpaw—the only foeman who could baffle this hitting prodigy! Three hits already Curtis had made off the Pioneers' right-handed flinger.

"Send in Enoch!" called Catcher Doyle, who could hear his manager's thoughts ticking. "I'll handle him."

Big Steve was a natural-born backstop—a man to set his field, rattle a batter and coach a pitcher. With his dented-nosed cousin in the box, he put forth extra effort.

"I'll pull the signs wide open," he instructed Jones. "Coster, out there coaching, will get them and tip the batter. But don't you pay any attention 'less I tie me shoelace; give him a curve then, but waste it. Just you zing that low fast one over the inside corner. Yuh might shake y'r bean occasionally as though you thought I was wrong. Come on, now."

A nice bit of strategy it was; and Manager McNabb, on the bench, rubbed his hands and talked out loud to himself, while Kid Curtis took a couple of strikes. With telepathic instinct, Doyle outguessed the champion clouter. With three and two on him, the latter caught the catcher's sign—something different—probably a fast one high inside, for they would not take a chance on a curve at this stage; but—zwish!—low and inside she came, and before Curtis could shift his swinging chop the ball was in Big Steve's mitt, the game over and thousands talking of Southpaw Jones' extreme cleverness in fanning Kid Curtis.

The meal that night was sugar-cured ham, corn fritters, sweet potatoes, followed by lemon pie. Catcher Doyle, who got no credit whatever in the newspapers for his part of the victory, an injustice to which time had inured him, had just commented on the ham's sweetness when a hush fell upon the dining room. At the door Mrs. O'Hara was talking to a tall girl, perhaps twenty years old, chestnut-haired, violet-eyed, nose slightly aquiline, mouth small and complexion clean as a new league ball. The tucked linen waist above her blue serge skirt was cut square, exposing her comely neck. In mere man's judgment her form was exalting, enticing, symmetrical. She raised her dark eyelashes, which she manipulated with languorous caution, and shrugged her rather pointed shoulders.

"I had not been informed of the dinner hour," she said to Mrs. O'Hara. The words were studied, the accent forced New Yorky. "This seat, heah?"

Big Steve Doyle held his freighted fork pendent, then whipped a glance of terror at his charge, who unknowingly—for he had been entrapped by Fleming into conversation awaited his sugar-coated doom. Slowly, gracefully, but surely, the tall beauty moved to the one vacant chair and Mr. Doyle tramped on Mr. Bunts' foot, a call for help. Bunts telegraphed, "Courage!" his expression indicating that the disfigured southpaw would not dare raise his eyes to this dazzling peri. At that moment, however, as she glided into her chair Enoch met her full face and blinked like one coming from pitchy darkness into sunlight.

"Meely!" he gasped. "You here!"

"Why, how do you do?" she answered easily, with a trace of loftiness.

Jones stared about the table open-mouthed. His admiration was so plain that Miss Carew, the schoolmistress author who wrote love stories for the Human Interest Monthly, observed to Miss Dechamp, the manicurist:

"I declare! It's a romance—childhood sweethearts, I dare say."

"They're not wearing those Dutch necks this year," returned Miss Dechamp icily. "She can't have been long in the city."

"My friend, Miss Wells," introduced Jones to Steve and Dan. "We both come from the same town. Don't this beat all!"

Tabletalk spluttered torpidly for a while, like damp firecrackers, even the butter-and-eggs boy slyly stealing a look at the fair newcomer and the bewitched southpaw. They formed a monstrous contrast—she so regular of feature; Enoch with goose-winged ears and a chasm so sharp and deep right in the middle of his nose that the lower portion of that organ suggested an island lying somewhat atilt. The manicure girl became loquacious all of a sudden, discussing with Miss Carew the latest styles of neck adornment for women. It was evident to Mr. Doyle, shrewd interpreter of the fair sex, that her darts were poison-tipped and aimed at the late arrival who, however, had perfect control, which is usually more than enough to match the swiftest speed.

"But Don't You Pay Any Attention 'Less I Tie Me Shoelace: Give Him a Curve Then"

"Why, I left Lancaster nearly a year ago," narrated Enoch's friend in an even voice. "You remember when I graduated from business college? Well, I took a position with Mr. Wildman, the traction king in Philadelphia. Now I'm over here with Caldwell, Pierce & Caldwell, the corporation lawyers. Hardly seems as if I ever lived out there in the woods. I'm crazy about the city. I was to sup last night at the Carlton with Jack Pierce—you've heard of him he's in the international polo tournament—junior member of our firm."

Enoch's countenance spoke of ingenuous pride, but Miss Dechamp tittered loudly; and Big Steve, loyal to his cousin, thought it well to inquire:

"You take in any of th' ball games, madam?"

"I'm terribly interested in baseball," returned Miss Wells with more spirit as she delicately impaled a fried sweet potato. "By the way," she beamed on Jones, "have you come across Arthur Scull yet? You know he's playing too. Isn't he perfectly wonderful? I saw him pitch in Philadelphia. He's quite a hero out home." Her glance flitted from the stern-looking Doyle to his more pleasing partner. "Do you know him, Mr. Bunts?"

"Doc Scull, on th' Prunes? Should say so," rejoined Dan, his eyes very bright, for in his secret judgment he had classed the fair guest as a big-show girl. "He's all right, Doc is—an' making good."

"He's very clever," she went on as the southpaw winced. "We were at normal school before he took up dentistry. He gets his diploma next year."

"Smooth pitcher," asserted Bunts. "And wise at that f'r getting out of the game."

Catcher Doyle gave and repeated the usual signal for quitting the table and Bunts, of course, obeyed, excusing himself elaborately; but Southpaw Jones, though his flushed happiness had changed to ashy gloom, remained. The room was silent as Catcher Doyle's flatfooted and ponderous tread preceded the light, buoyant step of the fast baserunner.

As becomes a philosopher, Big Steve did not speak until ten minutes afterward, when he had lighted his strong cigar and cocked his heels on the window-sill of his apartment that overlooked the street.

"Ain't he the glutton for punishment?" he demanded of Dan, with emphatic censure and irony.

"Well, big fellow, didn't I call the turn?" was the answer of Bunts, whimsically triumphant. "Didn't I say a woman was at th' bottom of it? Here's the dame."

Mr. Doyle grudgingly admitted this. "She's got the Indian sign on him, all right," he growled. "It's all off now. He couldn't pitch to a blind asylum! And me just after pullin' him through there today! What c'd he do 'gainst th' Prunes tomorrow—especially if they work Doc Scull? You see him at th' table when she brought up his name? -yellow as a dead fish! I'm telling you, son"—Big Steve swung his feet about and dropped them on the floor—"there's a mystery back o' this. How is it this gal comes on here and picks out th' same place where Enoch is boarding? There's a broken bat in the bag somewhere—you watch!"

"Maybe Doc Scull put her up to it—just t' rub it in—un'erstan' me? He seems t' be pretty strong."

This opened such a wide path of speculation that Messrs. Doyle and Bunts neglected their accustomed game of billiards and sat until a late hour discussing the strange situation. On the point of turning in they spied the southpaw and Miss Wells coming up the street; and in a few moments Enoch shambled into the room, a picture of shame and sorrow.

Doyle and Bunts lighted fresh cigars and then the former demanded in compelling tones

"Let's have it straight, kid. She's got the Indian sign on you, hasn't she? Come on, now—over th' plate."

"Indian sign!" confessed Jones, with a shudder. "Steve, I been stuck on Amelia ever since we were kids—can't help it. We had the best times together; her people lived right 'cross the street from us. I used t' take her to picnics an' all like that. Everybody thought it was good as settled we'd get married. And me, why, I never thought of anybody else, Steve. I s'posed she felt the same way as me—you know, Dan?" the tall, angular farmer's son invoked of Bunts as he gestured with his big hands, hands that had been hardened and broadened in years of harvest-field labor. Bunts was unfeignedly sympathetic.

"And she won't have you?" he asked.

"Why—why, I never asked her, Dan. Don't y' see?—the way she looked at me and me at her—it was —— We used to sit on a white-covered sofa at her house. I never even kissed her—I thought too much of her—I ——"

Enoch halted suddenly. His eyes were moist. Big Steve undertook to relieve the tension by turning the gas low, remarking that it might make the room cooler. Then he suggested:

"Maybe a little rough work would 'a' got you farther, Enoch. I've known fellows to win out that way."

"No, Steve; she ain't that kind. Meely's as pure as gold. It wasn't that. She would 'a' had me only for this Doc Scull. I know—I know. He played semipro ball out there one season. Before that, she never went out with anybody but me. He's got looks, Steve—an' you see me!" Unconsciously the southpaw's hand covered his disfigured face.

Mr. Bunts made considerable noise helping himself to a fresh cigar from Steve's box.

"Then she's signed up with Doc Scull?" he asked.

"I couldn't tell." Enoch shook his head. "She's wearin' a locket he gave her and she talks about him all th' time. You see he has th' looks, and she you can't blame her, Steve, can you? Ain't she pretty, Dan—ain't she—an' sweet?"

Doyle and Steve made noises of assent.

"Nobody c'n gainsay that. And out home I was all right. The fellers and girls knew how I got hurt—my nose didn't make any difference with them, or with Meely. It was never mentioned. 'Hornets' was my nickname, Steve, because o' me getting stung up with a nestful once." His attempted hearty laugh sounded hollow and dismal to the others, who had nothing to say.

Enoch was silent a moment and then his very heart seemed to break as it gave forth its sorrow:

"But tonight, boys"—the jerky sentences came between sobs—"tonight, after th' roof-garden show, I took Meely over t' Voll's—she only drinks lemonade, Steve—an' every one knew me—kept laughing at me. C'd hear 'em say 'Dog-face.' Meely heard them an' she colored all up—said we'd better go home. She —— Oh, Steve!" The disfigured youth broke down as he buried his face in a pillow and his body shook with sobs. "If I only had th' looks!"

Big Steve, embarrassed at the recital of another man's sacred inmost feelings, puffed furiously at his cigar and cleared his throat several times.

"Enoch," he finally said, "I'm not after criticising; but if she can't see you just because of your crooked map then my idea is she ain't worth tyin' to." He looked over at Bunts for confirmation.

"It's not as though you was a Wild Man of Borneo or a Human Skeleton," comforted Bunts; "and we saw one o' them freaks with a wife just about as pretty as y'r friend. Remember, Steve, in Los Angeles -that year we trained on the coast?"

The southpaw continued gloomily to contemplate his unhappiness.

"Forget her," counseled Steve. "It's a heap better not to be married, for a fellow like you. A ballplayer is away half th' year an' when he does sign a contract he wants to know his wife is on the level. He has no chance t' watch her. He's out playing his head off to put some money ahead for a rainy day and maybe make a home; and, at that," Steve switched to philosophic generalization "you never know how it'll break. Nine times out of ten there won't be any teamwork. You get your signs all set, give her the hit-and-run an' what does she do? Steals! You tell her t' wait it out an' what happens? She swings at th' first pitched ball. She rhinestones the game that's what! And while I'm saying it I might as well tell you, Enoch, I think this friend of yours is a rhinestone, an' I c'n generally pick out real ice."

"No, sir; no!" The southpaw leaped off the bed and waved his long arms. "She's just a little set up with coming to the city. Meely's th' best girl you ever saw! She kept house when the mother died, raised th' children, cooked an' washed and with all that work got an education f'r herself. No; she's no rhinestone, Steve."

Cross-countered in this fashion, Catcher Doyle could only retort with:

"Well, you got just one face, haven't you? And y' can't change that; so ——"

"Steve"—the lovelorn flinger's eyes were intense—"you said something that's been in my head a long time." He jerked from his inside pocket a newspaper advertisement announcing that Dr. Emil Hahn could remodel the human countenance, no matter how deformed. "What I was thinking, Steve, maybe if I went t' this doctor he could fix my nose so Meely wouldn't be ashamed o' me. Don't you think that might make a change in her?"

Bunts turned up the gas and Big Steve, with some torment, slowly began to read what marvels a beauty doctor could achieve:

"Facial defects remedied; blemishes removed; contours of beauty supplied; marvelous metamorphosis of countenance and character; an Apollo from a Caliban; an Adonis from a donkey ——"

"That's the stuff!" interrupted Bunts sharply. "If he c'n put that over he's all to the big tent. For what I say is, Steve, how d'ye know it's his beak she's balking on? It may be his ears." He walked over and thumbed the appendages. "Not gettin' personal, Enoch; but look at y'rself now when I bend 'em in—what a difference it makes!"

Wearily Southpaw Jones obeyed, stepping before the mirror.

"What I mean is," explained the pinch hitter, "if he's going in f'r this it might be just as well to have his ears tightened up a little. I don't see how they c'n do it, but according to this advertisement nothing feezes 'em. What d' yuh think, Steve?"

Catcher Doyle gave the question due consideration and agreed with his partner that, if the plan were tested at all, Enoch might as well go in for a complete beautifying.

"Just th' same," he pointed out, "it's the toughest thing in th' world to switch an Indian sign. I mind a pitcher when I was in the minors that had it on me two whole seasons. You know him, Dan—'Chesty' John Haggerty they called him—worked in Milwaukee f'r a while. An awful stiff he was, but I couldn't hit him, couldn't bunt, couldn't wait him out. Soon as he walked in the box it was the redskin for me."

"Oh, Steve! If I Only Had th' Looks!"

"Yes; an' there was Jocko Hall, with th' Wolves three years ago," added Bunts. "We didn't win a game off him until September. Some say it was the fans that got him rattled that day, but I think it was Red Carter makin' a homer. Pitcher, and he had a batting average of .034," he explained to Enoch; "and he got two home runs off Jocko. Just held his bat in th' right groove. After that we knocked Hall out of th' box—an' he hasn't been much good since."

"Well," pleaded Southpaw Jones, "don't that show you c'n switch the sign if y' keep at it?"

"All right," concluded Big Steve, who, with a hard day's work before him, could not afford to lose any sleep; "we'll think it over. But my advice is to forget her. You haven't got a hit off her yet. G' night."

Southpaw Jones was beginning to discover that advice is the cheapest thing in the world—willpower the rarest. Rolling and tossing in his hall bedroom, what from emotion and the heat, he scarcely slept—bad training indeed for a big-leaguer. He was sluggish at morning practice and in the afternoon when his rival, Doc Scull, of the Prunes, greeted him with the usual "Hello! How yuh hitting?" Enoch looked the part of a wobegone suitor.

Scull grinned, with a tantalizing sneer, the sneer that seldom left his face even though the game went against him. He was known as a chilly customer, his very indifference being an asset to his trade. It was hard to get his goat; and when a player did it was his custom to shoot a bean ball—that is, direct a fast one at the batter's head. He was a pitcher to beware of, good-looking, successful, keeping mostly to himself and sufficiently wise to study a profession, that he might not some day be relegated to the bushes.

Miss Wells appeared at dinner that evening, more charming than ever, in a trim suit of white duck that Miss Dechamp estimated as costing seven dollars and twenty-five cents at a special sale. For some time there was an unexplainable restraint, severed finally by Fleming, who directed his remarks on the glorious victory—or, rather, slaughter—in which the Pioneers had pounded Doc Scull out of the box and won by a lopsided score. Fleming took the bit in his teeth and addressed Catcher Doyle:

"Thirteen hits you got off Scull, wasn't it?"

Big Steve nodded and through a mass of semimasticated pot-roast further assented:

"B-h-r-r-p!"

"We'd 'a' made twice that if they hadn't took him out," added Dan Bunts, with a sly grin and a glance at Miss Wells.

Fleming, exhilarated at having for the first time drawn conversational blood, as it were, from the big-leaguers, went into an exhaustive description of the game as told in the sporting extras.

In one of his pauses Miss Wells asked Jones:

"Did you pitch against him, Enoch?"

The southpaw flushed at hearing his first name from her lips and stammered:

"N-no; I didn't work today."

"That's too bad," she said. "It would have been quite a triumph."

There was such a sweet condolence, both in tone and look, that Big Steve dropped his table weapons and stared at her.

"Kidding him to a finish!" was Big Steve's conclusion, which he conveyed to his partner in their freemasonry language.

Doyle was positive of this when, after dinner, they saw Doc Scull balanced easily on the stoop railing, his cheerful sarcasm none erased.

"Had your batting rags on today, boys?" he laughed.

Catcher Doyle only grunted, but Dan retorted:

"All I'd ask, kiddo, is they stick you in every game. I'd win that automobile, sure!"

"Oh, I'll get you next time, old boy. Th' season's young yet."

There was an awkward moment at the narrow stairway landing as Miss Wells, descending, met the ballplayers going up. The same expression of pity that Steve noticed at the table touched her countenance and she was about to speak; then changed her mind.

The long silence which followed after the ballplayers had watched her depart in company with Doc Scull was broken by Mr. Bunts.

"Looking at it one way and another, Enoch," he advised, "I can't see how it would do you any good t' smash him. Steve says it'd probably have the opposite effect on her—and Steve's generally got their number. On the other hand, if y' go in for this beauty-doctor stuff you're like t' be out of th' game a long time ——"

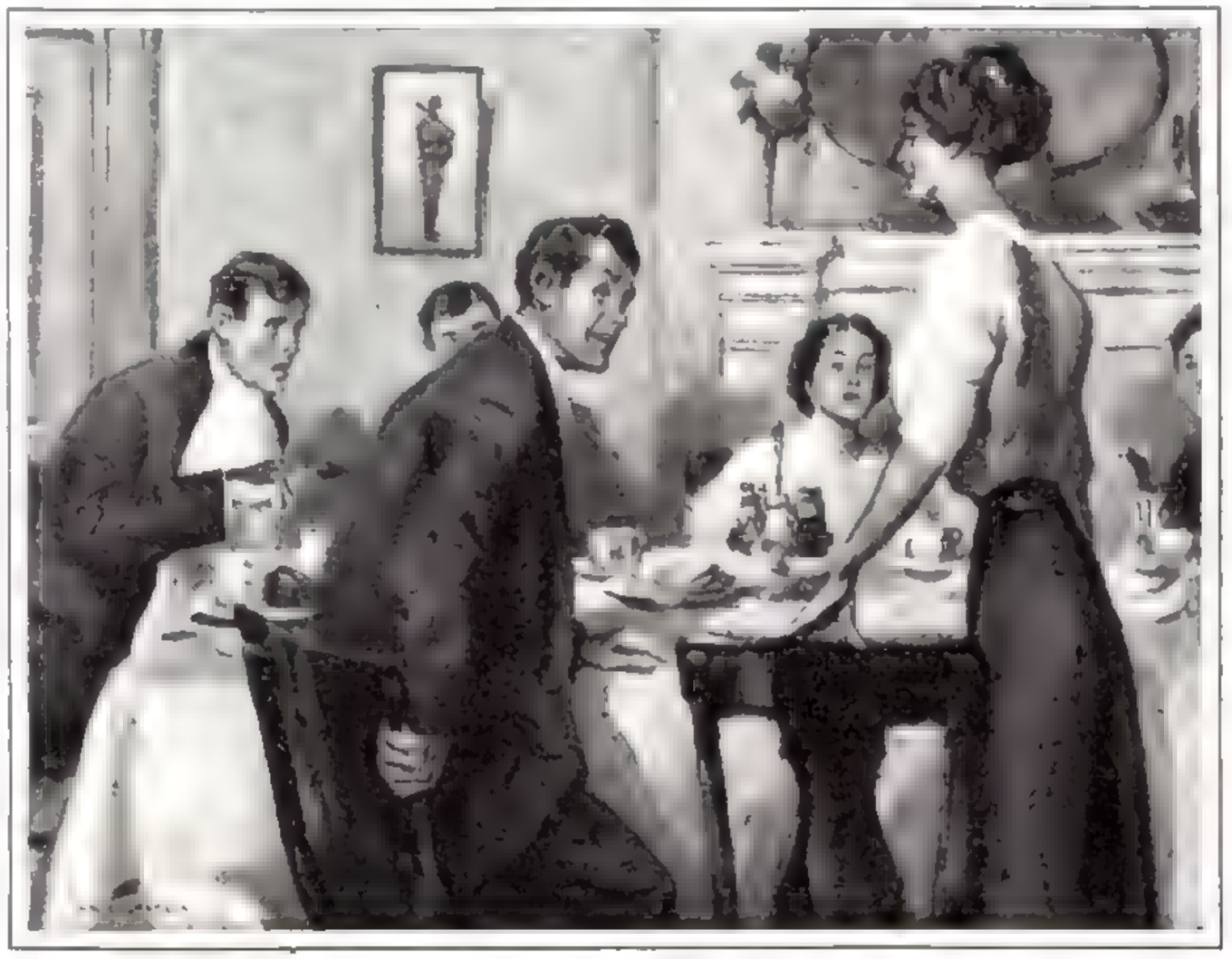
"I don't care if I never pitch again," wailed the southpaw, "so long as I get Meely."

"You're on, then," pronounced Big Steve somewhat testily. "Tomorrow morning's the time. Come along, Dan; let's go out and jostle the ivories a while. Feel's though I could put it over you with three cushions."

Dr. Emil Hahn they found to be a heavy-faced, heavy-handed, heavy-bodied German, whose eyes were malignantly domineering. Upon making an inventory of Enoch's blemishes, he cheered the southpaw by promising to utterly transform his countenance.

"Dis ear," he said, "she mus' be incision made. De nose, him easy! Two—maybe tree—weeks. You stay in my sanatorium upstairs. Always, yes, advance bayment. Sometime dey get what you call cold foot—*hein?* I am also hypnotist," he added unctuously, with an eye on the ballplayers' diamonds. "I make de mind to concentrate and imagine she is somebody else."

He began to wave his heavy hands in front of Southpaw Jones, who drew back in alarm.



"Meely!" He Gasped. "You Here!"

"Hey! None o' that!" commanded Doyle sternly. "Can that stuff. He's hypnotized enough already."

Big Steve mistrusted the doctor, with his air of diablerie; and when they were paying the cashier he asked a few pertinent questions, telling who they were.

"From the Pioneers!" she exclaimed, her red lips opening widely, her black eyes sparkling. "Do you know who my father is? Joe Russell!"

"What—old Joe Russell, the ketcher?" from Doyle. "Why, I used to peek through th' fence at him when I was a kid. You Joe Russell's daughter? Well, I swear! Say, miss, he was some backstop in his day."

"That's what he says about you. Oh, he keeps track, I tell you."

"How is he?" inquired Dan. "I seen him, too, the last year he was in the league."

"Father's paralyzed from the waist down." She said it in a matter-of-fact way, as one accustomed to the daily care of an invalid.

Big Steve was shocked.

"I didn't know that," he offered. "D'ye think he'd care f'r a baseball? It's th' one Dan hit to the galleries yesterday when he cleaned up. I was going t' give it to a fellow at the billiard parlor." Steve took from his pocket a horsehide pill that showed but one welt of the ash. Bunts also fished about vainly for some memento.

"Dad'll be crazy about this," Miss Russell cried. "He has an old one up there that we play catch with sometimes. He pretends he's behind the bat once more and I'm the pitcher." She tossed the ball up and caught it in her small hands. "Listen!" she cautioned, beckoning them. Beside the ballplayers she was a dwarf—a small-waisted, plump-chested little lady, whose eyes were mischievous, sympathetic and serious all in one expression. "This doctor is a fake!" She reached up and laid a tiny forefinger in the dent of Enoch's nose. "You know what he puts in there? Paraffin. He injects it—phwt! It'll fill up all right; but sometimes it don't last long—it melts."

"It what?" they cried.

"Melts. Two people sued him since I've been here."

"Huh!" snorted Steve. "I knew there was something fishy about that guy. Enoch, get y'r money back."

"Hol' on," objected Bunts. "How about his ears? Can he fix them?"

"He's pretty good on ears," answered Miss Russell. "And, mind you, the nose may stay a long while ——"

"Month or so?" begged Enoch.

"Oh, sure!" she said. "It's only if you get in a very hot place that affects it. One of the men that sued us worked in a stokehole."

"I'm going to stay then," declared Enoch firmly.

"Well," growled Big Steve, "you're the doctor. Only this, little girl." He handed her the league schedule. "If this geezer tries to pull anything on Southpaw you notify me. Enoch'll tell you the hotels we stop at."

"I'd do anything in the world for a ballplayer," she promised.

"Say," complimented Steve pointedly, "if I was the marrying kind you wouldn't sit on the bench long!" He and Bunts turned their eyes upon Enoch, but the southpaw did not seem to hear.

Nearly three weeks had gone by and the Pioneers were playing their last series on the road, when one fine morning Southpaw Jones made his first appearance in public, transformed, in good sooth, from a Caliban to an Apollo. At any rate his nose was beyond the average in symmetry; and as for his ears, they lay back like a coyote's—a coyote with the throttle open.

Did it ever occur to you, gentle reader, that good looks are not to be despised? Even with mediocre appearance one marches through life with a certain confidence, not necessarily vain but yet not shrinking. Neither muscle nor wit entirely makes up for homeliness or disfigurement. A favorable countenance is the gift of God.

To Steve Doyle and Dan Bunts, upon returning home, there was something about Enoch's change of deportment more remarkable than the change in his visage. He seemed to have acquired a dignity and poise entirely new to him. Noticing this, Mrs. O'Hara, on the point of congratulating her guest, held silence. Fleming itched with curiosity, but feared the dire frown of Big Steve Doyle. Miss Carew made a note of the incident in her scrapbook and intended using it in her great American novel. Miss Dechamp could hardly wait until the meal was over to tell Miss Carew that "it is only wax."

"I have read how they treat those people in beauty parlors," she said; "but it'll fool her, though, being just from the country."

Amelia came in late, wearing the same frock of white duck, and on her head was a Panama hat with a red silk band. Doyle and Bunts saw her take one short breath, saw her violet eyes open in amazement, then sweep from Miss Dechamp back again. Enoch rose quickly, shook her hand, and his voice was quite steady as he said:

"Howdy-do? Back again on the home grounds."

At times during the meal Mr. Bunts kicked Mr. Doyle expressively, and the moment they had turned the corner on the way to their nightly game of billiards he slammed the catcher's back.

"I'm a son of a gun, Steve—there was more in that donkey doctor than we thought. She's switched. He's got the Indian on her now!"

Big Steve did not answer until they were coming home, when a cool breeze wafted from the Palisades and a harvest moon beamed upon the tall buildings and narrow streets.

"Dan," he dissented, "she's just waiting to put one over. She'll hit him round a couple times and then some fine day leave him stranded on third."

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HOW TO WRITE A PLAY

By Brander Matthews

DECORATION BY J. J. GOULD

"HOW to write a play" is a rather taking title, but perhaps it is a title lacking on the side of modesty. Who am I that I should presume to proffer instruction in the art of the playwright, as difficult as it is dangerous? If this hurrying twentieth century of ours were only the leisurely eighteenth century, when everybody had all the time there was, the fit title for this paper might be: "A few tentative suggestions for those who propose to commence as dramatists, garnered from the experience of an old playgoer." That may be a more accurate, as it is a more cautious, description of the intent of the present paper; but it is a little too long drawn to serve as a scarehead for an article on a topic of immediate interest to an immense number of ambitious aspirants.

It has been calculated by an imaginative statistician that there are now in these United States nearly one hundred thousand persons—men, women and children—who are eager to write plays, believing that the stage door is the easiest entrance to the Temple of Fortune and to the Hall of Fame. Whether or not this estimate is scientifically accurate may not even be disclosed when we have the figures of the new census. Quite possibly it is not at all inflated, since it allows only one apprentice playmaker to every thousand of the population. Pretty certainly there are more seekers for dramatic laurels than there are soldiers in the standing army of the United States. At all events, there are so many of them that advertisements have appeared of late addressed especially to those ignorant of dramatic art and yet ambitious to acquire it. "Playwriting Taught by Mail" is an alluring temptation which is probably charming subscriptions from the pockets of many an eager youth.

What the Stage Can Teach the Playwright

WHETHER or not playwriting can really be taught by mail is a question that need not here be discussed. What is not a question is that it can be taught, even if these advertisers are not capable of teaching it. Playwriting is an art and every art must be learned; and whatever must be learned can be taught—whether it is the art of painting a portrait, of riming a lyric, of making a speech or of writing a play. It is true that the poet is born, not made; but it is also true that after he is born he has to be made. What he has to say may be the gift of God, but how he is to say it depends upon the training of the bard himself. In every artist we can perceive a man with both a message and a method. His message may be innate in him, but his method he has to acquire from others. The painters have recognized this; and they promptly go to school to the older practitioners of the craft that they may imbibe its secrets and be shown how to set a palette and how to bring out on the canvas before them the things they see in the world around them. Every painter is the pupil of one or more painters of an earlier generation; and he is proud of it as a proof that he has served his apprenticeship and learned his trade properly. John S. Sargent is still careful in the catalogues to declare himself the pupil of Carolus Duran, in spite of the obvious fact that the American is now a more distinguished artist than the Frenchman who once taught him.

Whatever has to be learned can be taught, but it can be taught only by those who have learned it themselves. The instructors in the art schools are painters, not art critics or historians of art. And, if playwriting is to be taught with the same success that painting has been taught, this can be accomplished only by the older playwrights instructing the younger and laying bare before them the art and mystery of the drama. If a school of playwriting were to be opened the proper instructors would be Mr. Gillette and Mr. Belasco in the United States, and Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in Great Britain. In France, more than half a century ago, there was for a while something very like a school of playwriting kept by a master playwright, Scribe—that is to say, Scribe liked to collaborate and he was hospitable to the young men who brought him suggestions for plays. He showed these young men how their suggestions could be turned to profit on the stage. And in this collaboration the young men could not fail to get an insight into Scribe's method and to discover some of the reasons why Scribe's plays were incessantly reappearing in all the theaters of Europe.

And yet a mere critic, a mere historian of the drama, may on occasion be able to proffer advice, not so much to the point, perhaps, as would be that of the successful dramatist, but not without a certain value of its own, however inferior. When any one has been intensely interested in the drama for more than forty years, and when he has been an assiduous playgoer in many cities, and when he has taken advantage of every opportunity to discuss the problems of playmaking with the many dramatists he has had the good fortune to count among his friends—it may not be unreasonable for him to assume that it is in his power to call attention to a few of the more obvious points which the ambitious young dramatic author must ever bear in mind. He may not be justified in advertising "Playwriting Taught by Mail," but he ought to be able to make a few elementary suggestions that may have a certain value of their own.

The first of these obvious considerations for the benefit of the 'prentice playwright is that he ought to devote himself to playgoing. Nearly forty years ago, when the present writer hoped that he might become a professional playwright, he introduced himself to the late Eugène Nus, the author of the French originals of Charles Reade's Hard Cash, Boucicault's Streets of New York, and Tom Taylor's Ticket-of-Leave Man. Though the play plotted as a result of this introduction was never actually written, one remark of the veteran French playmaker may be recalled: "Young man, if you want to write for the theater you must go to the theater." Every writer of plays must be intimately familiar with the theater of his own time and his own country, since that is the only theater where he can hope to have his plays produced. He must understand its organization and its mechanism. He must study earnestly not only the theater itself but the actors—and, above all, the audiences.

He must go to see the successful plays of the season again and again, in the endeavor to discover the causes of their success and the means whereby this success has been attained. The first time he is a spectator at the performance of a play he is likely to be merely a spectator—carried away like the rest of the audience by the story itself, by the interest of the plot, by the excitement of the successive episodes. When he gets home he will do well to analyze his impressions and to ask himself how it was that these impressions were produced. Then he will do well to go again to verify this analysis and to clear up the points that may have been left in doubt. At this second visit he ought to be able to perceive a little more clearly the method of the author—the reasons, for example, why a certain interview is in the fourth act and not in the third; and the reasons why certain parts of the story are shown in action and certain other parts are merely narrated or otherwise explained to the audience. He ought to note especially how the dramatist has conveyed to the spectators the information about what has happened before the play began, not necessary to be shown in action and yet absolutely necessary if the actual story is to be followed with understanding.

Then he may go a third time—and a fourth—until he has mastered the construction of the play; whereupon he may turn his attention from the play to the audience, marking when the spectators are fidgety and when they are swept along by the resistless rush of the action. When he perceives that some of the audience are looking at their programs, or whispering to their neighbors, he had better look again at the play to discover, if he can, what made the interest relax at that moment. If the play is published he had better get it and study it at leisure, to spy still further into the secrets of its author's craftsmanship.

Lessons From the Lights That Fail

NOR should he neglect the failures to devote himself wholly to the successes. Many an interesting lesson can be derived from a failure. The student can at least try to ascertain why it failed. He can let it teach him what to avoid. He can watch the behavior of the scant audience; and this will sometimes be as illuminating as the conduct of the spectators at a successful play. Every dramatist, the mightiest as well as the less significant—Shakspere and Molière, no less than Sardou and Belasco—has always kept his eye on his audience. If he does not desire above all things to interest and to move and to hold the audience, then he has no business with playwriting.

It is his first duty to find out what the playgoers of his own time and his own country enjoy, for that is what he will have to give them in his plays—even if he may be able also to give them something more. When he has learned the art he may express himself and deliver his own message—if he has one; but he has always to keep his audiences in mind and to remember that they have to be interested in the play or his message will never reach its destination. He has to feel with his spectators, so that he may make them feel with him. This does not mean any "writing down to the vulgar mob"; but it does mean "writing broad for the people as a whole."

Hamlet, for example, is Shakspere's masterpiece, rich in poetry and lofty in philosophy; but it is also a very amusing play for the gallery-boy, who cares little either for poetry or for philosophy and who is delighted by the ghost, by the-play-within-the-play and by the duel with

(Concluded on Page 67)

LÉONTINE AND CO.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

IX

WHEN I went to bed that night I moved a chair against the bolted door and balanced the waterpitcher so that it would fall at the least jar. I also rigged a simple but effective burglar alarm on the windows; then went to sleep with the pistol under my pillow. My dreams were not pleasant.

When the *garçon* brought me the newspaper with my coffee at eight in the morning, on the first page in big scareheads was the following news:

"Daring Robbery on Channel Steamer. Jewels worth £12,000 stolen on Dover-Calais Passage. Victim, Hon. Mrs. Allerton-Stairs—may die. No trace of thief."

So this was Chu-Chu's errand to Boulogne. Without reading further I laid down the paper to think.

Chu-Chu's business then had nothing to do with the pearls. He had bigger game afoot. I saw Ivan's hand in this job. Chu-Chu had probably taken the boat that left Boulogne at seven, crossed to Folkestone, then gone to Dover, where he had awaited the train that left London at nine.

I picked up the paper and ran quickly through the account. The victim, it appeared, was on her way to Paris, accompanied by her maid. She carried her jewels in a small satchel that she never permitted to leave her hand in traveling. The crossing had been rough, and the maid had immediately succumbed to seasickness and had gone into her mistress' stateroom to lie down. Mrs. Allerton-Stairs had walked for a few minutes on deck, then seated herself in a deck chair. Growing suddenly ill she had gone to her cabin, assisted by a gentleman who had been sitting next her. She had the satchel containing the jewels in her hand at the time. Immediately on reaching her stateroom she had fallen in a syncope, from which she could not be roused on reaching Calais. It was then discovered that the bottom of the satchel had a long incision, the jewelcase being gone. Suspicion was at once directed against the man who had been sitting beside the unfortunate woman on deck and who was described as a gentlemanly looking person with a square, black beard. When assisting the lady he had been heard to remark that he was a physician. It was supposed that he had given her some powerful hypnotic, probably asserting it to be a remedy for seasickness. This was, however, mere surmise, as the victim was still unconscious and in a very low condition. When the theft was discovered this man was not to be found, either aboard the boat or in Calais, where a thorough search was made for him by the police.

It was thought that he had left the town in an automobile—and there was the usual amount of speculation, theories, and so forth.

Reading the article through I regretted more than ever my failure of the afternoon before. It was really unnecessary to poison the poor woman, and I could think of nobody but Chu-Chu who would have been apt to do so. The doctors, however, hoped for her recovery.

Well, Chu-Chu had pulled off his job and was probably at the present moment in Paris, where he would turn his immediate attention to squaring his account with me. He had now a double reason for doing this, because my attempt of the day before would have shown him that I had no intention of waiting to be killed.

There was no time to be lost. First of all, John must be warned and persuaded to get out of Paris at once. I dressed hurriedly and went round to the office, where I found a note from Edith. In it she said that John was ill in bed and asked me to call at the house at noon, as he wished to have a talk with me and hoped that by that time he would be fit for an interview.

"Frank, Frank," She Cried; "Try Again, Try Again"

There was nothing in particular to do at the office, so at about eleven I ran down to the Automobile Club, hoping to find our client of the day before and apologize for having disappointed him. He was not in the lounge; but over in the corner, smoking a huge cigar, I saw an old acquaintance. This was none other than the Baron Isidor Rosenthal, of Budapest and Haiti.

Perhaps you know Rosenthal—everybody knows him. No? Well, my friend, a part of your education has been lacking. Rosenthal is a big, brawny giant of a Jew, who has amassed an enormous fortune in all sorts of adventurous promoting schemes, principally in the financing of revolutions. Some time ago he was created a papal baron. That sounds funny for a Jew, but Rosenthal had fairly earned his title by saving the lives of a whole community of Bulgarian Christians during the raid of a fanatical Moslem outfit that was on a holy war. Rosenthal had stood off this outfit at the cost of great personal danger and considerable financial expense. He had stopped a bullet for his pains, but this had not stopped Rosenthal. The Vatican had made him a baron, and the French had created him an *officier* of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

Rosenthal was a man of big heart and big ideas. I had known him quite well in Buenos Aires, and he had stood my friend in a nasty business that might otherwise have cost me dear. This he had done out of sheer kind-heartedness and a personal liking that he had conceived for me. I had not seen him since, so I crossed the room to pass the time of day. When he saw me his big, bushy eyebrows went up with surprise.

"How do you do, Baron?" I said, and held out my hand.

Rosenthal flung down his morning paper and, without rising, held out his great, hairy paw.

"Py Chingo!" says he; "it is Fr-rank. Vell, vell! And how do you do, and whom? The last time we met vas in Buenos Aires. And how haf you been, my yoong frendt?"

I told him that I had been very well and was now in the motor-car business.

"Goot!" says he. "That is a better business than you were in down there in South America." He grinned. "I am glad to learn that you have taken to more honest vor-rk, alt'ough the last man who sold me a car vas a t'ief. He r-robbed me—oh, my fr-rendt—und it vas not der last time!" His big, sardonic face lengthened and he gave a groan like a dying horse. "I have been r-robbed again. It is terrible. I am sick from it." He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his face, and for the moment he looked actually sick. "I haf been r-robbed of gems vort' twenty t'ousand pounds."

"What?" I cried.

"Yes. I am sick from it—very sick. I cannot eat nor dr-rink. It seems there is an epidemic of r-robbery. Yoost now I r-read in der paper of this dirty Channel business. Mein Gott!"

"What?" I cried again. "Did those jewels belong to you?"

"*Dose* jewels? No. But I haf lost some of my own—vort' twenty t'ousand pounds." He brought the figure out with a gasp. "Two great rubies und an emerald."

There are times, my friend, when even the training of one's whole life is scarcely enough to enable a man to keep his face. My grip tightened on the arms of the big leathern chair and I felt the blood leaving my face. But my expression exactly coincided with the baron's feelings, and he did not notice anything amiss.

"Yes," said he, "it is terrible, is it not? Efery year ven I go home I take a pr-resent to my dear vife in Pest. This time I got vat I have been long looking for. I found a goot bargain. Nefer haf I seen such stones in pr-rivate hands. But I vas a fool. I carried t'em about in my pocket. It is a bad habit of mine. Der odder day I vent to der races und dere my pocket vas picked. It is that vich so hurts. Isidor Rosenthal to haf his pocket picked like any fool of a tourist avay from home for der feerst time."

"That is horrible, Baron," said I. "What have you done about it—notified the police?"

"Yes. Und I haf had descriptions of t'ose gems sent to all der lapidaries; but I haf not much hope." And he mopped his big face again, for the thought of his loss brought out the sweat.

"It is tough on Madame la Baronne," I muttered.

"It's awful. But, of coorse, she vill nefer know. I meant to gif her a surprise. Now I haf bought somet'ing else. It vas der best I could do, and I found anot'er bargain. Do you know anyt'ing about pearls? Dese are very fine."

He hauled a packet from an inner pocket, opened it and laid upon the little table—Edith's string of pearls.

Lord o' Life, but two such shocks in ten minutes are bad for a man! It isn't good for his heart. This time Rosenthal's keen, mottled eyes saw the wild look in my face, and the big, bushy eyebrows went up again.

"Vat's der matter?" he asked.

I did not answer. My mouth felt dry. To most people one string of pearls looks very like another, but to an expert like myself they have as much individual expression as a horse to a racing man or a boat to a sailor. I had noticed Edith's pearls minutely, and the moment my eyes rested on them there was no more possibility of my not recognizing them than there is of a mother's not recognizing her babe.

"Vell?" inquired Rosenthal; "you don't answer?"

"I'm too much jolted," said I. "Baron, that string of pearls was stolen two nights ago from the wife of my half-brother, Mrs. Cuttynge."

Rosenthal pushed himself back in his chair and stared at me. His eyes, which were of a light hazel color, slightly bulging and curiously mottled with dark-brown spots, opened until they looked like the glass ones you see at the optician's. His tufty, grizzled eyebrows went up and his jaw dropped. Then he burst into his big, raucous laugh.

"What is this you are singing me?" he cried. "But no! You are mistaken, my fr-rendt. Stolen pearls? That is goot. That cannot be. I bought t'em from a man I haf traded wit' for many years. He is a careful man. He knows der history of all he buys."

"Nevertheless, these are Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls," I answered. "I am a bit of a connoisseur myself, and I sat for three hours behind these at the opera. There can be no doubt. They were stolen night before last. The worst of it is, I am in some measure suspected of the theft."

Rosenthal stared for an instant, then burst out:

"Py Chingo—but ve vill soon know." He gathered up the pearls, wrapped them hastily in the cotton and paper and shoved them into his pocket. "Come, my fr-rendt," says he, "ve vill yoomp in a taxi and go right down. Py Chingo! Vas eferybody stealing jewels? Come."

So out we went. It didn't take us long to get down to the place where Rosenthal had bought the pearls. The house, he told me, had been established for over fifty years.

"It is impossible," said the baron, "that this man vould buy pearls he did not know all about. I haf been a good client for fery many years."

Rosenthal was a connoisseur of jewels and usually had a few gems sprinkled about his person. I had heard it said in Buenos Aires that the big Jew was usually to be found about the gambling places, with hard cash to pay for a ring or scarfpin in case any unfortunate gambler wanted to get the price to continue the game. This was a sort of fad of Rosenthal's, and when he found anything particularly fine it usually went to add to the collection of his wife in Budapest.

"Here ve are," said the baron, and flung open the door of the taxi.

The shop was quiet and unassuming, unlike the pretentious places on the Rue de la Paix, with scarcely any of its wares in evidence. The proprietor, a middle-aged man of genteel appearance, came forward from a room in the rear, and on catching sight of Rosenthal smiled affably.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur le Baron,*" he began, then shot a look at me. His smile vanished, and in its place there came an expression that was more like fright than anything else.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur Cuttynge,*" says he nervously.

Rosenthal gave me a swift look. As for my part, let me tell you, my friend, that of the series of jolts I had received in the last forty-eight hours that "Monsieur Cuttynge" was perhaps the hardest to sit tight under.

Rosenthal, keen-witted old adventurer that he was, had not missed the dealer's frightened look and the "Monsieur Cuttynge." What he thought I could not guess, but he went ahead warily.

"About those pearls you sold me this morning, my dear Delmas," said he in his harsh voice.

The man's nervousness increased. He glanced at me.

"Will you give yourselves the trouble to enter my private room?" says he, and led the way into a sort of office, richly furnished in Louis XIV. In the center stood a heavy table with a few chairs about it, and a studio window let in the light from overhead. There were a couple of large hand lenses and some different-colored stuffs against which to show the jewels.

As we entered the room Rosenthal gave me a bit of a nudge, which I took to mean that I was to leave the talking to him. We seated ourselves—the baron and I on one side of the table, the dealer opposite us.

"About this little purchase of mine," said Rosenthal, taking out the pearls and laying them on the table, "my friend is not quite content. He is inclined to doubt your right to sell them."

The dealer looked very much upset.

"Monsieur Cuttynge is right," said he in an agitated voice—we were speaking in French. "It is true that when he sold me the pearls it was understood between us that I was not to sell them for a year. I also assured Monsieur Cuttynge that I would not sell the string exactly as it was when worn by Madame Cuttynge, but would make certain substitutions that should make it impossible to recognize the string. I am overwhelmed with regret and remorse."

Rosenthal turned to me. There was a curious, baffled look in his mottled eyes, but he said nothing. I also remained silent. The dealer looked from one to the other of us with a pale, agitated face.

"Of course," said he, "when a lady is unfortunately compelled to part with her jewels she does not care to have them recognized elsewhere. I quite understood this; and although I bought the pearls outright I had no intention of not keeping my verbal agreement. But when I came to make the substitution I found that I had nothing available with which to replace a few of the larger pearls, which are uncommonly fine. Nevertheless I should have held strictly to my word had the purchaser been any other than Baron Rosenthal." He turned to me with a look of entreaty. "Monsieur le Baron," said he, "is one of my most valued customers. When he assured me that the rope was for his wife and that he was leaving tonight for Budapest I was so weak as to sell the string as it was. It was very wrong of me and I am desolated. If there is anything that I can do in the way of making amends, rest assured, Monsieur Cuttynge, I will do it, even at a considerable personal sacrifice."

He paused and took out his handkerchief. Rosenthal sat heavy and immobile. I said nothing, but drummed on the table with my fingers.

The dealer looked from one to the other of us. Being French he did not wait for us to speak, feeling, perhaps, that he would only hear something disagreeable.

"I assure you, Messieurs," said he, "this is the first time that I have ever allowed myself to be placed in so embarrassing a position."

Rosenthal threw me a swift look. I gave my shoulders a slight shrug. My friend, although I looked impassive enough, I was all in a turmoil. So John was the thief. John had stolen his wife's pearls, brought them to this man Delmas and sold them outright, on Delmas' verbal agreement that he would not dispose of them for twelve months, and then only after making such changes as would make it impossible to recognize the string.

As this went through my head my first emotion was a hot, furious rage against my thieving sot of a half-brother. It was for this that I had bearded Ivan in his den and tried to assassinate Chu-Chu. It was for this that my life must hang in the balance until I should either kill or be killed. Now that I knew, I wanted to get out of the place and mentally digest the situation.

The dealer saw the blood surging into my face. Perhaps he saw the fury behind my eyes, for he began to renew his apologies and regrets and offers to make what amends he could for having broken his given word. I had no doubt that he was a fairly honest man; but he had lacked the force to resist Rosenthal's insistence. He reasoned that as he had bought the pearls outright he was under no bond; and as the pearls were going to Budapest to adorn the large person of such a bejeweled lady as he knew the Baroness Rosenthal to be, their non-recognition would be practically assured. John, I thought, had probably sold the pearls outright because he was in need of every bit of money that he could get.

As for Rosenthal, he had been quick to appreciate the perfection of the string and had no doubt made Delmas a good offer. With a profit of perhaps ten or twenty thousand francs before his eyes, and being bound only by his verbal agreement, the dealer had decided to take a chance.

The baron had pushed back his chair and was staring up at the ceiling. The big Jew was sadly puzzled. Knowing nothing of the striking resemblance between John and myself he had no solution to the mystery. There was no way of his guessing that the dealer had taken me for Mr. Cuttynge; and Rosenthal was at a loss to understand why it was that, when I had apparently stolen the jewels and then sold them as "Mr. Cuttynge," I should lug him down there to row the dealer. But he felt that there was something behind it all, so he merely sat tight and held his mouth shut and waited for the mystery to clear.

There was nothing I cared to say to the dealer just then, so I merely remarked: "Well, Monsieur Delmas, as you say, you have not acted properly in this matter. A man with such a reputation as yours ought to stick to his word. It is because of that reputation that the people having business with you do not demand written agreements. I must think over this affair. As a matter of fact, since you bought the pearls certain events have occurred that would enable Mrs. Cuttynge to buy them back. It is possible that Baron Rosenthal and I may be able to arrange the matter between ourselves."

"In that case," said the dealer eagerly, "you may count upon me to forego my own profit in the transaction."

"That is all that one could ask," I answered, "and your offer is accepted in the same spirit as are your apologies. We will inform you later as to the upshot of the affair."

I arose. The baron followed my example, and with Monsieur Delmas still pattering his apologies behind us we went out and got into our taxi. I told the chauffeur to go first to my office.

As soon as we were seated Rosenthal broke into his harsh, discordant laugh.

"Herr Gott!" he rumbled, "I am not a fool; but, belief me, I can make neither head nor tail of this affair."

"It will become more clear," said I, "when I tell you that Mr. Cuttynge is my half-brother, and that we are almost as alike outwardly as a pair of twins."

For a moment he stared. Then I saw the light of understanding glow out of his mottled eyes. He burst again into his great, harsh laugh.

"Py Chingo!" says he, "vat a business! Vat a business! It vas this man Cuttynge that stole his vife's pearls? Himmel!"

For a while he chewed on this idea in silence. Presently he said:

"Fere ve going now?"

"We will pass my office," said I, "and then return to the club. There is a lot I want to say to you, and a taxi is no place to talk. Can you give me an interview, my dear Baron?"

"Sure!" said he, and lit a big cigar.

When we reached the office I scribbled a brief note to John, saying that I was engaged but would get in to see him at three. Then, going to our little safe, I got Rosenthal's gems and dropped them into my pocket.

We spun back to the club, neither of us saying more than commonplaces on the way. I paid for the cab and sent the note to John by one of the club's *chasseurs*. It was then about one o'clock and Rosenthal asked me to lunch with him, suggesting that we have our talk afterward. Knowing him for a man who took the care of his body as seriously in civilization as he did lightly when on the trail, I agreed, and we spent a pleasant hour over our *déjeuner*, talking of various unimportant things. The repast over, the baron said:

"I am putting up in this place. Come up to my r-rooms. There ve may talk in no danger of disturbance."

So up we went, and when we had settled ourselves and Rosenthal had set fire to the end of one of his main-yard cigars, I said:

"Now, my dear Baron, you are going to get the surprise of your life. So prepare yourself for a jolt."

His eyes flashed at mine and I saw the big muscles of jaw and temple harden.

"Vell?" says he harshly, and rolled his huge cigar in his lips.

I reached in my pocket, drew out the packet that contained his gems, unfolded the paper and held out to him in the hollow of my hand his two great rubies and the emerald.

"Here you are," said I. "Don't ever say again that a kind act does not meet with its reward not but what I'd have given them to you anyway," said I.

Rosenthal froze into a colossus in stone. The rosy, after-eating glow faded from his face, leaving it an ivory yellow. The big, bushy eyebrows went up at least three inches, and he cocked his head to one side while the staring, mottled eyes bulged at the gems. Then back came the color into the big, heavy-lined face. His thick tongue wagged like the tongue of a parrot, but only gurgles came forth. He reached for the cognac that had been served with our coffee and took a gulp straight from the decanter.

"*Sapristi!*" he rumbled. "*Sapristi!*"

Suddenly he reached for the stones and turned them lovingly in his huge hand.

"It is too mooch!" he muttered. "It is a leetle too mooch for Isidor Rosenthal."

"When you have recovered from your shock, Baron," said I, "let me tell you a story."

"Go on," he growled. "Dis is not the kind of a shock to injure the healt'. I am mooch more knocked aback dan ven I lost der stones—but I am not at all sick." He gave a ferocious grin.

"One usually looks to be robbed," said I; "but one doesn't often think of restitution."

"No," says he. "Now let us haf der story."

So without any more preliminary I started in and gave him the whole yarn from the very start, holding back neither facts nor names. Rosenthal leaned back in his big chair and rolled the huge cigar in his thick lips and listened, giving me now and again a quick glance from his keen eyes, which were almost hid under the downdrawn, bushy eyebrows and folds of leathery skin.

Only at the start did he make the slightest sign of emotion—and that was when I told him frankly that I was an ex-cracksman. This information he received with a sudden opening of his eyes. Rosenthal had previously regarded me as a sort of gentleman adventurer—not overscrupulous, perhaps, in the matter of business, but a gentleman born, well bred, and not fundamentally dishonest. He himself was absolutely honest in his personal affairs, but had a wide margin of ethics when it came to a really big deal. His worldwide reputation was that a man would be safe in placing any amount of cold cash in his hands without asking for a receipt; but that if anybody sat in a game of high finance with him he needed to play mighty close to his belt. Rosenthal would plunder the coffers of a country with the same ruthlessness that a cracksman would go through a safe.

I remarked a little while ago that for men there were no half-measures of honesty—that a man was either honest or dishonest. Perhaps I should amend that statement by adding "with himself." Rosenthal was absolutely honest with himself. He had his own peculiar code and he was true to it. Moreover, the Jew was a big man and a man of heart. He was generous and liberal, and his motto was "Live and let live." I knew that my story was as safe with him as though sealed in a leaden casket and dropped into the sea.

So I told him everything, talking slowly and with care, while Rosenthal leaned back and smoked and listened, without interrupting the narrative by so much as a "Sapristi." When I had finished he sat for several minutes in silence, blowing the smoke from his thick lips.

Suddenly he leaned over and laid his hand on my knee.

"My fr-riendt," says he, "this is a wicked vorld, and there are many wicked people in it. But there are some good ones too. As a man gets older he appreciates these. There are not many men whom I am proud to know. I could count t'em on the fingers of von hand, und haf left der thumb. Doctor Leyden is von, und Mallock is von, und dere is anodder now in pr-rison, serving a life sentence for a fr-riend. You also are von, und if you efer need a friendt, call on Isidor Rosenthal."

"Thank you, Baron," said I; "one always needs a good friend. I am going to take you at your word. Now listen: John Cuttynge must redeem these pearls. His wife must never know what he has done; it would kill her. I don't know how he stands financially; pretty badly, I suppose, or he would never have stolen the pearls. Now I am going to ask you to turn over those pearls to me, taking my note for what you paid and letting us pay it off as we are able."

Rosenthal struck his big chest a thump with his fist.

"I vill do it," says he; "und vat is more I vill char-rge you no interest. Besides, you are entitled to a reward for getting me my rubies und emerald back again. I will figure that in."

I thanked him again. Rosenthal knit his big brows.

"Your life is in gr-reat danger?" he asked.

"It sure is," I answered—"so also is Chu-Chu's life."

He raised his brows. "You intend to kill him?" he asked.

"I intend to try."

He nodded. "Dere is not'ing else to do," says he. "How about Ivan und his gang?"

"Ivan will stand pat, I think," said I. "To tell the truth, he would probably be quite content to have Chu-Chu removed. Between you and me I think that Ivan is afraid of him. A man like that is a constant source of danger to the organization. I am going to see Ivan and tell him how things stand, and ask him to keep out of it."

Rosenthal looked at me thoughtfully.

"Py chingo!" says he, "I belief you are r-right." He poured himself out another glass of cognac. "Herr Gott! Vat a vorld! Vat a vorld!"

I got up out of my chair. Rosenthal stared at me for a moment, then reached in his pocket, drew out the package containing the pearls and tossed it to me.

"Tell your half-brudder to come and see me," he said. "I vill gif him some advice. You are a goot boy, Fr-rank."

I thanked him and took the pearls. We shook hands.

"And now," said I, "for a bad quarter of an hour with Mr. Cuttynge."

x

IT WAS by this time almost three o'clock, so I went immediately down to John's house. As I was waiting in the antechamber for the *maître d'hôtel* to announce me Miss Dalghren came out of the library. I bowed and she gave me a cold nod.

"You will be glad to learn, Miss Dalghren," said I, "that I have recovered Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls. They are in my pocket."

The color flamed in her face.

"I thought that you would," she answered.

"Permit me to suggest," said I, "that hereafter both of you ladies keep your jewels in a safe place where they will not be a temptation to weak vessels like myself."

Her face hardened. "Mine are now in the safe deposit," says she, "and there is no doubt that John will do the same with Edith's." And without so much as a nod she passed on through the dining-room portières.

The *maître d'hôtel* returned at this moment to ask me to go right up. I found John in bed. He looked very badly.

"Shut the door and lock it, Frank," said he in a querulous voice. "Pull up a chair by the bed. I want to talk to you."

I did as he directed. As soon as I was seated John turned to me, raising himself on one elbow. His face was ghastly and his lips trembled for a moment before he spoke.

"Frank," says he, "it was I who stole Edith's pearls."

"I know it," I answered.

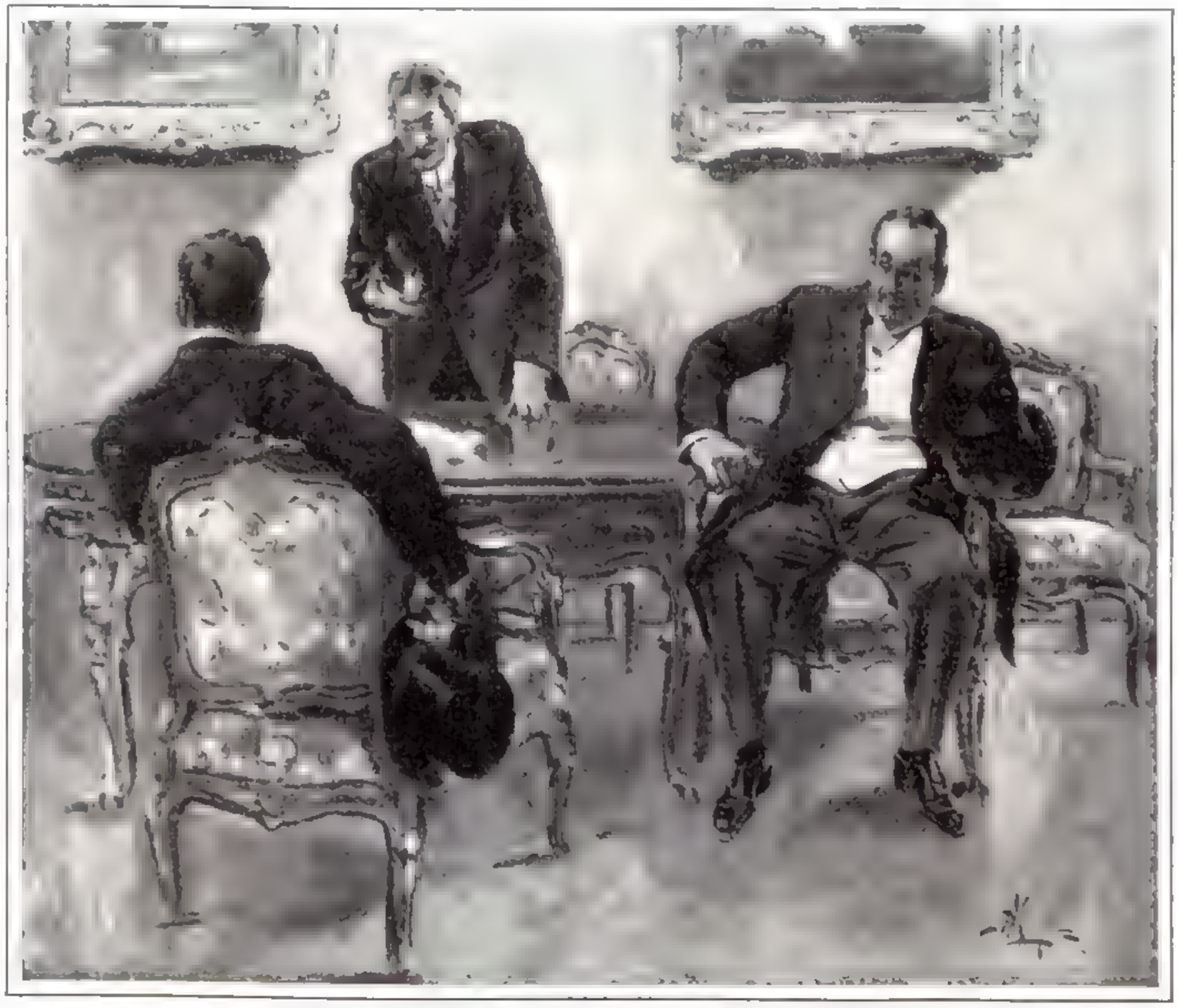
His eyes got wild. "What?" he cried. "How—how does anybody else know it? How did you find out?"

"Lie down," said I, "and keep quiet. I'll give you the whole yarn."

John sank back against his pillows with a groan. I started in with the story, telling him everything except the names of Léontine and Ivan. Before I had finished John's face changed for the better. The dull look had gone out of his eyes and they had grown hard and bright. There was a tinge of color in his cheeks and his jaw was set.

When I had finished he reached out one hand and gave me a grip that hurt.

"My word!" he muttered, "what a man you are." And added a lot of truck unnecessary to repeat. For several minutes he lay there, soaking in what I had told him.



"In That Case You May Count Upon Me to Forego My Own Profit in the Transaction"

"You must get out of the country right off, Frank," he finally said. "Your life is in danger every minute here."

"I'm leaving this evening," said I, for I had decided not to tell him about my plan for stalking Chu-Chu. If anything were to go wrong he would always look upon himself as my murderer. "You must clear out for a while yourself, John. We look too much alike for your safety."

"No," says he, "I'll stop here." And his jaw stiffened again.

I did my best to persuade him to go, if only for the sake of Edith, but he was set as solid as the pyramid of Cheops.

"I've brought all of this mess on both of us," says he; "so I'll take the consequences. Besides, this thug knows about me and won't run any unnecessary bother and risk. I'm in no great danger."

Well, sir, there was no budging him, and that made me all the more impatient to get on the warpath after Chu-Chu. It was now not only a measure of self-preservation, but an imperative duty.

Finally says John in a dull voice:

"Edith must know the truth."

"Edith must know nothing of the sort," I cried fiercely. "Man, it would kill her—and you know it."

A shiver went through John. "I owe it to you," he began.

"You owe nothing to me," said I; "you saved me a life sentence. We are quits with each other—but we both owe everything to Edith. Besides, what's the use? She doesn't suspect me."

"She does now," said John in a hollow voice.

"What?" I cried. "She does? Since when?"

"Since this morning. Mary Dalghren saw me slipping out of the house just after I stole the pearls. She came over from the studio to get something in the house. She took me for you. When I came in at three in the morning she was waiting up. She told me what she had seen and I begged her to say nothing about it to Edith. But this morning she told her. I couldn't stand that. I thought that they would lay the robbery to your old gang, not to you."

I got up and walked to the window. Chu-Chu, John, the danger to my life—all of this was nothing. Edith thought that I had broken my word to her. Edith thought that I had stolen her pearls.

My friend, have you ever been tempted? Not tempted by gold, or a woman, or the lust for revenge—but by something that is far deeper than life or death or the hope of Heaven? Have you ever been tempted until your very soul is wrung and tortured and screaming in pain? Mere death is a joke to this; the love of life is the longing of a child for a stick of candy in comparison. Edith to lose faith in me? The idea wrenched a groan from the very core of my whole conscious being. It was too much. Had I not done my part; played the game honestly and fairly?

But hot on the heels of this rank selfishness came the thought of Edith. It was of Edith that I must think. It was for Edith that I must suffer—and the knowledge that I might bear her burden of sorrow and shame took away all of the sting. Edith loved John. In John lay her whole life's happiness. Edith could not live in the knowledge that her husband had been tempted to theft and had succumbed. As for myself, her faith in me and in the goodness of mankind would suffer to the point of causing her infinite pain, but this pain would have an abstract quality. It would be a wound from which she would recover. But to feel that her loved husband had stolen, had committed the meanest of thefts rather than to come to her in his trouble, would be a stiletto through her pure heart.

I drew a deep breath, then turned and went back to John's bedside. He was lying face downward, his head in his strong arms. Sitting at his side I told him, very gently, the thing as I saw it:

"We must think of Edith, old chap," said I. "It is hard for us both—but we are men."

"*You* are," he moaned.

"And so must you be," I answered.

He writhed as he lay. "Good Lord! Good Lord!" he moaned. "What a fool! What a fool! It was my only way out, Frank. I was cornered—trapped—half mad and half drunk. I was carrying a lot of stock and it was knocked galley-west in this flurry. Another day and I would have been all right. My brokers were howling like wolves for

(Continued on Page 65)

The Trade We are Scolded About

The Tariff of Distance—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M PRESTON

They Went Down to Chinatown and Took a Lesson in the Cantonese Dialect

FROM time out of mind export trade has been regarded as an affair of the utmost leisure and circumlocution. Manufacturers made staple goods suited to people of almost any nationality, color or creed. Merchants put them into sailing ships and sent them off to markets that were months away. The prime object was to have staples that would sell, no matter when they arrived or in what part of the globe. Each manufacturer aimed to turn out cloth and hardware like every other manufacturer's and the merchants were intent chiefly on getting them at prices low enough to meet the competition of other merchants.

Today, however, the character of export trade is rapidly changing.

As steamship schedules are shortened, the world grows surprisingly small and neighborly. Once the voyage from Europe to South America took weeks. Now the Germans are planning to make it in five days.

Manufacturers are learning that the closer they can come to foreign consumers the faster trade may be built and the more securely it can be held. Middlemen are being eliminated, branch selling agencies and branch factories established in foreign markets. The old-fashioned staples of export trade were often shut out of a country by a tariff of a few cents a pound or yard; but nowadays export goods are being made with such regard for quality, novelty and individuality that they go in right over fiscal tariffs. The chief tariff to be overcome in these times is that of distance—distance in miles, distance in temperament.

Just lately a Chicago packing concern has bought a number of thriving plants in Argentina. These were started by British capital and managed by men experienced in the Australian meat trade. They put up fine beef for shipment in cold storage to London, and at a cost, it is said, which gave marked advantages in competition; but the enterprise was unprofitable, largely because the tariff of distance was not taken into account.

The Handicap of Distance

A VITAL factor in the American packers' organization has been the selling and distributing department, which handles the products until they are in the butcher's hands, either in the United States or abroad.

Instead of organizing their own selling department in London, the Britishers were content to make good beef down in Argentina, load it on the steamer and ship it to wholly independent selling agents in London. It is said that this is where the profits disappeared. Eventually the plants were sold to the Chicago packers, who take care of their products from bullock to butcher shop.

This same handicap of distance may be studied to good purpose in Canada, where American sales of manufactured goods are much greater than those of British firms, despite a preferential tariff enjoyed by the latter. The Yankee manufacturer sends his own salesmen into Canada, comes in direct touch with the merchants, carries stocks there to supply them quickly and perhaps makes goods in the Dominion in a branch factory. The British manufacturer, dealing at a distance through old-time export channels, cannot make deliveries promptly, does not know the merchants, and is quite out of touch with Canadian tastes, requirements and opinions—and the temperamental distance in this particular case is probably far more harmful to British trade than the geographical distance.

Elimination of distance often works wonders right here in our home trade. The manufacturer who carries stocks of his goods in half a dozen of our leading cities, for example, can supply merchants in any part of the country almost over night; and they in turn promptly supply their customers without carrying unwieldy stocks. A competing manufacturer who must ship from his factory, perhaps two thousand miles away, works under a distinct disadvantage. Even where his goods are carried by wholesale houses stocks will probably not be as fresh and complete as he would maintain at his own branches; and wherever he has a branch he will have a force of salesmen developing trade.

It is possible to eliminate distance even in a factory.

A certain manufacturing concern in New England used to give a final inspection to goods assembled to fill orders just before they were packed in the shipping room. In every other order there would be one or two articles with minor defects. These were sent to the factory again to be refinished. Perhaps the whole order was delayed several days until those articles came back.

The superintendent of the plant fitted up a little refinishing shop off the shipping room. Two or three skillful mechanics ran it; and it was a miniature factory, with equipment for carrying on every process in the main works. Now, when an article fails to pass the final inspection, it is sent into this little shop and refinished. That takes only an hour or two. Orders go out with no delay. When the question of prompt shipment turns a sale that factory usually gets the order.

It is precisely this direct, prompt dealing that is being applied to foreign markets.

The old idea of export trade was for the manufacturer to hand his goods over to a middleman, who sold some of them to one or two other middlemen in the chief foreign markets, perhaps not more than once or twice a year.

Today, however, the manufacturer sends his own selling representative to the foreign market; and, when an office has been opened and there are enough customers to warrant it, a considerable stock of goods is sent and kept ready in a stockroom. Eventually a branch factory may be necessary. When the manufacturer has even one good salesman working for him in a foreign market he has a stake in the country that he is not likely to neglect. When he has a stock of goods there a force of salesmen will be necessary personally to take care of customers. When he has a branch factory he has the biggest stake there is, and will probably sell more in that single market than could be sold in the whole world by the old-time export methods.

The virtue of the man on the spot is that he can apply horse-sense to many a situation that would never be known to one dealing through roundabout export channels.

A large American company had been carrying on a long-distance flirtation with British trade for several years, sending occasional shipments of its goods through the exporters. One day a serious, conscientious Englishman in a green hat stopped at the company's general offices on his way back from Niagara Falls and asked for the London representation of their line. The president, superintendent and sales-manager kept him a week, took him to ball games, made fun of his green hat and serious ways, and filled him full of enthusiasm about their line. He went back to London with the agency; and the first thing he did on getting home was to canvass all the jobbers and separate the sheep from the goats. Some of the British jobbers were willing to carry these American goods, supplying them when asked for. Those were the sheep. Others refused and opposed attempts to introduce them into their territory. These were the goats. The agent began calling on people who could use the goods, explaining their merits and making sales. If such customers ordered from one of the obdurate jobbers the latter would send for just enough goods to fill the order. The agent billed them, not at the jobbing price, but at the full price charged retailers.

"Here! Here!" protested the jobber. "I'm a wholesaler, you know, and want the wholesale discount."

"You're not one of my wholesalers," replied the conscientious Englishman. "I'm spending money and time to introduce goods into your territory and you're opposing me. Just you catch hold and help, and then you'll be one of my jobbers."

With this intimate British understanding of the situation he soon made large additions to his flock of sheep.

Factories Established Abroad

NOTHING is more significant in export trade today than the extent to which branch factories are being established in all important consuming countries, overcoming the handicaps of distance. Germany and England are starting them in the United States. French, German and American concerns are starting them in England. American concerns have many branch factories abroad.

Very often these plants abroad have been established against the real wishes of manufacturers, to overcome some tariff obstacle or protect patent rights under foreign laws, or facilitate the obtaining of Government contracts; but the increase of trade that comes with closer dealing and the saleswork necessary to keep the branch factory running are often so great that manufacturers might not be willing to shut down these plants and carry on long-distance business, even were the obstacles removed. The shrinking of the world and the demand of consumers everywhere for direct dealing seems to make the branch factory an essential part of export trade. It has been objected that sales made from a branch factory in England or Germany cease to be export trade; but such factories are vital export centers, because they supply many adjoining countries with finished goods and create a demand here at home for parts, materials and equipment.

The handicap of distance is seldom considered in the many essays, reports and discussions about export trade, but it is the real nubbin of the whole proposition. If a firm of any nationality has gained a foothold in foreign markets it will generally be found that it has done something to get closer to the foreign customer; it has simply cut out some of the miles and a number of weeks or days, and made itself more accessible and congenial temperamentally that's all.

The world today is intensely eager about export business. Big producing nations watch each other in foreign markets. Little carrier nations figure closely on ocean freights. Consuls swarm and report. Special Government agents ferret out obscure discrimination. Statistics are posted and wrangled over. There is no end of theory and advice.

The foreign customer, however, might be symbolized as a pretty girl with a good many long-distance admirers. Among her devotees are, figuratively, a German exporter, a London "indent" broker, a manufacturer in Ohio, a department chief at Washington, a few college professors and a few trade-journal editors. These admirers propound theories and calculate curves showing just how to win the girl. The fellow who gets on best with her, however, is usually some chap who, never having seen any of the curves or theories, goes right down to the foreign customer's home, rings her doorbell, carefully wipes his shoes, adjusts his tie and his smile, hangs up his hat, sits down beside her and holds her hand.

In the oriental trade today there are two young Americans widely known as "the Irishman and the Jew."

Fifteen years ago they were lads in San Francisco, with some experience in selling goods, and believed that there were opportunities to build a trade in American goods in China. They had little money, but whenever a couple of dollars could be spared they went down to Chinatown and took a lesson in the Cantonese dialect. Their teacher was a venerable Chinese professor who put on a pair of horn spectacles and drilled the language into them.

"This is tea," he would say, pointing out the article; "this is a teapot; this is bread; this is two-piecee bread" – and so forth.

After they had gone on in this fashion for several months they found that they could talk a little with the average Chinese laundryman, and that, at the same time, what Chinese they had thus far acquired was of a bookish sort. So they stopped taking lessons from the old professor and continued their studies in the street.

To engage the average Chinaman in conversation they found was extremely difficult. The very oddity of two Americans accosting him in his own language roused his suspicions, frightened him and shut him up tight. So they had to devise a little scheme.

At that period San Francisco's Chinatown was deeply stirred by one of its periodic "tong wars." They used this to divert suspicion. Meeting a chance Chinaman in the street, away from Chinatown, they would ask, in the Cantonese dialect:

"Have you got time?"

He stopped and grunted, and before his mind had an interval to begin wondering they went on:

"Do you know that another man has just been killed?"

That aroused intense interest and the Chinaman forgot that these Americans were talking to him in his own tongue.

"Where?" he asked quickly. "Was he a merchant or a laborer? What was his name? What tong did he belong to?"

As they answered these queries the two students gauged the Chinaman's class and sympathies, gave him a fictitious name as that of the man supposed to have been murdered, assured him that the deceased had belonged to a rival faction; and while his mind was still full of the subject they began the polite preliminaries of a Chinese conversation.

"What is your honorable name? How are your venerable father and mother, and your thrice-venerable grandparents? Are you celestially blessed with children? Where do you come from? On what business did you come? How long have you been here and on what steamer did you arrive?"

The Chinaman would talk until it suddenly dawned upon him that these Americans were speaking his own language. Then he wanted to know how that came about. They would assure him that they had lived a long time in China. That usually shut him up. By killing a dozen imaginary Chinamen every day in this way they soon got a fair knowledge of Chinese as it is spoken by the Chinaman in the street.

Then they looked about for chances to represent American firms in the Orient. At that period, saying "export trade" to an American house was likely to rouse as much

(Concluded on Page 34)

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

An Experiment in Printing All the News

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THE great bulk of our energies was devoted to the daily routine work that carried no dynamite. This had its effect and, coupled with our aggressiveness and independence in big things, was rapidly gaining us public confidence and readers. Austin got in a great deal of new business for that which we lost, and most of our old customers renewed their contracts as they expired. Our circulation kept climbing steadily, and on the first of October we sat down and took stock. Mell, Butler and Ashman approved everything that I'd done in the editorial department, even though it had cost us a lot of business. They were as confident as I that we would get circulation if we continued to make the kind of newspaper we had been making, and that, once we had the circulation, we would get the advertising whether the advertisers themselves liked or disliked our paper.

St. James was a city of about one hundred thousand population, but it suffered from a superabundance of contentment. It was a quiet, easy-going, conservative town, the chief industries of which were the stockyards, the shirt, overall, shoe and hardware factories, the jobbing houses and the wholesale drygoods establishments. It was a thrifty, wealthy city, but it had practically no transient population. Most of the people who lived there had been born and reared there, and everybody knew everybody else; in fact, St. James was a large country town which had not been touched by the wave of civic progress that was sweeping through the Middle West at the time. Every factory and wholesale house allowed the employees of other factories and wholesale houses to buy goods for personal use at wholesalers' rates, and this made the retail market narrow. Business generally was conducted as it had always been conducted. Bill Smith bought his neckties—fifty-centers, four times a year—from Jim Brown, because his father had bought from Jim's father, and because Jim always bought his shoes from Bill. The personal element entered materially into all transactions.

She Was Taken to Court in a Patrol Wagon and Was Sent to the Workhouse

I was not surprised to find that in a city of such character a few politicians were running things at the court house and the city hall, just as a few of the more clever business men were running things in the commercial circles. Neither was I surprised to find that the business and political circles overlapped. I discovered, for instance, that nearly all the banks were directly or indirectly controlled by the Tuttle Corporation, which held properties and interests worth from twenty million to thirty million dollars. Tuttle money was in the banks and trust companies, the shirt and overall factories, the wholesale drygoods houses, the principal hotel, and pretty much everything else in town, except the stockyards and the street-car company. Much of the downtown business property was held by the corporation, as were whole blocks of residence property. The Tuttles and their retainers were in politics up to their eyes, and harmonized very nicely with Tommy Van Dyke, the general manager of the street railway, electric light and power monopoly. These two interests controlled the retailers, largely because they were in position to extend or withhold banking accommodations.

The Tuttles and the Van Dyke people operated a very nice little political game. The former were Republicans; the latter were Democrats. Tuttle men had controlled Republican county and city conventions for years and street-railway men had controlled Democratic conventions. They took no chances in the elections. Where they did their business was in the nominations. They put upon both tickets candidates who could be relied upon to protect their interests, and then they sat back and let the little fry scrap it out. The self-satisfied spirit of the people of the city and their belief that all prominent, wealthy citizens were noble, honest, public-spirited, superior beings had made it easy for the business interests and the politicians to get away with this sort of buncombe without serious opposition. It had been made doubly easy by the fact that the newspapers were party to the scheme. Mr. Wage-Earner paid the bills and never suspected he was being cheated. He had no way of knowing. In this respect St. James was no different from hundreds of cities in the country, some of which have by this time got their eyes open and some not.

I studied the civic, commercial and political conditions of St. James carefully with Austin, and he agreed with me that they were bad. I couldn't see how the city could grow and prosper if they continued, for I knew they placed unnecessary, unjust burdens upon the masses of the people. Taxes were high because the city's money was extravagantly spent and because the owners of the valuable properties—the public utilities, the banks, the real estate in the business section, the factories and the wholesale houses—were favored by the assessor and therefore did not contribute their just share toward the upbuilding and maintenance of the municipality. The quality of municipal service was poor, the streets were dirty, the city was badly lighted in spite of its big light bills, the public schools were of low standard and the police and fire departments were inadequate and inefficient.

I worked with Frank Lane, my keen, aggressive city hall reporter, two hours every afternoon after the paper was out and until eleven or twelve o'clock nearly every night for a month, collecting information about the city government and the relations between business and politics; and then I launched a campaign for "A Bigger, Broader, Better St. James." My fight was a positive, not a negative fight. I sought to tear down and demolish only for the purpose of making it possible to build up. Through it all I emphasized the building-up idea, striving to arouse sentiment for better things and against bad things and to prevent the public from getting the idea that we were merely attacking people and institutions for the purpose of creating a sensation and selling papers. I described the ideal and pleaded for it as I disclosed the evil. I wanted

the people to realize that St. James was their town, which they could run for their own benefit if they wanted to. I urged them to take the machinery of government away from those who had been using it to their own advantage and to operate it in the interest of the whole community.

There was to be a city election in the spring, and I made up my mind I would try to bring about the nomination of honest, progressive men on the tickets of both parties—St. James stuck to the archaic practice of maintaining a Republican and a Democratic party in municipal politics. So throughout the winter I made the editorial page of The Sun a primer on municipal government and frequently ran editorials on the first page. I told, plainly and boldly, how the various business interests and professional politicians had been benefiting themselves and robbing the public for years. And I mentioned names.

Here is a typical example, and here again is the pipe line between a vicious influence and a heavy advertiser.

On a certain residence street were two large apartment houses exactly alike, which had been built five years before by the same man. One was still owned by him; the other had been sold. The builder's name was Cushman. The name of the other owner was Carpenter. Both buildings had been kept in good repair and had been constantly occupied. The lots upon which they stood were of the same size. Any real-estate agent in the city would have said there was no difference in the value of the two properties, yet on the assessor's books we found Cushman's property valued at $80,000 and Carpenter's property valued at $25,000. We sought the reason and found it. Carpenter was the boss of the third ward. Cushman had no political connections; he was merely a citizen.

Opening the Eyes of the People

I PRINTED the story of these two assessments in short, snappy sentences in a two-column box on the first page. I made it a communication to the rank and file of the Republican and Democratic parties of St. James, and wound up as follows:

"Do you, Mr. Republican, propose to nominate for assessor the kind of man who does this sort of a thing?

"Do you, Mr. Democrat, propose to nominate for assessor the kind of man who does this sort of a thing?"

The next day I printed an editorial on the subject of the two apartment houses, showing that Cushman had the year before contributed in taxes $1680 toward the public expense of the community, while Carpenter had contributed but $525. Then I showed what could have been done with the $1155 that the city had been cheated out of by the third ward boss. I reduced it to schoolbooks, to fire hose, to street lights, to park benches, to square yards of street cleaning, to band concerts and to ash cans.

The apartment house articles drew the attention of the public sharply to assessments and taxation, and thousands of people began asking themselves and each other whether that sort of thing was right and whether they should tolerate it. I thought I detected an awakening civic conscience and I immediately followed the comparison of the apartment house assessments with comparisons of assessments of other properties. Almost invariably where I found a piece of property assessed at a low figure I found its owner more or less closely connected with some city official, or with the circle of business men and politicians that dominated the city hall. I printed the names of these people and made a wholesome lot of enemies, but I had the satisfaction of watching the circulation of the paper climb up, and up, and up, until by the first of January it had reached eighteen thousand.

On the first of January Mills Brothers informed us that they had decided not to renew their contract, which expired on February first. Mills Brothers operated one of the three big department stores and had used about six thousand dollars' worth of space in The Sun during the year. Ralph Mills, one of the partners, was a brother-in-law of Carpenter, the third ward boss who cheated the poor people of the city by getting a low assessment on his apartment house. Carpenter had reached Mills, and the Mills Brothers' business went out of our paper for good. Mills didn't hesitate to tell Austin why he wouldn't renew his contract, so we were equally candid. On February second we used the old Mills space to tell the people of St. James the whole story.

A loss of five hundred dollars a month in the revenue of a newspaper with a circulation of eighteen thousand in a city of one hundred thousand population hurts, but Austin took the blow with another grin. I guess he was getting used to it by this time. We redoubled our efforts to bring about the election of honest city officials who would yank the graft out of assessments by which the public funds were provided, and the extravagance out of the city administration through which the public funds were expended.

I found that the street railway company was assessed at $225,000, although it was capitalized at $6,000,000 and was paying five per cent on its securities, and I pointed out the necessity of increasing its value on the assessor's books. I found the factories and wholesale houses assessed at ridiculously low figures, and I presented the assessments of little homes of wage earners in contrast, giving names and addresses so that the reader would identify the property.

It was right in the middle of our assessment and taxation fight that Lane turned up a story that was destined to exert a far-reaching influence on the future of The Sun, although it looked innocent enough on its surface the day he walked over and laid it on my desk. He had got the story in the police court. It merely recited the fact that an old woman, a Mrs. Mary Wilson, had been sent to the workhouse for sixty days for violation of the plumbing regulations. A water pipe on her premises leaked and she had failed to have it repaired, although she had twice been warned to do so by the plumbing inspector.

"This case had been tried when I got to court," said Lane as he turned in the story, "but I've a hunch there's something behind it, and I'm going out this afternoon to run it down."

Lane discovered that the hovel in which the old woman lived was owned by the Tuttle Corporation. He obtained permission to talk to Mrs. Wilson at the workhouse, and she told him she had asked the agent who collected her rent to have the pipe fixed, but that he had not had it done. Lane looked up the plumbing law and the woman's lease, and found that the owner of the property and not the tenant was responsible for the violation of the regulations.

The next afternoon The Sun pictured the Tuttle Corporation and its general manager, Fulton Tuttle, rich, powerful, independent, flagrantly violating the plumbing ordinance, and then pictured Mrs. Wilson, bent and crippled by the infirmities of age, serving their sentence in the workhouse. Lane wrote a vivid story, calculated to arouse the indignation of every person who read it, and I published a first-page editorial demanding the instant release of Mrs. Wilson and the arrest of Tuttle. On the editorial page I republished the assessment of some of the largest Tuttle properties, all of which were lightly touched by the assessor, and told the citizens of St. James that this wasn't the corporation's only offense against society, that it also sent old women to jail to pay its penalty for the violation of laws intended to protect the public health.

Every day for a week we demanded that a warrant be issued for Fulton Tuttle and that Mrs. Wilson be released. We even printed a cartoon, showing Tuttle in his automobile and Mrs. Wilson peering through the bars of her cell. At the end of a week the pressure became more than the plumbing inspector, city attorney and police judge could stand. Mrs. Wilson was pardoned and a warrant for Tuttle was sworn out. The news "broke" at two-thirty, and

The Boss of the Third Ward

Lane telephoned it to me from the police station. I asked him if it would be safe to say Tuttle had been arrested.

"Not by a long sight!" he replied. "I don't believe there's a man down here who's got nerve enough to arrest Fulton Tuttle. The warrant's out all right, you can say that; but don't go any stronger. I'd bet a thousand they never pinch him."

Lane was a good prophet. They never did actually arrest Fulton Tuttle. They never would have issued the warrant if we hadn't hammered them into it by getting the whole town talking about the case. But the process of actually putting Fulton Tuttle under arrest and making him stand trial was a very different thing. The warrant merely slumbered in the pigeonhole of the desk of the chief plumbing inspector. The next day and every day for ten days I published a short two-column Tuttle-warrant editorial on the first page. At first I addressed it to the city attorney, chief plumbing inspector, police judge and chief of police. Then I addressed it to the public and asked if anybody had heard whether the warrant had been served. Then I changed it into the form of a reward, offering to pay one hundred dollars to any person who could prove that Tuttle had been arrested.

More Wheels Within Wheels

ON THE afternoon of the tenth day the chief plumbing inspector came to see me. His face was drawn and pale, his hands trembled. He looked and acted like a man on the verge of nervous prostration.

"Look here," he pleaded, "won't you let up? I don't dare serve that warrant. I'm helpless. I'm appointed by the mayor, and if I arrested Fulton Tuttle I wouldn't have my job three minutes. Tuttle absolutely owns Bill Lank—put up the money for his last two campaigns and has promised to send him to Congress. Bill don't dare make the Tuttles mad, and if I make 'em mad it's all off with me and Bill. Won't you quit?"

I was sincerely sorry for the man, more because of the mental and moral limitations which prevented his seeing in municipal government anything but an organization for personal profit than because of his embarrassment over the Tuttle warrant.

"Why don't you go right to Tuttle with your troubles?" I asked him. "If he's anything like decent he'll submit to arrest, pay a fine, fix the pipe and forget it."

He took my advice, and the following day we printed a story of Tuttle's arrest and his payment of a fine of fifty dollars. We did not neglect, however, to call attention to the difference in the treatment accorded Tuttle and the treatment accorded Mrs. Wilson. She was taken to court in a patrol wagon and was sent to the workhouse. Tuttle's lawyer appeared for him, pleaded guilty for him and paid his fine for him. Tuttle was not compelled to endure the unpleasantness of contact with the vulgar atmosphere of the police court. He sat in his luxuriously furnished office and let his hired man attend to the sordid details of his prosecution.

The first advertising echo of our stand in the plumbing case came a few days later, when the Comptroller of the Currency made one of his periodical calls for national bank statements. The Tuttle National Bank and the Second National Bank coldly informed Austin, when he called for

"It's All Right. It's Showin' Things Up Proper in This Town"

their statements, which the newspapers had always printed as advertising, that their boards had decided not to use The Sun any more. The Tuttle Corporation controlled both institutions. In St. James it was the practice of the savings banks and trust companies to publish statements whenever the national banks did, but Austin was turned down at the Valley Trust Company and the Provident Savings Bank. They were also controlled by Tuttle.

The Gem Mills, a big flour company that did an enormous business in the city and throughout the Middle West, had been figuring with Austin on a year's contract to cover advertising to run daily. Shortly after the loss of the bank statements the manager of the Gem Mills told Austin that he didn't care to advertise in The Sun. This was another company owned and operated by the Tuttle Corporation. The Valley Trust Company and the Provident Savings Bank had been advertising with us regularly on contract. When their contracts expired, a month later, they declined to renew.

About the same time we began preparations for issuing our annual edition, which is quite an event in the life of the Middle West newspaper in the smaller cities. Not a factory or wholesale house in which there was a cent of Tuttle money gave us an inch of advertising.

Cheers From the Plain People

I WAS still free from misgivings as to the final success of the paper, for our circulation was growing steadily, but I appreciated the immediate seriousness of losing the advertising of all firms in which the Tuttles were interested. So I put on my hat and went out on a tour of investigation. I called on the managers of all the Tuttle enterprises and asked them why they had stopped advertising in The Sun. Each manager explained it on one pretext or another at first, attributing his action to the size of our circulation, to our rates, to the fact that, being a penny paper, The Sun was read chiefly by the poorer classes, or to any one of the many other excuses of the man who has some hidden, personal reason. When I pinned them down and demanded their reasons, on the ground that we had money invested in the paper and had the right to know what we could expect from advertisers, they told me the truth. As the manager of the Gem Mills said, they "had orders." I found that Fulton Tuttle had passed the word down to every executive in his organization, and that word was: "Not a line of advertising goes in The Sun."

I spent the afternoons of the succeeding week among a very different class of people. Every day, as soon as the paper was off the press, I went into the poorer sections of the city, among the factory employees, down to the stockyards district, to the homes of the wage earners. I wanted to find out what the masses thought of The Sun—and I found out.

I would walk into a grocery store in the factory section and get into conversation with the proprietor and any one else who happened to be there.

"Have you got a copy of today's Sun?" I would ask, without intimating that I was interested in The Sun.

Usually somebody would have a copy. I would glance over the paper and comment on some story, which I had handled in copy and seen put into type hours before.

"What do you think of this paper?" I would ask the proprietor or some one standing by. Nine times out of ten the face of the person addressed would light up.

"It's all right; up and coming all the time and ain't afraid o' nothing. It's showin' things up proper in this town."

After my excursion into the highways and byways of St. James I made up my mind that the time had come to make, through the paper, a direct appeal for subscribers, and to tell the people plainly why their subscriptions were necessary to our success. I outlined the plan to Austin.

"I've been thinking a good deal about that Tuttle business," he said, "and I've wondered if you were going to print the real story of why all the Tuttle concerns have quit advertising with us."

"Yes, I intend to," I replied. "Why?"

"I've been wondering whether it would be wise."

It was the first hint of opposition to our theory of an absolutely honest newspaper that Austin had uttered. I looked at him closely and he flushed.

"I don't want you to think I'm getting cold feet," he said, "but don't you believe the public will think we're persecuting prominent men purely for the purpose of creating a sensation and getting circulation? Everybody you've ever taken a rap at has been spreading that kind of dope."

Here was something I had never thought of, and I saw at once that it was serious.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll print a first page editorial, two columns wide and the length of the paper. When the people read that I don't think they'll question our motives."

"Good!" said Austin. "I think we ought to explain again just what we're trying to do, and spike this gossip for keeps."

As I look back on it now I can see that there was danger of creating the impression that Austin feared. I can also understand that any one reading this story as I have set it down might gather the same impression. Yet up to the day Austin talked to me about it I had never published an article that indicated that there was any spirit of vindictiveness behind it. I had always emphasized the fact that we were presenting the truth about the loss of advertising solely for the purpose of showing that we were determined to print the news that the reader was entitled to know, and to induce the reader to stick with us in order that we might ultimately get the advertising back again on a solid business basis that we might sell advertising as a merchant sells a sack of flour, because it is a good product, worth the price asked for it.

I worked from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight on the two-column, page-length editorial, and when I had finally rewritten it for the last time I was satisfied that it would clear up any false idea as to our purpose in life. I began by quoting the declaration of the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing the freedom of the press. I explained again that we were determined to print a newspaper in which nobody should have any privileges except the reader. I told why we had lost the Longman advertising, the Mills Brothers advertising, the Tuttle advertising and others. I frankly admitted that it remained for the people to say whether we should succeed or fail. I thanked the public for its support and cited our circulation, now grown to twenty thousand, as evidence of the public's appreciation of our efforts. My final sentences were these:

Do you, Mr. St. James Citizen, and you, Mrs. St. James Housewife, want this newspaper to succeed, in order that you may know the truth about your city, or do you want it to fail?

If you want it to succeed and are not already a regular subscriber you will have to become one. Otherwise the influences that want to put us out of business will put us out of business.

If you want it to succeed and are already a regular subscriber, you will have to do more than keep on taking the paper. You will have to tell your friends what we have been telling you in this editorial, and you will have to see that they become subscribers too.

Otherwise the influences that want to put us out of business will put us out of business.

What is your verdict?

We printed the editorial, and received 1423 volunteer subscriptions as a direct result of it within four days.

A Few Politicians Were Running Things at the Court House and the City Hall

I never heard, and neither did Austin, another intimation that we were doing anything but what we claimed to be doing and what a careful reading of our paper showed we were doing—printing an honest, independent newspaper. From the time that big editorial was published our motives were not questioned, so far as I ever was able to discover. A great many people disagreed with us and some hated us, but our honesty and independence were universally conceded.

I felt the good effects of the editorial, which came as a sort of climax to our year's work, and I felt that the "why" of our efforts was beginning to be appreciated. I therefore approached the city election with considerable confidence. While I had been working on the case of the Tuttle business, Lane had been following up the municipal campaign with only suggestions of general character from me. He had done a good job, and the question of equable assessment and taxation had become the principal issue, with the fight directed sharply against the street-railway company. It was the practice of the city council to fix the assessments of the public-service corporations, and for the assessor, who was actually charged with the duty of fixing the values, to accept the council's figures. Our fight, therefore, was directed toward the nomination by both parties of aldermanic candidates who would, if elected, increase the assessments of the street railway, light and power company. We did not select individual men and advocate their nomination, because there were half a dozen candidates for every place and it was impossible to ascertain which were best qualified. We urged the voters to turn out at the primaries and vote for the men they believed would do the things they wanted done.

We did not make a positive campaign even in the mayoralty and assessorship contests, as there were several candidates for the nominations in each party, and as nominations for mayor, assessor and other executive officers were made in conventions, composed of delegates elected at the primaries. We simply urged the election of honest, independent men as delegates.

The primaries were held from four to eight P. M. on April sixteenth, and the conventions were held at ten A. M. the next day. At about five minutes after eight on the sixteenth we discovered that we were hopelessly beaten, and if I had known then what I know now about municipal politics I never would have dreamed that we had the shadow of a chance to nominate and elect an honest city council, mayor and assessor.

Farcical Primaries

THE trouble was that the primaries were a farce. They were not regulated and controlled by law, but were conducted by the city central committees which, of course, were dominated by the street railway and Tuttle interests. Voting was by ballot, and the polling booths were in charge of judges and clerks selected because of their friendliness to the political-business combination that was running the town. The actual voters—the mere citizens—might as well have stayed at home. As a matter of fact, more of them participated in the primaries than had ever participated before, and if their ballots had found their way into the returns results would have been different.

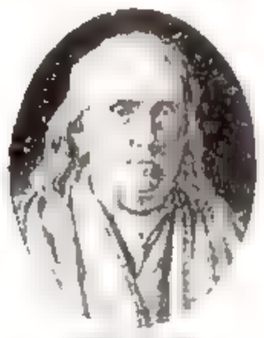
At the Republican city convention the following day the platform was written by Fulton Tuttle—or rather, the resolutions committee received it already written from Tuttle's private secretary—and it was reported to the convention and adopted without the change of a comma. It did not contain one word about assessments and taxation. In just about the same manner the Democratic city convention received its platform from Tommy Van Dyke, and it also was silent where it should have been loudest.

None of the men who had been mentioned as candidates for mayor or assessor was nominated by either convention. Instead, the Republican convention named a dignified, eloquent and perfectly harmless retired lawyer, and the Democratic convention nominated a big, jolly, popular clothing merchant.

What happened that day to The Sun and to the few thousand voters of St. James who were struggling for political emancipation, who I had believed were numerous enough and strong enough to overthrow the old

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1911

The President on Wool

PRESIDENT TAFT'S veto of the wool bill belongs in the same class with his celebrated speech at Winona recommending the Payne-Aldrich act. This recent bill reduced the duty on raw wool from forty-four to twenty-nine per cent and on manufactures of wool from ninety to about forty-nine per cent. Mr. Taft fears that these duties may not "equal the difference between cost of production at home and abroad together with a reasonable profit to American industries." We must wait, he says, until an elaborate report by the Tariff Board furnishes convincing evidence on that point.

The veto message recites that the Tariff Board, after spending some months in preliminaries, began its actual investigations in October, 1910. A month before that the British Government formally sanctioned negotiations between Canada and the United States, "President Taft"—we quote from a contemporaneous review—"having cordially indorsed the principle of reciprocity." In the January following the President submitted to Congress, with an earnest commendation, the Canadian trade agreement that virtually abrogated protective duties on our chief farm products.

That, it seems, was a simple, clear-cut proposition that almost anybody could figure out for himself. But reducing the duties on woolen manufactures to only forty-nine per cent is an exceedingly complicated and delicate affair, requiring many months of diligent investigation by eighty experts—lest we commit the economic sin of trenching a fraction upon the manufacturers' "reasonable profits."

Drink and Insanity

THE Commissioners in Lunacy for England and Wales estimate that there are about three insane persons who come from an apparently sane stock for every one whose family history contains a record of insanity. This does not mean, however, that in only one case out of four is insanity inherited. The question of hereditary transmission, as the commissioners show, is much too complicated to be settled by these first-hand figures. In many instances where no positive insanity can be found in the family, marked "instability of the nervous system" can be discovered—and the commonest cause of this ancestral instability of the nervous system is alcohol. A hard drinker, in short, though himself escaping lunacy, may transmit a tendency to insanity. Aside from the question of heredity, "two other factors," says the commission, "stand out prominently in the history of insane persons. These are the toxic agent alcohol and mental stress." The stress that is prolonged—as worry, anxiety, sorrow—results in insanity much more frequently than does sudden shock. And of all known agencies for producing worry, anxiety and sorrow, none probably is quite so effective as alcohol.

Strikes in England

NINETEEN hundred and eight was notable for strikes and lockouts in England. Three hundred thousand workmen were involved and the total time lost was equal to almost eleven million days' work. Looking back over the Board of Trade's report we find that most of the disputes were over wages, of which about fourteen per cent were finally settled in favor of the workmen, while forty-two per cent were settled in favor of the employers and forty-three per cent were compromised. But of the total number of workmen engaged in strikes only about two per cent were in the strikes that were settled in favor of the men, and twenty per cent were in strikes that were settled in favor of the employers, while seventy-seven per cent were in strikes that were compromised. Probably, therefore, the net result of the loss of those eleven million days' work in that year to say nothing of the great loss to employers and the public—was a compromise. It is rather discouraging that they couldn't have compromised earlier.

The textile trades were the chief seat of the strikes and lockouts in 1908, accounting for about half the total loss of days' work. This year transportation, beginning with the seamen, is the chief seat of labor trouble. This undoubtedly involves greater loss and discomfort for the public, and in a country depending so largely as England does upon transportation for food it is more ominous. The compromise now arrived at might easily have been effected before acute trouble began if there had been more reason and less passion on both sides.

The Senate and Arbitration

AS SIGNED, the treaties with England and France provide that all differences of such a nature that they may be decided by principles of law or equity shall be submitted for arbitration to The Hague Court or to a special arbitral tribunal; also, that before a controversy is submitted to arbitration the two nations, at the request of either, shall appoint a Joint High Commission of Inquiry, consisting of three Americans and three Englishmen—or three Frenchmen—which shall carefully investigate and report upon the facts.

Whether the controversy is submitted to The Hague or to an arbitral tribunal is to be decided in each case by a special agreement between the two nations, which "special agreement in each case shall be made on the part of the United States by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." So nothing could be submitted to arbitration without the Senate having its constitutional finger in the pie. But farther on the treaties provide that in case the two nations disagree as to whether a particular controversy is susceptible of arbitration, that question shall be referred to the Joint High Commission of Inquiry, and if five out of the six members—that is, the three Englishmen and two of the Americans, or vice versa - agree that it is susceptible of arbitration it shall be arbitrated. In this way a question might be submitted to arbitration without the Senate having any finger in the pie. So the Senate committee struck out that clause.

With that clause stricken out half the practical value of the treaties would be gone. As they would then stand, either nation might avoid the obligations of the treaty by simply asserting that the question that had arisen—no matter what it was—was not susceptible of arbitration. Which is the country most anxious to maintain, peace or senatorial dignity?

One Way Out for Judges

THE judge must be exceedingly dull who does not realize a growing impatience with the courts. Arizona's provision for the recall of judges is merely a symptom. Symptomatic also is the bill introduced and earnestly defended by Senator Owen, which provides for the election and recall of Federal judges.

The main cause of this increasingly critical attitude toward the court lies on the surface. The assumed power of the judiciary to set aside acts of Congress and of state legislatures has of late years been so extended that any act is now in danger of failing through the fine-spun logic of a divided court. Instances in which this has happened are so numerous and recent that specific references seem to be unnecessary. Upon this unwarranted judicial meddling with legislation Senator Owen largely relied in defending his bill.

A little bill introduced by Senator Bourne toward the close of the extra session contains the remedy that would, in great part, at once relieve the courts from the growing burden of popular impatience. The bill provides that the Supreme Court shall not set aside as unconstitutional any act of Congress or of a state legislature except by a unanimous decision. Senator Bourne quotes from an old decision of the Supreme Court itself:

"It is but a decent respect due to the wisdom, the integrity and the patriotism of the legislative body by which any law is passed to presume in favor of its validity until its violation of the Constitution is proved beyond all reasonable doubt."

Certainly when four out of nine members of the court hold an act to be constitutional its violation of the Constitution cannot have been proved beyond reasonable doubt. If even one member of that great court holds the act to be constitutional the doubt is so great that the court has no defensible right to set the act aside. If President Taft wishes to stop the agitation for recall of judges he should recommend that all appellate courts forthwith adopt the spirit of Senator Bourne's bill.

Selling to Yourself

THE price of every article you buy is increased by the cost of selling it to you. Virtually you are continually hiring people at more or less handsome salaries to sell you the food and clothing that you couldn't possibly live without. Utopians have dreamed of a millennium in which this selling cost will be eliminated. Then, if you wish a pair of shoes you will ask a policeman where such articles are to be found. After locating the shoe repository you will overhaul the cases until—possibly—you discover the sort and size of footgear you require. Having tried them on and debated with yourself as to whether the tan ones wouldn't really suit you better, you will dutifully replace the thirty or forty other pairs that you pulled down and honorably deposit the price -first stepping out to get a bill changed - in an automatic cash register. You will then walk off with your shoes and with a solemn resolution to go barefoot the rest of your life rather than again endure so much loss of time and nervous energy.

In fact, of course, it is much cheaper to hire somebody to sell you a pair of shoes than it is to sell them to yourself, and it costs you less to pay your penny toward an advertisement telling you where shoes are to be found than it would cost, in time, to ask a policeman.

It was not advertising, however, but life insurance that we had in mind. Wisconsin—first, we believe, among the states - has entered that field. By a law recently passed the state will insure lives and grant annuities. The insurance will be written, no doubt, practically at cost; but the only provision for solicitation is that whoever sends in an application gets a fee of twenty-five cents. Every intelligent man with a family dependent upon his income knows that he ought to carry life insurance. After providing for his family's immediate needs no other duty is more urgent. But, as a matter of fact, hardly anybody does carry life insurance until a solicitor has called upon him.

Government by the Successful

"THE present House of Lords," wrote an American less than three years ago, "is predominantly a democratic body chosen from the successful of the land." Birth has relatively little to do with it. Nearly two hundred of the present peers were elevated to that rank since 1882, and almost half the total number since 1830. Seventy peerages were conferred for conspicuous success in law alone; a great many others for success in business, politics and journalism.

The oldest political maxim known to man runs about thus: The government of any community should be intrusted to its ablest members; success is the only conclusive proof of ability; hence the successful should govern. The House of Lords unquestionably is, to a large degree, composed of the most successful Englishmen; but democratic England has virtually discarded it, despite the maxim.

The maxim, in fact, is played out. If you achieve notable success you are admitted to a fine club, where the appointments are elegant, the cuisine and service unsurpassed. From that pleasant vantage-ground you lay down regulations for living in sixth-story, rear, four-room flats - the first regulation always being that no flat-dweller shall make a noise near the clubhouse. The man who has what you want isn't always the safest one to prescribe rules as to how you shall get it.

Trusting to Luck

PERHAPS no opinion is more widely or firmly held than the one recently expressed by the composer Massenet - namely, that luck is chiefly responsible for other people's success. An eloquent and extreme view of the part played by luck in human affairs is found in Ecclesiastes. There also is found an extreme picture of a man dissatisfied with his condition. From Ecclesiastes down, those who insist most upon the power of chance are those who have been most dissatisfied. As a matter of fact, nobody trusts to luck except when he can find nothing else in which to trust.

If you flip a coin twice and it comes down head up, nine persons out of ten—if of a sporting turn of mind—will wager that it will come tail up the third time. It has been pointed out, however, that on the doctrine of pure chance there is no reason whatever for supposing the coin will come tail up the third time, for the two previous flips are as absolutely in the past as though Agamemnon had flipped them. The sporting man will bet on tail at the third flip, because he believes that there is some sort of obscure law which tends to maintain an equilibrium and therefore restricts the play of pure chance.

Most of us, like Massenet, admit that luck played the chief part in the success of our friends; but for our own success we trust to it as little as possible.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Mississippi Maze

FAR be it from me to cast any asparagus at so distinguished a statesman as the Honorable Adam Byrd, of Mississippi; but, viewing it from this somewhat remote angle, it seems certain he collaborated a little on that cognomen of his and shifted the "i" to a "y," thus escaping the rural joker who would inevitably split the Adam into two parts and use the result as a three-word designation of the eminent lawmaker.

That is neither here nor in Neshoba County. If Adam desired to be a Byrd instead of a Bird, that was his privilege. Moreover, he wasn't that kind of a bird, and isn't. He was and is unprofanely ornithological—a right smart sort of a bird. Nor is that what I am getting at. The point of this nature-and-nomenclatural-faking dissertation is that, provided Adam did change from Bird to Byrd, he wasn't the only person who took liberties with his appellation. Along came Samuel Andrew Witherspoon, who did some name-changing for Adam. Samuel changed it from Representative Adam Byrd to ex-Representative Adam Byrd, and did it in the twinkling of a corncob pipe, as one might say.

Wherefore, take me by the hand, children, and we shall make short excursion into the maze of Mississippi politics, than which there is none mazier or more amazing. Let us begin with the fight between John Sharp Williams and James K. Vardaman for the United States Senate. It was a whale of a fight and John Sharp brought home the toga, which he is now wearing with much éclat in the greatest deliberative body in the world. Following that struggle James K. Vardaman tried again. This time LeRoy Percy threw the hooks into Vardaman, and he is also togaing up on Capitol Hill. However, James K. early in life adopted *nil desperandum* for the motto to be displayed on his wool hat, and he has successfully nil desperandumed for a third time. On the second occasion, when LeRoy Percy landed, Adam Byrd twittered a little before the legislature, thinking he was the kind of a bird grand old Mississippi needed in the Senate chamber. Naturally Adam sang no songs for James K., and indeed used both beak and claws on him. Naturally, again, the Vardaman people could see nothing in Adam's candidacy to return to the House of Representatives, whither he desired to return after he discovered he was not to be a Senator.

When the fight for the Senatorship was on there were some lively times at Jackson. When the legislature convened they decided to hold a caucus on the evening of each day and vote by secret ballot on each candidate. This was done to help out many supporters of the John Sharp Williams wing of the party, who had rural constituencies who favored Vardaman, but who themselves were opposed to him yet did not wish to go on record against him. It might almost be suggested that the fine Italian hand of John Sharp was discernible here, but let it pass. Each day the Senate and House met in joint session and voted for a Senator. Under the instruction of the caucus, the representatives from each of the judicial districts of the state could not vote in joint session for any of the announced candidates, but were compelled to vote for a favorite son from the district they represented. Peering farther into the matter, it seems certain that John Sharp put up the job, for the result was that an election in open session was prevented until the caucus had made its choice, when all would be bound by the caucus and the selection would go through with a whoop.

Wool Vs. Straw Hats

A FEW weeks of this seesawing had its legitimate result on that legislature and on the politicians surrounding it. Those lawmakers and their advisers accumulated the most elaborate sets of grouches Mississippi ever saw. Feeling ran high, as the correspondents put it, and at times slopped over. Everybody in Jackson was on edge, and the legislature went along monotonously, day after day, complimenting favorite sons, with the end apparently nowhere in sight. Charges and countercharges of all sorts of offenses, from bribery to arson, were made. Each candidate was accused of using money or whisky, or both. One lawmaker said he had been offered $645 to vote for Percy—marked down from $650, no doubt. The governor at that time, E. F. Noel, who was against Vardaman, was charged with giving away offices to hurt Vardaman, and altogether an exceedingly pleasant little time was had.

Percy won. Then the Vardaman people started on the war-path to defeat all anti-Vardaman candidates for office and used the secret caucus for their slogan. That became the issue. Hence when Adam Byrd announced himself as a candidate for reelection to the House of Representatives from the Fifth District, and Samuel Andrew Witherspoon decided to contest the seat with him. Samuel Andrew pulled that secret caucus on Adam and used it with deadly effect

The Fifth District of Mississippi is distinctly rural, except the city of Meridian, and Adam was strong with the farmers, for he was truly rural himself. Witherspoon lives in Meridian, and when he got before an audience of farmers he lined Adam up with the secret caucus and made the farmers believe Adam was one of the principal contributing causes for the Senatorial defeat of their particular idol, the same being James K. Vardaman. Adam and Samuel are friends, and they made a friendly contest. After mature consultation they decided to get up a real live issue to discuss, and they chose the tariff. Think that over! Two Mississippi Democrats at loggerheads on the tariff! Also they lined themselves up on opposite sides of the same side of other "issues," a complicated feat, but capable of being done as was proved by their heated debates.

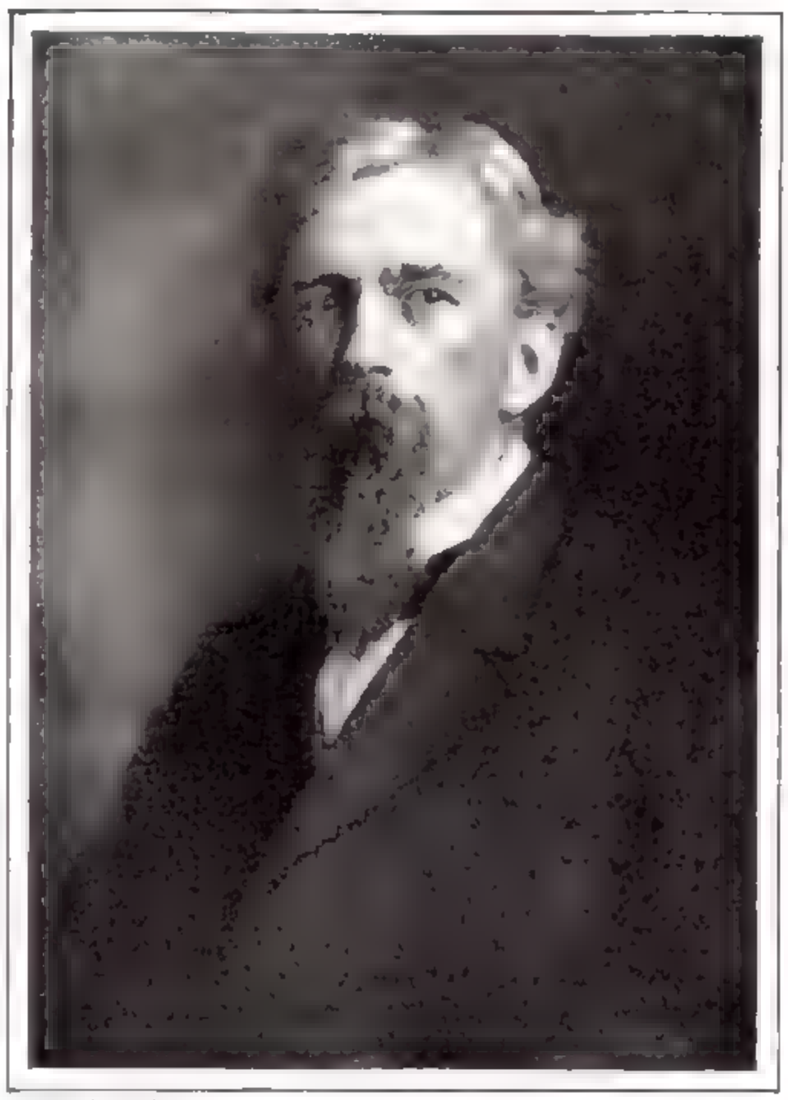
Witherspoon scored heavily over Adam through the instrumentality of a corncob pipe. He has smoked one for many years, and he never drove into a rural community without the pipe between his teeth. Adam wore a large-brimmed wool hat, but Witherspoon beat him to the hat issue, too, by putting on a cheap straw hat. Adam used his wool hat to illustrate his tariff arguments. Witherspoon displayed his cheap straw hat, tattered and dusty, and said that though the tariff barons Adam represented could afford wool hats, the poor, downtrodden farmers he stood for and whose burdens he strove to lighten had to wear this identical kind of a bonnet.

Witherspoon clubs and Byrd clubs were formed all over the district. You'd think, to hear one side tell it, that secret caucus was the greatest political crime in the history of man, and, to hear the other side defend it, that it was absolutely necessary to keep Mississippi on the map. Meantime, Adam and Samuel Andrew remained good friends, and frequently drove twenty or thirty miles to a picnic or barbecue in the same buggy, preparatory to going before the assembled citizens and tearing one another to tatters.

Nor was Adam without his friends in Meridian, the city in which Samuel Andrew lives. There was a Byrd club there, and a Witherspoon club. Meetings were held in the city park and in the courthouse. There is but one band in Meridian, and competition for the services of that musical organization was fierce, to the great resultant profit of the band. It got so finally that the city authorities had to be very careful before issuing a permit for one club to hold a meeting, for fear that meeting might clash with a meeting of the other club. Meantime Adam and Samuel Andrew jogged peaceably about the country, wearing their respective hats and Samuel Andrew smoking his corncob pipe, and each day they debated the tariff, the secret caucus and other issues.

Primary day came, and Samuel Andrew won by about five hundred votes out of a total of about fifteen thousand. Inasmuch as being a Republican in Mississippi is an industry that is classed with the lost arts Samuel Andrew had no opponent at the polls and sauntered in gracefully.

He contributes an interesting set of whiskers to the galaxy now hived in the House of Representatives and still smokes his corncob pipe. An able citizen, too, is Samuel Andrew, with a big reputation as a lawyer. He was born in Mississippi, and taught Latin at the State University for three years after his graduation, from which institution he has garnered an A. B., an A. M. and an LL. D. He never held public office until he went to the present Congress, but practiced law, with especial devotion to criminal cases. He is powerful before a jury and more than powerful when he hurls himself at the tariff, which he does whenever he thinks the hurling is good. Meantime, he has his old straw hat carefully preserved, for it may happen he will need it again presently.



He Is More Than Powerful When He Hurls Himself at the Tariff

Cold Praise

JOHN DREW, the actor, was in New Orleans one time and was given a dinner by Walter Denègre, who lives there and who knows as much about New Orleans cooking and New Orleans delicacies as any person.

Denègre spread himself. He ransacked the famous market and had a wonderful dinner, with crayfish bisque and all the rest of it, done only as such things can be done in New Orleans.

After dinner Denègre asked Drew: "Well, John, what did you think of the dinner?"

"All right!" Drew replied. "It was all right. I thought the ice cream was great!"

Kelly's Flight

A FRIEND, who was by way of becoming a sociologist, went to Cleveland to look over that city's model city farm and infirmary, and Fred C. Kelly took him out there.

They were shown all over the place, including the insane ward. Just as they were leaving that ward a man, carrying a big razor in his hand, came out of a door and started toward them. Both Kelly and his friend ran.

They stopped when they reached the office, panting, and the superintendent, who is a fat man, came lumbering after them.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the superintendent

"Did-de he cut anybody's throat?" chorused Kelly and his friend.

"Who?"

"That big patient with the razor."

"Oh," said the superintendent, "that was just an attendant who had been shaving some of the inmates. Come on back."

"Not on your life!" said Kelly. "He may only be imagining that he's an attendant."

Back from the Beehive

GEYSER BOB is one of the famous drivers of the Yellowstone Park.

"Oh, Mr. Bob," gushed a female tourist, "how did you get your romantic name?"

They were standing near Old Faithful geyser.

"Well," said Bob, "I clum up on Old Faithful one day and got too near the crater and fell in."

"How interesting!" commented the female tourist. "What happened?"

"Why," said Bob, pointing to the Beehive geyser, half a mile away, "I came out of the Beehive—over there."

"Well! well!" she gasped. "How long did it take?"

"Oh," said Bob, "if I had come straight through it would only have taken about ten minutes; but I stopped on the way for a haircut and a shave!"

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

Profiting by Our Mistakes—By Albert J. Beveridge

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

"Little Do We Care for Such Dreamers!"

THE best work that we Americans have done to correct our mistakes has impelled the Canadians to do the like to prevent the misfortunes that have befallen us. Observing our errors and studying the methods by which now we are trying to remedy them, the Canadians are taking time by the forelock.

"You must understand that our present effort to conserve our resources is the direct outcome of your mighty movement to conserve your resources," said one of the best-informed and most public-spirited men of the Dominion.

The people of the United States and Canada do not realize what an intimate bond of sympathy and admiration there is between the students and economists of the two countries. It appears that, soon after Gifford Pinchot formulated what is now a great national policy of conservation and Theodore Roosevelt had made it a practical working policy, Pinchot was invited by fellow workers of his own type to go to Canada and speak to boards of trade and confer with these Canadians who were interested in this great problem.

It is men such as these who start all great reforms and present to the people plans for bettering the people's conditions, thus massing behind a cause the irresistible force of public opinion. It is thus that finally the politicians are forced to recognize and execute the people's will.

So the conservation movement in Canada is the child of the conservation movement in the United States. There is, of course, this striking difference: Whereas we Americans did not give the least attention to this grave business until the end of our resources was in sight, the Canadians are giving their attention to it before their resources have been very much impaired.

And, indeed, it was high time the Canadians were applying themselves to this problem; for, though Canada in the condition of her resources is where we were sixty years ago, yet waste and prodigality already have begun their evil work. Vast areas of public land have been given to railways, just as was done in this country several decades ago. And the land occupied by farmers has been and is now being deteriorated by the same lack of method that has cost the American people countless millions. So the Canadian conservation movement, born of the American conservation movement, began its work quite late enough and found an enormous labor before it.

The Canadian conservation law is now less than two years old. It established a conservation commission of thirty-two members, who serve without pay. They have organized themselves into several committees dealing with various subjects, such as forests, land, public health, and the like. Parliament votes them a sufficient sum to employ experts to carry out investigations and to furnish them the data for prudent consideration.

This commission is only advisory. It cannot create anything; but it can and does investigate in Canada and elsewhere. Indeed, the whole Canadian theory is to let the people work out their own salvation, take their own risks, suffer from their own errors and reap the fruits of their own wisdom.

Here is where the Canadian Government penetrates each household—the idea is to advise the people and work with them; in short, to educate them.

"What we want is to do what the people need. We want the people to know what they need and, therefore, what they intelligently want. And the people will understand what they want and what they need when they know the facts about the things which vitally concern them. To solve any problem we believe it better to have a vital and informed public opinion five years hence than to have an autocratic law today," said one man.

So the Canadian Conservation Commission is an official body that cannot really dictate or do anything, so far as autocratically ending any evil or improving any condition is concerned. When you get to the bottom of it you find that its work amounts to little more than advice—advice to the Dominion Parliament, advice to provincial parliaments, advice to municipalities, and, most important of all, advice to the people themselves—advice, too, by the way of example, as I shall show.

"Little this amounts to," you will say; but, in fact, it is shaping the mind and purpose of the people. And that is everything, is it not? Indeed, it may be said, speaking by and large, that the Canadian conservationists aim at the remaking of a people and the rebuilding of a country.

"The value of our 'advice,' as our opponents call it, is in its merit and in that alone. Our authority is that most potential and enduring of all authority—the influence of sound example, which we induce citizens to give to one another." This from another worth-while member of this group of public men who are developing Canadian conservation.

Scientific Land Study

"LAWS can regulate the control of water-powers, forests and the like. To some extent, laws can prevent waste and damage. Certain laws can prevent greedy special interests from grabbing that which belongs to all the people; but no law can endow the individual with intelligence. No law can instruct him in the wise management of his farm, the prevention of weeds and insects, the best uses of his soil and, most important of all, the care of his house, so as to increase the happiness and comfort of his family. And just this is the deepest work of the conservationist."

"Idealistic," says the cold-facts man. "Little do we care for such dreamers!" he exclaims.

Let us see how these men who are working out Canadian conservation go about it. Remember, first, that there is little actual "conservation," as we Americans understand the term, that the Canadian General Government or its commission can do. For example, take the matter of forests. Most of the forests of Canada are in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and British Columbia; but these provinces own all the public lands within them and, therefore, all the forests that are on the public lands. Over these forests the Dominion Government has no authority whatever, except the authority of advice. These provinces, you understand, existed when the Dominion Government was formed, precisely as our original states existed when the Constitution was formed. And these provinces own their timber.

New provinces, called the "prairie provinces"—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—were organized by the new Dominion Government just as our new states were organized. In these, of course, the Dominion or General Government owns all the public lands as in the new states that we organize; but in these new provinces there is no merchantable timber worth speaking of.

Everybody Knows What it Means to Have a Discontented Boy on the Farm

The only great body of timber that the Dominion owns on its public lands is on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, reaching back into the mountains, to the border land of British Columbia. All this timber has been converted into a reserve by "orders in council," as they call it—precisely as President Roosevelt converted so much of the timber belonging to the United States into similar reserves.

Indeed, this reserve was created by executive order within the last two years in imitation of President Roosevelt's work in our own country. This is the only large Dominion forest reserve; and the executive act of the "governor in council" in creating this forest reserve must, of course, be ratified by Parliament—and will be.

The Conditions Existing in the Farmer's House are Talked Over Quite Freely

Since the Canadian Government, for the reasons just stated, cannot take any definite action respecting forests, coal and other lands, such as our National Government has been able to take, what is there for the Canadian Conservation Commission to do?

Take, for example, the question of farms. The land committee of the commission said: "The first thing to do is to find out just where we are—What are our farmers doing with the land they already occupy? What are they doing with their own resources? What are they doing with their health, their happiness, their efficiency, as Canadian citizens?"

"That is none of your business!" the individualist replied. "Let every man do as he pleases with his own life."

"But," answers the Canadian conservationist, "if you were driving a load of logs or grain to market and your wagon got stuck in a mudhole, and I could show you how to get out of the hole, would not you welcome the advice?" And it has been with precisely this theory that the Canadian Conservation Commission has gone about its work.

The land committee took what they called a "survey" of one hundred farms in each province. There are nine provinces in Canada; so that, making an allowance for extra surveys, there were about one thousand farms surveyed in the whole Dominion. These farms were so selected as to be centers of information to other farmers. A farmer of some intellectual receptivity and yet of average condition was chosen. He was asked, first, about the rotation of his crops.

"Do you rotate your crops?" was asked.

"Why, no," he would probably answer. "I have been raising this or that product on this soil and have not thought of changing."

Or the answer might be the reverse—at any rate, that subject with that farmer is gone into quite thoroughly by the agent of the commission.

Then the agent talks with him on the subject of weeds. "Why, yes; they are increasing," is the general answer. In the same way the infinitely important subject of bugs and various insects is taken up.

Then the conditions existing in the farmer's house are talked over quite freely. The agent of the commission ascertains whether the farmer uses water from a well, how old the well is and what the probabilities are as to seepage into the water. The throwing of dishwater and other refuse into the back yard is investigated—typhoid, you see. For the Canadian conservationist considers not only the Canadian farmer's bank account, but the mental, moral and physical conditions of his life. He desires not only that the Canadian farmer shall be financially well-to-do but that he and his family shall be healthy, happy and contented on their farm as well.

For example, the physical condition of the farmer's house itself is considered as vitally important. That there

shall, if possible, be running water in the house is deemed of great value to the health of the women. With the long and cold Canadian winters, for the members of the Canadian farmer's family—and especially for the women—to be without running water in the house for all purposes is a serious thing.

"What do you do with all this information when you have got it?" is the question that you who read this will ask—and that I asked.

"Well," was the answer, "we do not preach at the people about it. We do not feel that it impresses the farmer very much to tell him how beautiful farm life is, and how he ought to have music and books in his house and crop rotations in his fields—and all that. Our idea is to let the farmer do his own preaching to his own mind and soul; and we try to make the farmer preach to himself on the text: 'Be ye warmed and filled.'

"We think it better to make each farmer's family an audience—or, rather, a council—in which all the members talk these things over when the information is given to them and when they consider the information which they have given us. In other words, our idea is to get the man who occupies the land to thinking about his plan of management; then about the mistakes, losses and unhappiness that come to him, and the cause of those things that he ought not to have done or suffered.

"When he finds out that he is only making a part of what he might make out of his soil; that his doctor and funeral bills might be decreased and—so far as doctor bills are concerned—almost wiped out; when he realizes how much easier and happier as well as more profitable his life might be—why, that farmer and his family do the rest of it themselves."

Conservation a National Program

AN AGENT of the Conservation Commission examined—that is, talked to, along the above lines—a farmer in Prince Edward Island. Among other subjects developed was the appearance of smut in the farmer's oats. When the agent again visited this place the farmer himself brought up this subject of the smut in his oats. He had figured out for himself the loss he had suffered from this grain disease.

Apparently, before the agent's visit he had regarded smut in his oats as a visitation of Providence. So he had never thought of the fact that he was throwing away a portion of his own labor and that of his sons—and that means their lives; but he had been thinking of it very hard since the conservation agent visited him. He had begun to study for himself how to reduce the loss caused by smut in his oats. And that led him to think of other things.

After having examined these hundred farms in each province in the way that I have described roughly, a certain number of farms in the province are selected for illustration farms. The agent of the commission says to the farmer whose land has been chosen:

"Would you mind if your farm and farming should be used as an illustration for all this community—or for those who care to come to see? We would help you by advice concerning rotation of crops, the best use of soils, the prevention of weeds, and so forth. We want you to let all your fellow farmers who visit you see your accounts and learn for themselves how you are able to do better than they. You would find that putting running-water facilities in your house will give the women pride in their home and perhaps save you a good many doctor bills and pay you many hundred per cent on the slight investment. Will you do that?"

This, of course, is only a rough idea of the general line of talk by which the commission induces this farmer to make his land an illustration farm. You will see for yourself that by this time the farmer is himself almost an officer or an agent of the Conservation Commission. His thought is aroused. So is the thought of every member of his family. And, what is even more important, if possible, his pride and that of every member of his family has been subtly and profoundly appealed to. So it is that these illustration farms become the practical agencies of the Canadian conservation movement. If the Dominion Government appropriated millions of dollars it could not get such extensive and vital results by mere compulsory and autocratic action.

The commission has a little money granted it by the Dominion Parliament wherewith it can pay the farmer, who permits his place to become an illustration farm, for the time and trouble of showing visiting farmers over his place, exhibiting his accounts, and so on. It is a very small sum, but it is enough to satisfy the farmer that he is not merely being "used."

The result of this system is that the very best in the minds and characters of the farmer and his whole family is awakened. It has been working, of course, less than two years, and as yet cannot be said to be established; but even in this brief time the results are astonishing. Improvement in the intimate localities of the illustration farms is manifest, even to the casual observer.

That this improvement is sure to spread is as certain as the sunrise. The neighboring farmers want to do better than the illustration farmer. They want to show the commission that the farmer who owns the farm selected for purposes of illustration is not quite so good a man as might have been chosen. Thus rivalry is effective.

Also—and every one of us knows that this is no negligible motive—all these farmers who have learned from the object-lessons of the illustration farms find, to their delight and surprise, that their profits are greater. They find that they have not so much sickness in their families. They find their womenfolk more cheerful. They find their boys less discontented. In short, life has suddenly grown a little bit brighter for them. Everybody knows what it means to have a discontented boy on the farm—a boy who wants to get away to town or to "see the world"; a boy who is grumbling—and justly grumbling—about hard and desolate conditions.

I think very few people—even very few families—realize the dark importance of the depression of life caused by monotonous, unsanitary and financially hard farming conditions. For example, most insanity that occurs among farmers' wives is due almost entirely to these bleak circumstances. And just this the Canadian conservationists are trying to correct. It is decidedly notable work, is it not? It is a good work from the viewpoint of the farmer's bank account and the ease of mind that results; but it is an exalted work from the higher point of view of enabling human beings to get something out of life while they are here on this earth.

Also—and I suspect that the wise Canadian statesmen have this in mind—it is developing a sturdier people, better contented with their Government, more completely equipped to be intelligent electors; and, in case of trouble, not only more willing but abler to do any public duty and perform any public service that might fall to their lot as citizens.

This is only a beginning, however. Perhaps it is the least important part of the real beginning. Following fast upon the heels of what I have described came another Canadian development. This is a child of the Canadian conservation movement and, therefore, a grandchild of the American conservation movement. It deserves an article to itself. Indeed, perhaps I should have done better to devote most of this article to the brief paragraphs that follow.

Canada also has established a Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education. At the head of this commission is that really notable humanist, Doctor Robertson, who also is a member of the Conservation Commission I have described, being chairman of the land committee of that commission. This industrial training and technical education commission has real powers.

Its members receive compensation—although very small—and traveling expenses. The committee is empowered to hold hearings under oath and to compel the production of books and papers. It operates everywhere. Within eight months it has visited one hundred places. It enters, in a helpful, uplifting and practical way, into the whole life of the Canadian people. Let me give you a fair sample of how it does this work. Take, for example, the carpenter trade. The commission summons a carpenter in the city or town that it visits. Is he made afraid by the summons? Quite the reverse. The summons is a polite request, put in such a way that the carpenter is very glad indeed to come before the commission to be examined.

"How long have you been a carpenter and how long have you lived here?"

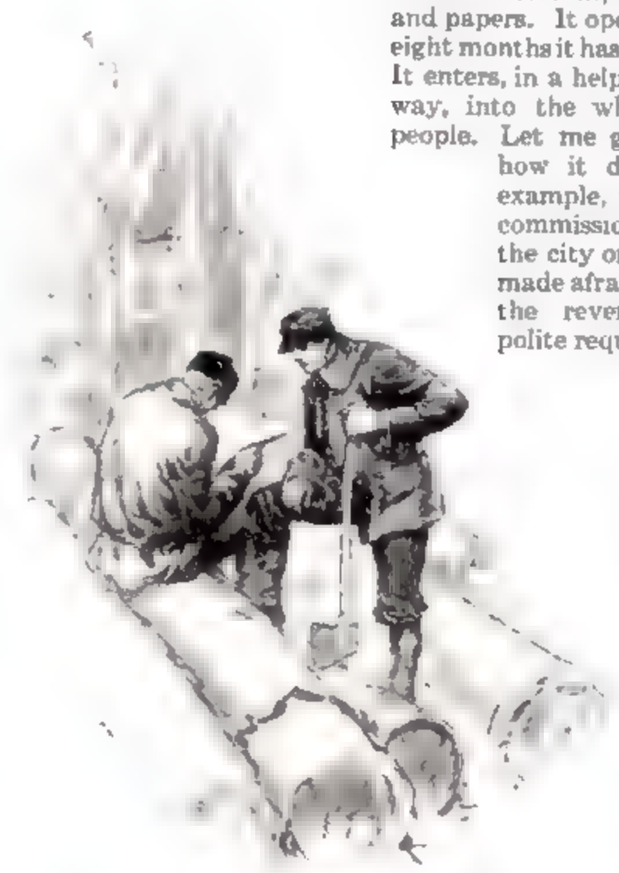
"Oh, so long."

"Where did you learn your trade?"

"In England," answers he—or wherever it was.

"What kind of education do you think your son needs?"—this question is led up to very naturally and sensibly.

"Why," blurts out the carpenter, "more training; more sense more common-sense."



The Canadians are Giving Their Attention to It Before Their Resources Have Been Very Much Impaired

And the carpenter proceeds to tell the commission his ideas about technical and industrial education, without such terms as "technical" and "industrial" ever being mentioned to him.

The same thing is done in every trade and occupation. From all this the commission gets the suggestions of the people themselves about what is good for them. The carpenter, the boiler-maker, the plumber, the stenographer, the accountant, the farmer, and others frankly tell what their plain common-sense ideas are about what would be good for their children to know; and their opinions, mind you, are based on the accumulated experience of their lives. Thus is gathered a fund of lifelong wisdom from men in active employment. You see what that means. Does not each one of us say, almost every day: "Well, if only I had known when I started out what I know now how much better I could have done!" It is just in order to give every one who wants it the benefit of such accumulated experience that the Canadian Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education is at work.

What the Old World Contributes to Canada

THESE Canadians on the conservation and technical and industrial training commissions do not attempt to do their work upon mere theory or book-learning. You may be sure that when a conservation agent visits a farmer, for example, that agent knows a great deal more about practical farming in its every phase than the farmer himself does. He is as good a practical farmer as the man he visits, plus all the education in the science of agriculture.

The same is true, though in lesser degree, of those who interview the workers in the various industrial and technical occupations. In short, these agents get the facts—the latest, up-to-date facts. They get these facts at first hand and they get them from everywhere.

They visit other countries and learn from actual personal investigation on farms, in factories, in schools, what other peoples have done to improve human conditions and what mistakes these other peoples have made. Only last month one of the ablest of these agents went on such a mission to Europe.

The British Islands, Germany, France, Denmark—all countries that can furnish information—are visited personally. This is precisely the method that the Japanese began to use about fifteen years ago in trying to solve their problems, notably the tariff.

"What of it?" you say. "What are they going to do with all this information after they have got it?"

Hardly anything at all—and yet, to my mind, everything. The result of all this work is sent in a plain, simple statement to every provincial government, every county, every town, in the whole Dominion. Lectures are delivered to those who will listen to them by the real educators. And these people are only too anxious to find out by what methods they can better help those they try to teach. My own experience proves to me that there is no body of men and women in the whole world so devotedly anxious to know what they ought to do to help humanity as the teachers, men and women, of the people.

(Concluded on Page 53)

And the Carpenter Proceeds to Tell the Commission His Ideas About Technical and Industrial Education

We Want to Know

Our mails are full of letters of praise and pleasant words for *Whitman's*

With an occasional complaint.

Now we do not know, but we suspect that sometimes a buyer gets a package of *Whitman's* chocolates or confections that does not please—and does not let us know.

$1.00 a pound

We have devised an almost perfect method of direct distribution to each *Whitman's* agency.

We keep track of every package till it is sold to a satisfied buyer.

But no human plans work without hitches.

$1.00 a pound

Sometimes an express package lies in the sun and the chocolates inside are mottled by partly melting. This injures their appearance, though not their quality.

Our agent will make good, most cheerfully, any package that may be returned—for any reason. We back every box marked *Whitman's*

If you are not thoroughly pleased with it return it to the agent, or write direct to us.

We want you to have a perfect package or the price returned.

If you are not *delighted*, tell the man behind the sign

Whitman's CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

or tell us—

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.

PHILADELPHIA U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

CUTTING OUT THE MOTIONS IN BUSINESS

By Edward Mott Woolley

A FIRM of painting contractors not long ago secured a very big contract through discoveries it made in the study of motion—and motion is the most important thing in business.

This firm had bid unsuccessfully several times on the painting of elevated railway structures. Every one knows that such a job must be largely guesswork to a painter who has never done it. To gauge the number of motions necessary is quite as difficult as to determine in advance the quantity of paint required.

So the company built a wooden framework in exact duplication of a section of elevated railroad. Under strict secrecy, especially as to results, time-studies were conducted and elaborate records made. The investigation covered a period of several weeks and the same painters were not employed on the experiments continuously. Nobody except the men who made the observations knew what sequences of painting operations were laid out as the most economical of motion.

In these tests the work of skillful and unskillful painters was compared, and it was demonstrated that the former sometimes wasted more motion on this job than the latter. Some painters consumed double the number of movements that others did—and not a man among them knew the best way to go at it, where to start or how to proceed.

When the time came to bid again, however, the company went far under the next highest bidder and astonished even the elevated railway people. Nevertheless it made a handsome profit, every dollar of which was extracted from the motions it had saved. Rigid measures, of course, were necessary to supervise the work and prevent waste movement from creeping in. The painters were turned into veritable machines. They were not asked to work any harder or faster than commonly, but to follow directions and work continuously.

The public has heard a great deal recently about so-called scientific management and most people think it is something new and complicated. In reality it is as old as truth itself, and, so far as the ordinary man needs it, as simple as the alphabet. Nor is it expensive in its everyday application. In many instances it will cost you nothing except the study and effort you put upon it. If you have a big plant, and need the technical brand of scientific management, it will cost you cash to start with; but in the ordinary store and office you can apply it yourself. Don't mistake the mechanism for the thing itself. The underlying principle is to get at the truth of motion and substances. Any average man, with faculties reasonably analytical, can make time-studies and can learn to know goods.

Cracking Hard Business Nuts

In scientific management great stress is laid on standards. A standard is simply the best thing or the best way. You need not necessarily hire an expert to fix your standards for you; but if you establish them yourself you must also establish some sort of mechanism to maintain them. You may get the mechanism from reading, or you may invent it, or copy it, or pay for it. You may call it scientific management or simply name it efficiency—or call it nothing at all. The name makes no difference, but the thing itself may turn failure into success, poverty into prosperity. If all the waste motions in the world could be turned into pennies they would make a mountain range that would cover the whole earth.

And yet, in your case, you don't need to worry about the other fellow's lost motions. All you need to hunt out are the movements you are paying for in your business and losing. There are pennies enough in those to keep you going a long time.

A grocer in upper New York figured up his first year's business, took an inventory and found that his assets were seven hundred dollars less than they were when he started. In other words, his store had fallen that much short of earning him a living.

Some radical action was necessary. If he continued to deplete his capital at the same rate another year would see him in a tight place, while a third year would bring certain failure. To assure his continuance, one of three things was imperative: first a large increase in trade; second, a lopping off of seven hundred dollars in store expense; third, a fifty per cent reduction in the cost of living.

The first proposition did not seem possible. Within the year another grocery had opened on the opposite corner, while two others had located in the immediate district he served. The neighboring grocery trade was already unreasonably competitive, and to attempt spectacular selling methods would bring crippling expense and plunge him into a war the outcome of which would be very dubious. Besides, it might cause the abandonment of his policy of selling for cash, and this policy he was resolved not to give up. The wise thing, he reasoned, would be to go along cautiously, giving reliable groceries and good service, and trust to slow but steady growth.

Here, however, he was confronted by the second proposition: reduction of store expense. He believed he was already operating as economically as possible. He had four clerks, counting his delivery boy, when he really needed five. To dispense with a clerk seemed impossible without working great harm to his service. His delivery facilities, too, must be kept up. Stabling and repairs to wagon and harness were fixed; and so were rent, light, insurance and general upkeep.

Paying for Useless Motions

When he turned to the third proposition—reduction in living expense—he almost despaired. His family comprised seven persons and there was no hope from this source.

One day a city salesman of analytical tendencies said to him, pointing to a clerk who was putting up sugar: "Why don't you get a bigger scoop and save a lot of those motions? That clerk has made six trips between the sugar bin and the counter just on that one package. And see that other clerk over there—wrapping a mixed sale. He makes several motions to every one that is necessary. If I wanted a job at clerking I'd come in here and guarantee to do forty per cent more work than your best clerk, without expending any more energy."

This germ fell in receptive soil. The grocer never had heard of scientific management, but he began at once to practice it in principle. In the beginning he had no idea what it would mean to him. As he saw it then, the art of cutting out motions was merely a way to give customers quicker service and so help to build trade. Many times he had seen impatient customers walk out and go across the street to the new grocery.

Little by little the real significance of time-study dawned on him. He discovered it to be the solution of his financial problem. He learned that motion meant money; that when he paid for ten thousand useless motions a day he paid for the services of one clerk more than he needed. Here, in one total, he believed he could save six hundred dollars of his deficit.

He had no help in his investigations and knew nothing of the technical procedure that governs the work of the time-study expert. In his own crude way he experimented to discover the quickest way of performing the routine of the store. With his watch he timed the old way and the new. For instance, he found that graduated scoops sometimes cut the number of seconds more than seventy per cent. In dipping up sugar, rice, tea, and goods of that sort, it became his purpose to approximate the purchase as closely as possible—but, at least, to use a scoop too big rather than too small. For every bin he provided several scoops, building a rack inside the bin to keep the implements out of the way of each other.

The average operation of wrapping, he found, took more than double the necessary movements. On light packages, stickers

"The last can!"

DON'T wait for that emergency.

Don't find yourself some fine day just at the dinner hour and just as the grocery store is closing—with only a single solitary can of

Campbell's SOUPS

Order them by the dozen. And see to it that *your larder is always supplied* with these wholesome satisfying soups.

They are *always* suitable, and always welcome.

Your family will enjoy one of these various Campbell kinds at least once a day. Your most fastidious guests will approve them.

With Campbell's Soups at hand your most critical dinner-course is always provided for.

No better soups are served anywhere at any price. We say this without qualification. And if you don't agree with us after tasting them the grocer returns your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

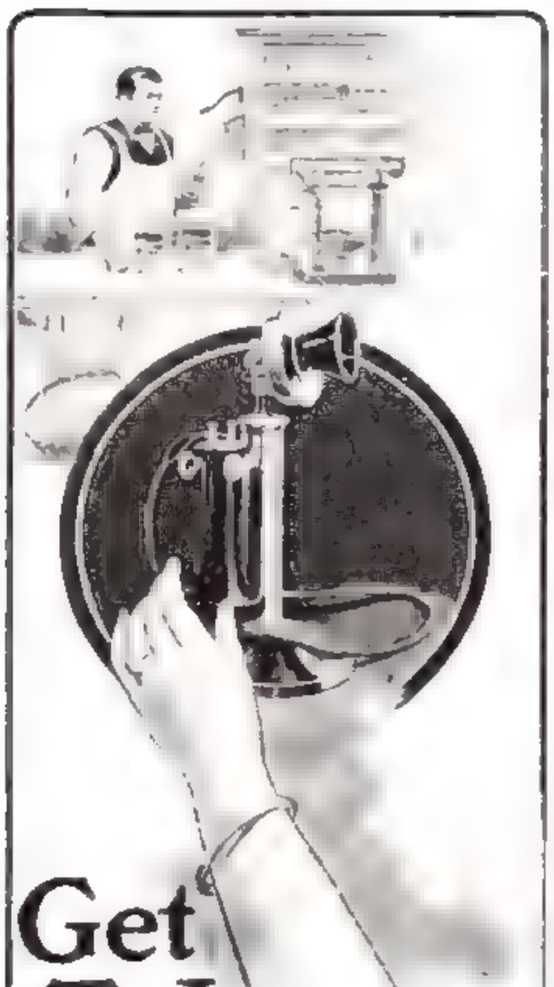
Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY

Camden N J

"I love to remember
That May to December
And then from December to May,
Is *Campbell's Soup* season,
And that is the reason
I'm *always* so
Smiling and gay."



Get To It

Ask your Grocer for

POSTUM

There is really no need for much of the headache and nervousness one hears about. A large part of it is the result of faulty living.

Improper table beverages which contain "irritants" contribute much to bodily discomfort, and the cause may be the thing least suspected.

The quick and easy way to relief is to make a change!

If annoyed by ills that mar health and happiness stop using your usual hot table beverage ten days and try well-made

POSTUM

Thousands have done it and know

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

were substituted for string. On heavy bundles, stronger cord was used so that one winding sufficed. The motions were worth far more than the extra cost of the heavier twine.

Another motion-clipping expedient was the policy of listing all counter sales, so far as possible, before they were filled, as if they had been delivery orders. Thus clerks were able to collate goods with the minimum number of steps, and were able to foot up the total of an order without going through the familiar process of fumbling the packages in the effort to remember what each contained. Experiments showed that clerks could often wait on three or four customers in the minutes lost by the duplication of trips about the store.

By degrees a new system of shelf classification was adopted, as arbitrary as the plan of the modern factory storeroom. In former days a vast amount of time had been lost in searching for goods. The new plan was to have less stock on the shelves, but to have each item instantly accessible. The store boy was given stated hours for replenishing the shelves from the stockroom, an operation formerly done by the clerks as they saw fit. Much congestion had been caused during rush hours by this waste movement. In every operation it was the policy to relieve the higher-paid employees of motions that might be performed by cheaper labor. An extra boy could be hired to work two hours for ten cents, while the same work done by a clerk would cost forty cents. Ultimately a special boy was engaged to draw molasses and kerosene, and to do similar low-grade work that had devoured costly motions.

It was six months before the grocer felt sure enough of his ground to dispense with a clerk. Then for a few weeks things went badly. His great difficulty all along had been the lack of willing cooperation; and now, when his clerks found themselves taking on what seemed an extra burden, they came near rebellion. It was hard to make them realize that what he asked was not more work, but a simple economy of energy. Likewise, it was hard for the grocer to realize that to accomplish this he must reward them. Finally he accepted the logic of the situation and added two dollars a week to the wages of each adult clerk, and a dollar to the delivery boy's pay. This, however, cut his anticipated saving in half, but it raised his clerks gradually to the plane of efficiency. They were earning higher wages than other grocers were paying and they were anxious to make the plan a success.

A Drastic But Profitable Remedy

The motion-studies were carried into a hundred other ramifications. With the increased volume of trade, due in large measure to improved service, the business came out nearly even at the close of the second year after paying the grocer's living expenses. Today the store is a very prosperous one.

In a Pennsylvania town two young men saw an opportunity to make money by manufacturing wooden toys. They began in a shed and after a while put up a small building adjacent. This, in turn, proved inadequate and a wing was added, followed, a year later, by another. Thus the factory comprised four structures—and even with these facilities it ran behind orders.

Then the enterprise began to pay smaller dividends, despite increased business. Expenses were slashed in every way possible; but, for some unaccountable reason, the profits decreased in adverse ratio to the volume of trade. It became necessary to do something revolutionary or quit.

In Pittsburgh there was a manufacturer from whom these young men had bought most of their metal parts. Now one of them went to ask his advice.

"Why is it," said the toy man, "that we made money in the beginning and can't make any now? Logically, it ought to be cheaper to manufacture our product in large quantities, but our cost-sheets show the reverse. Of course labor has gone up a little and raw material a little more, but these items do not account for the discrepancy."

The steel man handed his caller a pencil and pad and asked him to outline the layout of the toy factory. There was no need afterward for questioning.

"Your profits," he said, "have gone into waste motion. Your high manufacturing

At Last-

The VIRTUOLO

SUPPOSE the leading piano dealer in your home town were an old friend of the family.

Suppose he 'phoned you enthusiastically that he had just received a new kind of player piano—the Virtuolo—and that he was sending it to your house to try, just to see what you think of it.

Suppose, after dinner, you draw the seat up to the Virtuolo and insert a music roll—a piece you always like to hear played brilliantly.

Suppose you run the roll through just once to get the purpose of the simple buttons under your left hand, that govern the volume of sound and bring out the melody above the accompaniment, and also to get the "hang" of the little lever in your right hand that governs the time of the piece—fast or slow.

Suppose you then start the roll through again, and you find yourself bringing out the music with all the inspiration and feeling you would throw into it if you could play masterfully by hand, forgetting all about the way you do it.

What happens? You suddenly discover that the piano means as much to you as to any trained pianist—that your finger touch on the buttons is *instinctive*—that playing beautifully is second nature to you.

We've been supposing, but the above is practically what will happen if you will let our dealer send you a Virtuolo player piano on trial.

We want you to hear yourself play with inspiration—*instinctively*, on the Virtuolo in your own home, free of any purchase restrictions, without any agreement on your part to keep it unless you decide it is what you want.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO

The Hallet & Davis Piano Company has been manufacturing fine and well-known pianos in Boston for over seventy years. We have spent a fortune bringing this advanced type of player piano to perfection. The Virtuolo is made in our $500,000 model "daylight" factory in Boston. We offer it in the Hallet & Davis Piano at **$700** in a special mahogany Colonial case. At **$775** in a refined Arts & Crafts design. Also in the Conway Piano at **$575** in a chaste design walnut or mahogany case.

We make special easy terms of payment as low as $15 monthly. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair values. Our reliable, fully guaranteed Lexington player piano is sold at **$450** and **$485**, on terms as low as $12 monthly.

THE FREE "INNER BEAUTY" BOOK

Tells all about the Virtuolo, and things about music and its *Inner Meaning* that you may not know.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY

Established 1839

Boston *New York* *Newark* *Toledo*

Hallet & Davis Piano Co., Dept. B, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Without obligation on my part, please send me full information about your Free Home Test Plan on the Virtuolo, also copy of "Inner Beauty" Book

Name _____ *Street Address* _____

City and State _____

The Era of Town-Building in Western Canada

How the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Plants Towns in "The Kingdom of Wheat"

In 1913 the last spike will be driven on the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canada's ocean-to-ocean line that has opened new worlds of opportunity for men of push and pluck

The line from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains is completed, with a network of branches tapping millions of acres of the richest wheat land on the continent.

More than 100 new towns have sprung into existence to meet the demand for market facilities on the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific. These hundred rapidly growing towns are calling for men.

10,000 Business Openings

Right now they need, most of all, armies of carpenters, bricklayers, stone masons, plumbers, electricians, mechanics, laborers (skilled or unskilled). There are opportunities for school teachers, lawyers, physicians, clerks, bookkeepers. There are splendid openings for general stores, drug stores, hardware stores, grocery stores, meat markets, shoe stores, barber shops, laundries, furniture stores, millinery stores, repair and blacksmith shops, lumber yards, etc., etc. The trade of thriving communities is there *waiting*

How They Grow

Town-building goes forward with remarkable rapidity in Western Canada. The rate of growth seems incredible, yet here are the actual facts.

18	Western Canada towns grew	500%	in 1910
17	" " " "	400%	in 1910
22	" " " "	300%	in 1910

The Canadian Government is constantly issuing new maps of the Dominion because of the hundreds of new towns and the thousands of miles of new railroads

The tremendous activity in town building typifies the spirit of Western Canada—the spirit of Achievement conquering the Last Best West

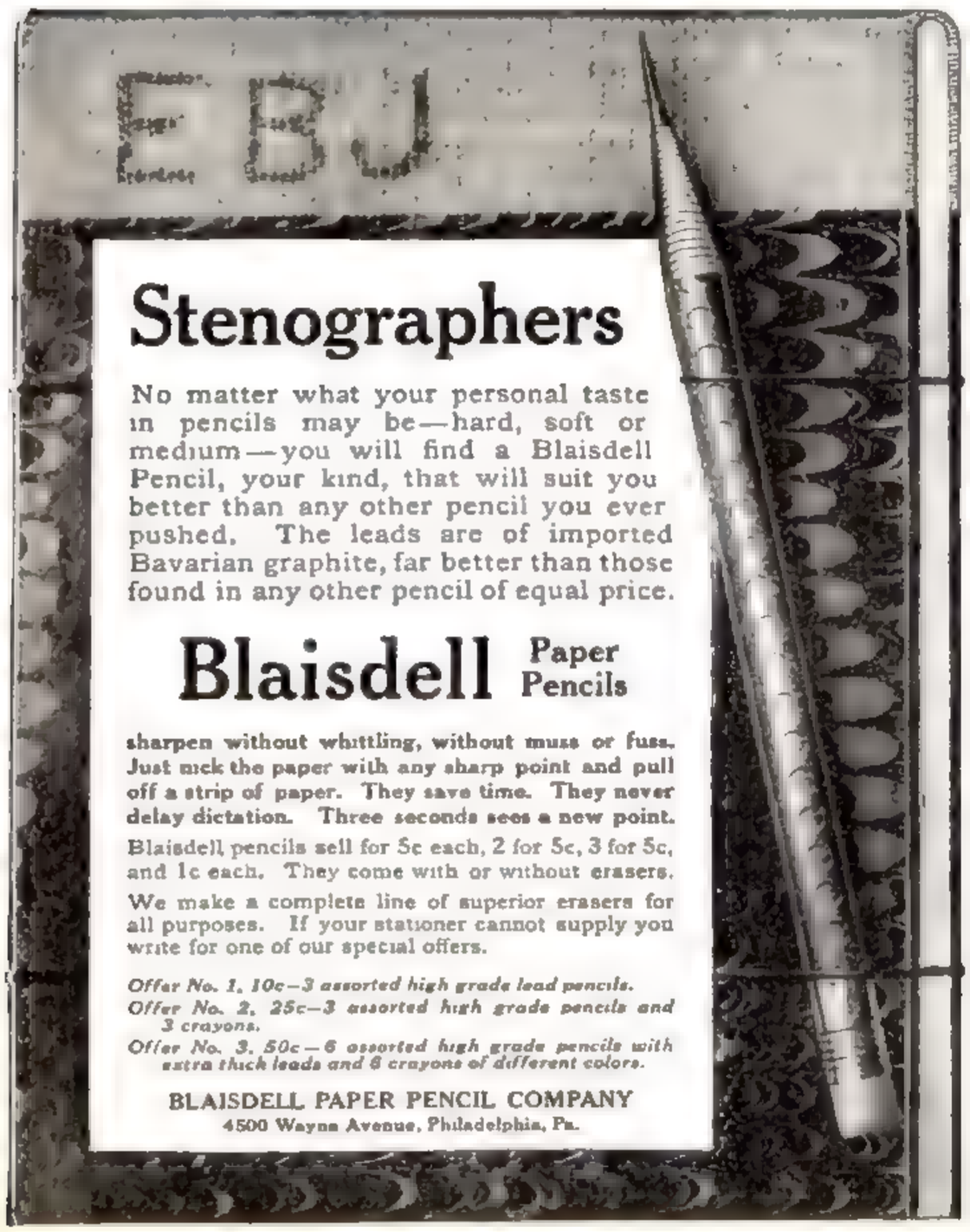
Are You Looking for a Real Opportunity?

Information in regard to new towns on the various lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will be gladly supplied on request. If this brief outline of the exceptional opportunities offered by Western Canada towns interests you, *act quickly*, for Western Canadian towns are going right ahead, whether you come or not *Hesitation means falling behind*

In writing for further particulars give your name and address, state your business experience, whether married or single. Then we will help you decide where to go.

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner, Room 300, Union Station, Winnipeg, Canada — *Or* — TRANSCONTINENTAL TOWNSITE CO., Ltd., Agents, Room 300, 268 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada



Stenographers

No matter what your personal taste in pencils may be—hard, soft or medium—you will find a Blaisdell Pencil, your kind, that will suit you better than any other pencil you ever pushed. The leads are of imported Bavarian graphite, far better than those found in any other pencil of equal price.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

sharpen without whittling, without muss or fuss. Just nick the paper with any sharp point and pull off a strip of paper. They save time. They never delay dictation. Three seconds sees a new point.

Blaisdell pencils sell for 5c each, 2 for 5c, 3 for 5c, and 1c each. They come with or without erasers.

We make a complete line of superior erasers for all purposes. If your stationer cannot supply you write for one of our special offers.

Offer No. 1, 10c—3 assorted high grade lead pencils.
Offer No. 2, 25c—3 assorted high grade pencils and 3 crayons.
Offer No. 3, 50c—6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL COMPANY
4500 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

costs are due to the duplication of steps and other movements. In the beginning your operations were simple and compact—there was fair efficiency of motion; but when you began to grow you began to waste your energies. You had no plan of extension in view, no routing of parts, no grouping of allied operations. You must abandon your haphazard plant and erect one that embodies modern ideas."

To do this took considerable financing, but today the toy factory is as profitable a little enterprise as one would wish. The comfortable income of its owners is carved year by year from waste movements.

In Chicago a man said to his wife one day: "This relish you make is the best in the country. I believe there'd be money in manufacturing it for sale."

They began the enterprise in their own kitchen and the product sold well. Within a year they were making a living from it. Then, without going outside of the house, they expanded, merely taking on another room across the hall from the kitchen. This necessitated the hiring of a woman to help, but it was soon apparent that the business would not stand a tax of ten dollars a week. After two months the helper was discharged and the work again contracted to the kitchen. Immediately the enterprise paid a living again and neither husband nor wife worked any harder. The simple truth was this: the wages of the helper had gone into the waste motions engendered by unnecessary space. With shelving, utensils, and other equipment almost within reach, all this waste was eliminated.

The lesson was one that helped found a successful business. When, finally, another expansion was imperative, a house was taken with a larger kitchen. Even in this, husband and wife were able to do the work unassisted. Not until the original space had been doubled was additional help secured. This plan of evolution was followed as the business grew into large proportions, the operating space being kept as compact as possible and great attention given to motion-saving facilities.

Enter the Business Doctor

The reports of a mercantile agency a year ago, contained a compilation of business failures due to various reasons. Unnecessary motion was not given as a cause in any of the instances, but a subsequent study of two of these failures, picked at random, showed some instructive things.

The first concern was a wholesale hardware house. It had been running down for several years; and the cause of the failure, according to the mercantile agency, was lack of capital. The receiver, on behalf of the creditors, began to close out the business.

At this juncture appeared a former competitor of the house. He had retired from business rich; but, weary of idleness, he wanted more worlds to conquer. He was familiar with the methods the house had pursued, and now he proposed taking a controlling interest if the old stockholders would assume the debts and pay them in full out of the dividends he promised. This arrangement was made and the business resumed.

The first reform was a sweeping rearrangement of salesmen's routes, city and country. In former days the sales-manager took his pencil and drew a zigzag line along a map in offhand judgment, and this line constituted a salesman's route. The new scheme, however, was based on a thorough analysis of distances and railway schedules. The old policy had been a guess; the new policy was knowledge. On the average, thirty per cent of the travel movements were cut off, while the selling operation was speeded up to what the scientific manager calls normal maximum efficiency. This means the accomplishment each day of the task of which men are capable without undue strain.

The next reform was in the office and throughout the house. For a week or two partitions, railings and desks were in chaos; but when they emerged probably a thousand steps had been cut out hourly. New forms and methods of accounting eliminated perhaps ten thousand arm-motions a day. A hundred short cuts, from front office to shipping room, helped reduce the number of employees from one hundred and fifteen to seventy.

To sell the same volume of business as before, only half the motions were necessary—the business paid dividends from the date of its rehabilitation. The technical

It has been officially established by the U. S. Government and proven in many hard fought endurance contests that the

Colt Automatic Pistol

Is the Most Accurate Is the Most Durable

The first target—nearly full size—was made off hand with a Colt Automatic Pistol that had been fired ten thousand times without cleaning. The second target containing eighty shots was made with ten Colt Automatic Pistols taken from stock.

The man about to buy an automatic pistol needs no more convincing evidence that his choice should be a COLT.

The U. S. Government adopted the COLT because—

"The Colt embodies all the features considered essential, desirable and preferable."

Its superiority over any other known Automatic Pistol is so pronounced that none can fail to see its overshadowing efficiency.

Send for Victory Folder No. 85. It tells the story of the government trials and WHY the COLT is best.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford - Conn.

Wrappers

IF a Havana wrapper is a shade off in quality it makes a poor cigar. Burns badly. Tastes strong. Won't stay lit. That's why we wrap the Flor de Mendel in Sumatra. Keeps the cigar mild. Perfectly retains the fine flavor of the pure Havana inside. Stays lit. The true smoker's cigar.

FLOR DE MENDEL

T[illegible] for [illegible] Your dealer [illegible] Flor de Mendel [illegible] C[illegible] H[illegible] has not, [illegible] us [illegible] with $3.50 an[illegible] we will send [illegible] with a box of 50 three-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY
202 E. 100th Street New York

expert in scientific management would have been able to tell you the exact number of motions saved, but that is more a matter of degree than of substance.

The second instance in this mercantile agency's list was that of a painting contractor who had made an assignment, alleging that the big fellows had bid so far under him that he was no longer able to compete. He lacked capital, he declared, to buy goods in quantities and obtain the necessary equipment.

A study of his methods showed that he had been in the habit of bidding on contracts many miles apart. Sometimes he had three or four gangs at work simultaneously, with scarcely a semblance of supervision. Repeated experiments have proved that workmen, in any field of endeavor, are not the best judges of their own movements. Seldom does a worker know the best way; or, if he knows it, not often is he interested in following it. Aside from the time these painters wasted in idleness, they lost perhaps forty per cent of their motions. In carrying and mixing paints, in placing ladders and scaffolds in selecting the sequences of surfaces to be painted—they needed to be directed in accordance with predetermined standards; but standards were little more than Greek to this contractor. He would have laughed had any one suggested that waste motion, not lack of capital, had floored him.

In a New England city a father and three sons started a little department store, occupying one floor and a basement. They dignified it as the People's Emporium. The father had been a traveling salesman and thought he knew the business thoroughly. He did know goods—but that is only a part—and often the smaller part of merchandizing. One important thing he did not know: the economy of motion—alias economy of nickels, dimes and dollars.

Even before he gave his grand opening he began to waste movements. When his goods arrived he opened the cases on the sidewalk and had the contents carried in piecemeal by half a dozen men who worked under no detailed plan. Goods were handled time and again, the main object being to get them inside and dump them anywhere.

Of course all this caused a cheerful bustle and a passer-by gave the new merchant a friendly slap on the back, remarking:

"You're going to make things hum, I see."

True enough! Some things were humming already—notably the expense meter. This embryo department-store chief, like a lot of other business men, hadn't learned to read it.

Chaos in a Store

The landlord had made the alterations asked for; but after the opening it was found advisable to make numerous rearrangements of shelves and counters and goods, and others kept suggesting themselves—all consuming motion that cost cash. It was found, for example, that the stairway to the basement was not well located from a selling point of view, for it descended in an isolated corner. Probably the landlord would have moved it had he been asked to do so at the proper time; but now, with the lease in his safe, he declined. So the merchant did it at his own expense, consoling himself with the certainty that the change would be a paying investment. And this conclusion was true in a way.

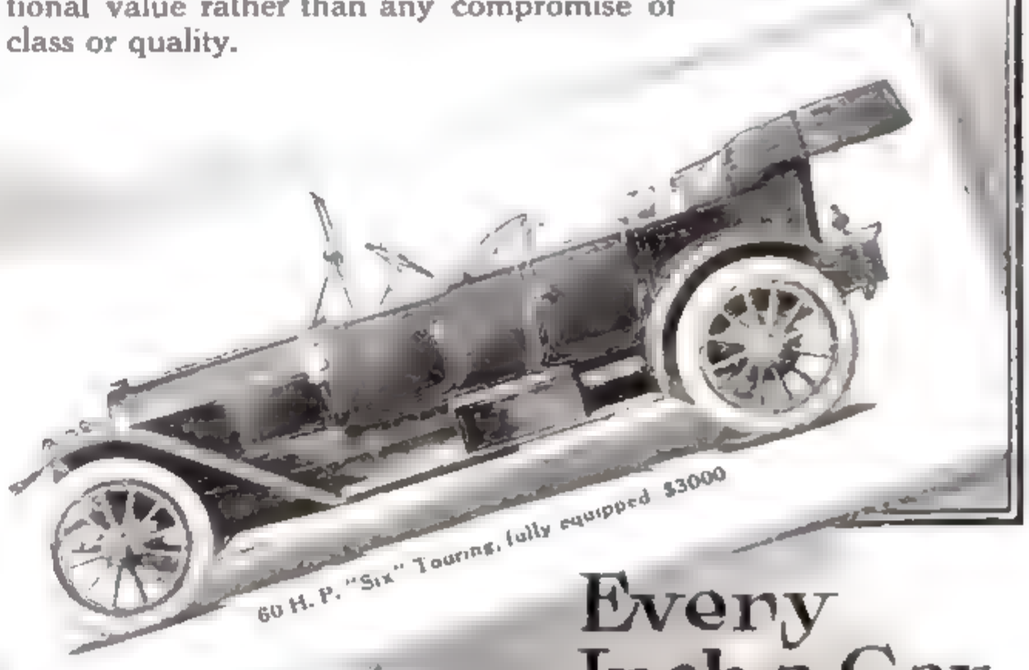
However, all these betterments, even tardy though they were, lacked any semblance of coordination. Nothing had any reference to anything else or to the whole. The improvements came from no analysis of the store into units, but were detached efforts, frequently offsetting one another. The stairway, for instance, was a betterment in itself, but its new location chopped up the counters and shelves in the middle of the main floor. From a standpoint of merchandizing—as well as motion—the thing was almost pitiable.

The greatest extravagance lay in the serving of customers. It was extravagance of motion, pure and simple. Not only were the goods shelved without reference to time-conservation, but the handling operations on the counters consumed from fifty to a thousand per cent more motion than was required. Here is a typical example: A sale of gunmetal chains drew a crowd to the counter, and for want of contrivances for holding the chains they were promptly tangled. Then the clerks threw them, in hopeless clusters, into boxes and handed

KisselKar

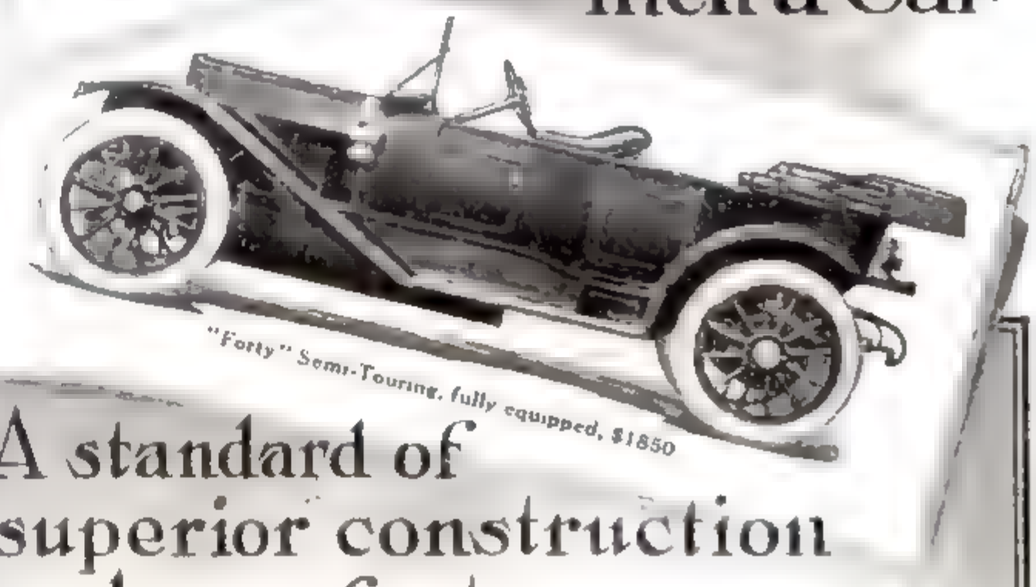
Make any demand of the KisselKar—demand style and comfort in comparison with the four, five and six thousand dollar cars—demand standardized construction, road ability, quietness, comfort, low maintenance, and every other quality and the KisselKar will meet your demand generously.

You may feel liberal about the price you are willing to pay, but *see* the KisselKar—*ride* in it—*inquire* about it, and you will realize that the medium price represents exceptional value rather than any compromise of class or quality.



60 H. P. "Six" Touring, fully equipped $3000

Every Inch a Car



"Forty" Semi-Touring, fully equipped, $1850

A standard of superior construction and comfort

Wherever automobiles are known, the KisselKar is recognized as a standard of mechanical excellence, comfort and attractiveness. The 1912 models conform to the straight line effect in body design, which, with the slope of forward fenders, give a striking distinction to appearance, while extra liberal wheel base provides for especially commodious tonneaus, luxuriously upholstered, with deep, restful seats.

In a Big Car or a Small One, the 1912 KisselKar Offers the Decisive Values

Every KisselKar model—the "Thirty" at $1500, or the 60 H. P. "Six" at $3000, the "Forty" at $1850, or "Fifty" at $2350, offers a value distinctive at the price. No other $1500 car, for instance, has as big a wheel base as the "Thirty" or the big wheels and tires—none is so roomy. The same features apply to the entire line. In the things that make for full motoring comfort, pleasure and low maintenance, every KisselKar embraces values not found in corresponding models of any other car. The 60 H. P. "Six" $3000, full equipped, is the most conspicuous value in the history of the industry.

For combination use in touring and business, the Semi-Touring body, exclusively a KisselKar feature, is the roomiest, handiest, most economical body ever designed.

If you are going to buy a car, by all means first ride in a KisselKar. Write for elaborately illustrated portfolio, and name of nearest KisselKar branch.

Investigate KisselKar Trucks Two, Three, Four and Five Ton Trucks, and Special Delivery and Public Utility Wagons, possessing special features that reduce haulage costs to the minimum.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. 200 Kissel Ave. HARTFORD, WIS.

O'Sullivan's Heels
OF NEW LIVE RUBBER

Would You Drive a Car Without Tires?

It isn't much worse—only more noticeable—than going without rubber heels.

Some people like noise, rattle, bang—sounds busy. But the auto goes faster, lasts longer, goes more easily, with quiet rubber tires. Man lasts longer and goes faster with live rubber heels.

O'Sullivanize Your Walk

Put a cushion of new live rubber under your heels to save your nervous system the jars and shocks from hard floors and pavements.

Make Every Step an Easy One

O'Sullivan's Heels are a necessity to a million people.

O'Sullivan's Heels are made of live rubber—and that means new rubber, with the spring in it.

Sold attached, at any shoemaker's

O'Sullivan Rubber Company 131 Hudson Street New York City

Mellin's Food
has raised so many
sturdy, happy babies that
it seems a pity that *any* baby
should worry along on a food not
suited to him.

If *your* baby cannot be nursed, or if he is not thriving as you know he should, put him on

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food agrees with babies from the very start. It keeps them healthy and happy while they are growing up, and all the time it is nourishing them and building firm flesh, strong bones, and robust health that will stand them in good stead in after life.

You cannot afford to lose a single day in starting your baby on Mellin's Food. Send to your Druggist's for a bottle today.

Our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be sent to you, free, upon request.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

"We are Advertised by Our Loving Friends"

them back to two girls, taken from other departments, for the untangling. No sooner had they been disengaged from the tenacious embrace than the clerks tangled them up again and dumped them into the boxes once more. Meanwhile many prospective customers went away without getting a chance to buy.

The proprietor saw the crowd about the chain counter and smiled. He thought he was doing a splendid thing—holding this sale. What a hit it was! He did not see that the motions wasted at the sale turned the scale against him and made it an actual loss.

And yet this same proprietor could have stepped across the street and seen a revolving rack, in the store of a competitor, for keeping gunmetal chains apart. Or he might have used a bit of initiative and devised a contrivance of his own.

Then, one day, the store advertised a sale of shirtwaists. The crowd came early and surrounded the counter five or six deep. All sizes from thirty-four to forty-four, in a dozen or more styles, were heaped together. When a customer found a style she wanted she straightway embarked on a hunting expedition in search of the necessary size. Right and left flew the shirtwaists—but as fast as she cast them aside other hunting expeditions tossed them back.

It was a glorious spectacle to the department-store chief. He rubbed his hands and mentally counted his profits.

The same day, eight clerks stood at one time about a wrapping counter, waiting for change and bundles. One small girl, flushed with her feverish efforts, was doing the wrapping. Back at the counters, customers were lined up in impatience; while others, despairing of an opportunity to spend their money, went somewhere else. One of the eight clerks, in playful humor, pinched the arm of the one next to her; and she, in turn, passed the pinch along. It went down the line and back again. Those motions, properly directed, would have sold goods.

At the dressgoods counter a clerk made a C. O. D. sale. She spent a couple of minutes searching the vacant spaces along the shelves and under the counters, and then she called out imperatively

"Where's the C. O. D. book?"

None of the clerks knew. It was common property for all the clerks at the counter and when last seen had been tucked back of a bolt of poplin. A couple of minutes later it was found under a stack of serges and the interrupted procedure went on.

The scientific manager would have inquired—right away—whether a common-property C. O. D. book was the best way, but this merchant was not strong on science—even so simple a science as motion.

Too Busy to Take Money

Over at the notion counter a clerk happened to remember a piece of gossip and went to the stationery counter to repeat it to her chum. While there she laid down her checkbook, which she did not miss until she had returned to her place. Half a dozen customers were already waiting, but they had to wait a few minutes longer until she recovered the book.

In the women's collars, a clerk tucked several sizes together in a box—and, a few minutes later, sorted them again in order to make a sale. Then back went all the sizes together. In the handkerchiefs, too, was a mighty confusion—and in the ribbons. At the thread counter a clerk opened and closed twelve drawers in finding one spool of black silk.

And then, soon after five o'clock, there was such a general concentration on footings that belated customers found it almost impossible to intrude their money upon the store. Most of the clerks had omitted figures during the day and these had to be supplied from the stub spindles. System? Well, not exactly scientific.

Why continue to enumerate the waste motions in this store? It would be more charitable to let the People's Emporium rest in peace. It came to grief—even when the public was standing in line anxious to hand over its cash.

Here was a splendid chance for an analytical business man, but the opportunity went begging. Folks said the store failed because competition was too fierce—and there wasn't a man in the town, except one shrewd and successful competitor, who knew that waste motion, not competition, had eaten up the Emporium. For his own purposes he kept his lips sealed.

Before Buying Your Shoes:

Wouldn't it Pay to See the Catalogue of the Largest Retail Shoe Concern in the World?

DO YOU know that for thirty years Cammeyer has dictated the shoe styles of America?

That The Cammeyer Retail Business reached two million dollars in 1910?

That the great New York store has a capacity of a thousand customers at one time?

That 410 competent salespeople (more than any two other stores in the world) are here to handle our customers?

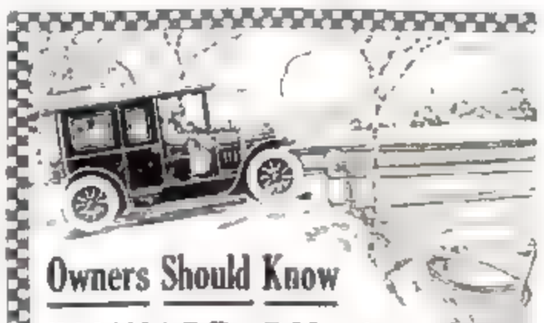
Why Don't YOU Take Advantage of the Same Efficient Service

through the medium of the splendidly equipped Cammeyer Mail-Order Department? A force of thirty people, including Ten expert shoe shoppers, can give you the same careful attention as enjoyed by the New York Men and Women of Fashion every day of the year in this store, though you may live three thousand miles away.

The Cammeyer Catalogue for Fall and Winter, 1911-1912

awaits your inspection. It contains 80 pages of exclusive Cammeyer styles, including portraits of the new shades in Russet Shoes for Fall, and complete facts about shoes in general. Your name and address on a Postal Card addressed to us is all that is necessary.

Cammeyer
Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
6TH Ave. & 20TH St.
NEW YORK CITY



Owners Should Know

PANHARD OIL, because *owners* are deeply interested—*they pay the bills.*

PANHARD OIL was produced to overcome friction scientifically. We have studied oils 35 years. The result of this *practical lubricating experience* has been put in PANHARD OIL. It will not carbonize if properly used

Don't merely ask for a "*good* lubricant"—say "*PANHARD OIL*" to the dealer and insist on it

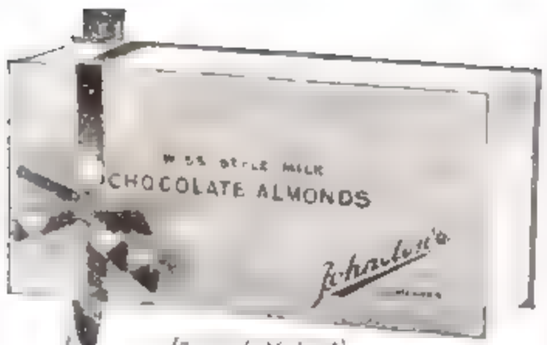
GEORGE A. HAWS, 76 Pine St., New York

PANHARD OIL

Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail

for free booklet, "*Writing For Profit*" send to

The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis



Milk Chocolate Almonds

—a Delightful Summer Candy

Candy that's specially welcome during the warm weather. Fresh, brittle almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness.

Because Johnston's come to the dealer in *small* quantities *often*, you get them always fresh.

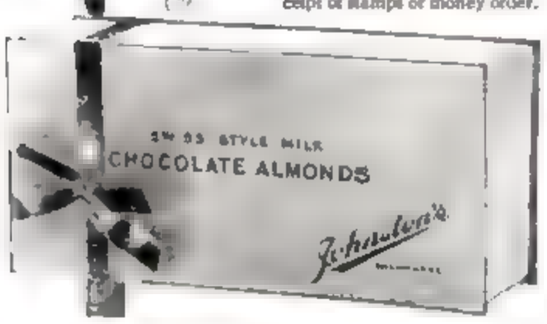
It will pay you to know the Johnston dealer near you.

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps, to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.



Contrasts are agreeable, so here is one to finish. A Southern haberdasher, in trimming his show-windows, found that half a day or more was required every time he changed his display—as he did frequently. Not only was his attention diverted from customers, together with the services of one or two clerks, but the show-window was out of commission longer than he thought necessary. A vacant window, for an hour or a day, means as much relatively as the absence of an advertisement from some issue of a publication. It may mean five, ten or a hundred dollars in sales, for the show-window is a constant business puller.

Tracing the trouble down to its source, the merchant found that it lay in duplicated and erratic motions due to lack of planning.

He might have done his window trimming at night; but, as he kept his store open until nine o'clock, this would have worked a hardship to himself and his clerks. It would have shifted the false motions, but left them in existence. Scientific management gets down to the core and rejects all sophistries. It passes no burden along to somebody else, but cuts straight to the center and throws out everything that is superfluous.

So the haberdasher began to plan his displays on paper. In dull hours he sketched and charted until he had his idea reduced to detail. Then everything he needed for a display was listed in advance and collected in baskets before the work was begun. In this way he was able to trim a window in a quarter of the previous time, without help from his clerks. He adopted the plan, too, of photographing every display, so that the detail might not require laborious work in some future adaptation.

The Game

As the Professor Saw It

A gentleman unknown to me, whose look was quite severe,
Stood still and swung a wooden club at the advancing sphere;
Two times he swung, but fruitlessly; the sphere would deviate
Quite sharply in its rapid course from what was called the "plate."
Then mightily again he struck: the sphere rose high in air,
Described a great parabola, but soon descended where
Its fall was interrupted by a gentleman who stands
Throughout the play with what appears a bag in his two hands.

Then he who struck the sphere ran forth at a right furious pace,
To reach a station on the right that I learned was first base;
But when the swift-descending sphere fell in the player's sack
He slacked his pace perceptibly and then came straightway back.
A second gentleman advanced and watched the hurtling ball
Pass by four times in front of him, but did not strike at all,
Whereon he ran at lesser speed up to first base—I may
Observe the second player's course seemed much the wiser way.

Next when the sphere came swiftly past, the first-base player sped
Tremendously along the line and slid upon his head
A full two fathoms' length or more; whereat a player there
Alighted with both feet on him from leaping high in air,
Which served to put the runner "out," as I then understood,
And checked his further onward course indeed, I think it would.
He then returned whence he set out, but did not seem to be
In such a furious haste as he had been in formerly.

A third contestant swung his club three times with such great force—
I heard the swish of it in air as it described its course—
But did not strike the offered sphere. Stung by the gibes of men,
He gave the matter straightway up and would not try again,
But shook his fist at one in blue, who with each effort cried
Some gibe at him—"Sturr-rike" it was—and waved him then aside.

Gold-Filled Watch Cases That Are Dependable

YOUR representative jeweler will show you a wide range of *styles* in "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" Gold Filled Watch Cases.

His stock is selected from more than *three thousand* exclusive designs, in all sizes for ladies' and men's watches.

Beautiful engraved patterns—Engine-Turned effects—and exquisitely finished Plain Polished cases.

While you are examining the cases note the *depth of the engraving*. There is your plain proof of the thickness of the gold on the "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" goods—which means a lifetime of wear and service.

A cheapened gold-filled watch case can never be engraved deeply—because the engraving tool cuts through the thin film of gold and exposes the composition metal underneath.

Yet you will find such trashy cases stamped "guaranteed for 20 years"—and there is no way that you as the purchaser can be protected against these meaningless "guarantees."

Except this—insist on getting a "Crescent" or a "Jas. Boss" case, so that you can be *sure* that the *values* are right.

You will know these cases by the trade marks illustrated in this advertisement. These marks are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

JAS. BOSS
GOLD FILLED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TRADE MARK.
CRESCENT
GOLD FILLED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

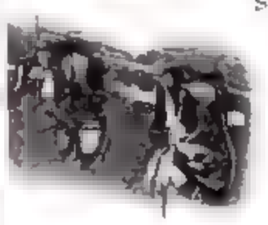
The Keystone Watch Case Company
Established 1853
PHILADELPHIA

Goodform Closet Sets

Everything in its place—clothes-rack, pocket, shoe-box—drawers in order—old-fashioned wardrobe gone. You'd wonder how you ever got along without them.

Goodform Trousers Set No. 77, [illegible] Six Coat Hangers, one Drawer, Hanger, one Drawer, Hanger, one Drawer, Hanger, Shoe Rack and Shoe Box. Hooks.

Price **$2.00**
Delivered



Coat Set No. 88:— Six Coat Hangers, Coat Hooks, one Shelf Bracket, Brass Hooks, and Key Plate.

Same Price **$2.00**

Goodform sets are *standard*. When you buy, look for the *cloth-lined* Trousers Hanger with *flexible clamp* that does not [illegible]. Above all, find the name Goodform. An *imitation* is a *fraud*.

Your dealer probably carries GOODFORM CLOSET SETS, attractively boxed, if not, let us deliver [illegible].

GOODFORM COMPANY
602 Goodform Bldg. Chicago

To the Young Men and Women of Sixteen Years

ARE you planning to-day for a college education, for a training along definite lines that will make you a factor later on in the world of activity? Are you going to be known as a successful man or a successful woman with the means to sustain you and yours later on, in just the way you would choose to live? **We will pay all the expenses of your college course.** We have maintained for years an educational division which has sent thousands of young people to college.

Select whatever school, university, musical conservatory, business college, or school of salesmanship you prefer. We will pay all your expenses in return for looking after the subscription work of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in your locality.

The work will not necessarily take all of your time. It is pleasant and healthful and you will gain splendid experience in developing poise and self-reliance in meeting people. If you will tell us just what your ambition is, and where you would like to go, we will gladly tell you how you can secure your education without a cent of expense.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Educational Division, Philadelphia

Honest Man or Woman Wanted

[illegible] to represent well known wholesale firm [illegible]. Not necessary. Must furnish good references. Easy, pleasant work. Permanent position.
McLEAN, BLACK & CO., 1326 Doty Building, Boston, Mass.

BOY SCOUTS

[illegible] other boys and girls can receive our free catalogue of *Boy Scout Books* and other modern stories by [illegible] as their name and address.
HURST & CO., Dept. S. P., 395 Broadway, NEW YORK.

One inventor gets rich, another gets nothing. New 128 p. book **Patent Fortune** of Vital Advice, Great Value and Interest to Inventors, tells [illegible] Prizes, Kinds of Inventions Making Inventors Past and Future. Mailed for 20 cents postage.
Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

See, Taste, Feel Results

No taking it on faith—you can *see* the tooth whiteness—taste the mouth purity and freshness—feel the immaculate cleanness of your teeth after using

SANITOL
POWDER or PASTE

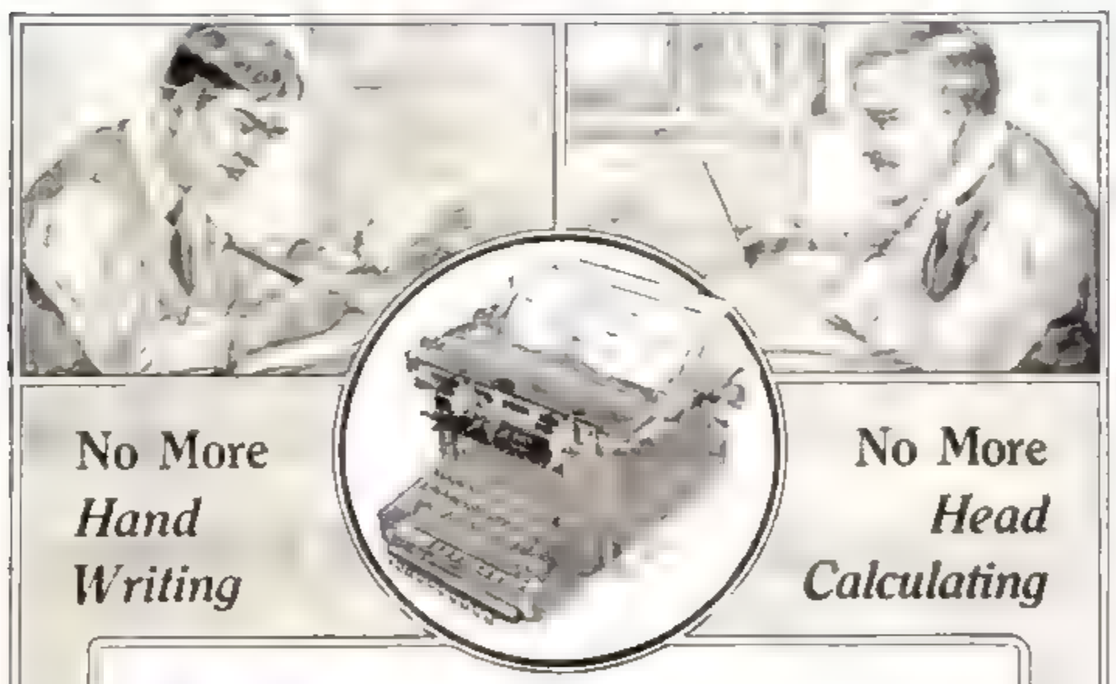
The final word in oral hygienics. Banishes harmful bacteria—corrects mouth acidity—leaving mouth and teeth as sweet and pure and clean as the breath of early morn.

℞ Sanitol Powder or Paste to correct and prevent mouth acidity and keep mouth and teeth free from harmful bacteria. You owe it to yourself, your natural tooth brushes. Then you have the secret of good white teeth—and improved physical conditions.

An Individual Package

of any of the Sanitol Tooth or Toilet Preparations sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co. **St. Louis, Mo.**



No More *Hand Writing*

No More *Head Calculating*

Both are eliminated by the
Remington
Adding and Subtracting Typewriter
(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

The machine which reduces every operation of writing and calculating to a mechanical labor saving basis.

VISIBLE WRITING

Illustrated booklet sent on request

VISIBLE ADDING

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

I had not heard the word "Sturr-rike," but it appears to me
To be some gibe or taunt and hath a fatal potency.

As the Sweet Girl Saw It

The nicest man of all of them picked up the dearest bat
And struck the grandest ball with it. Let's see - where was I at?
Oh, yes! he knocked the dearest fly in just the sweetest way,
But the umpire was mad at him and would not let him play.
And then a man not half so nice was called to take his place,
Who never even tried to hit and he got to first base
Because the umpire was his friend, the horrid, nasty cheat,
While that first nice man sat back there so hurt and sad and sweet.

And then the second player tried, they said, to steal a base—
I knew he was that kind of man by looking at his face—
But just the bravest man out there jumped on him with his heel,
And sat on him and took away the base he tried to steal.
We girls were just so glad we cheered and waved when it was done.
It served the nasty umpire right for letting such men run,
And making that nice man sit down who really knocked the ball,
And would not steal a base, I know, or anything at all.

So then another man came up, who looked so brave and cute,
And he had yellow stockings on and such a clean new suit,
He tried so hard to knock the ball, but when he went to strike
The horrid pitcher would not throw a single ball he liked.
They only let him have three throws to try and hit the ball,
While that base-stealing man had four and never struck at all.
So all we girls got up and left—not one of us would stay
Where all the nice men get put out and only thieves can play.

As Little Johnny Saw It

Casey batted the third one out and soaked it clear to sky,
But Bully Jones was there all right, all right, and copped the fly;
Then Billy Grimes let four go past and got himself free-tripped,
And then the lobster tried to steal his second and got nipped.
Say, but that made the home team fans sore back there in the stand!
And then that mutt, Kid Brown, came up, swung at three slants and fanned:
The chuckle-headed bunch! No wonder all the fans get sore
To see 'em go out, one, two, three, and not a chance to score.

As the Baseball Reporter Saw It

Casey aviated—died;
Grimesey waited—four went wide;
Coacher beckoned—Grimesey ran;
Pinched at second—foolish man!
Brownie biffed—three teasing ones;
Third man whiffed—no hits, no runs!

—*J. W. Foley.*

A Forkless Governor

A WOMAN of the Middle West, one of the best known women in her own state, is as fond of telling clever stories as her husband is of the study of science.

While at a dinner recently in their home she related to the guests the following anecdote:

At a recent inaugural ball given in honor of a governor, she asked the wife of the governor-elect whether she enjoyed the society and hum of the capital, and was rather startled to hear her reply:

"Society! Well, land's sakes! I should say I was enjoying it; and hum—well, I reckon! Why, it's just one dinner after another, banquet after banquet, supper after supper. Why -would you believe me?—my husband hain't hardly had his knife out of his mouth in more'n two weeks!"

How to arouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin for *five* minutes with a lump of ice.

The above treatment brings the blood to the face, stimulates the muscular fibres and softens the skin. If continued every night for a week or ten days, your skin will show a marked improvement.

Write today for samples

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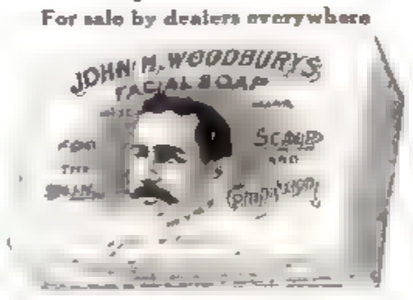
Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere



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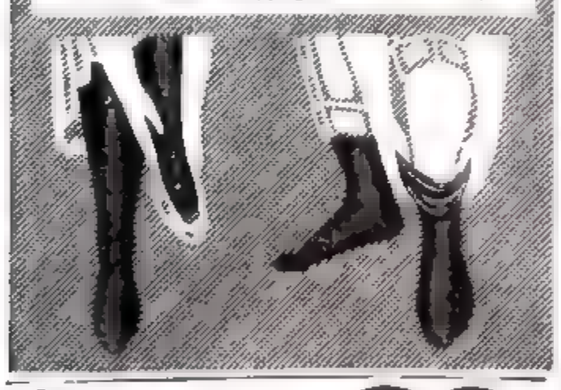

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for the little heart trade mark stamped on the reverse side of the elastic panel which is put in *Romeo and Juliet slippers and shoes for men and women* for the purpose of additional comfort which is appreciated by those who know.

HUB GORE MAKERS guarantee their fabric for two years from date it is supplied the manufacturer.

Honest dealers in turn should demand it. You should insist upon having it.

HUB GORE MAKERS
Manufacturers of Hub Brand Narrow Elastic Fabric
BOSTON MASS.

Oddities and Novelties

Intensive Whale Fishing

UNDER old methods, the whale fishery, wherever pursued, was very wasteful, the bulk of the animal being thrown away. It is different now—at all events, in Alaska, where an intensive system, as one might properly call it, has been adopted.

This system depends primarily upon the establishment of permanent shore stations, from which as centers of industrial activity the fishery is prosecuted.

In any case, when a whale is killed, instead of cutting it up in the open sea—often when weather conditions render the task exceedingly difficult—the animal is towed to the nearest shore station and there disposed of to the best possible advantage.

At Tyee, in Southeast Alaska, is a shore whaling station that maintains a plant for utilizing all parts of a whale. Nothing of the creature is wasted, what is not available for oil, food or other purposes being turned to account as fertilizer.

There seem still to be plenty of whales in Alaskan waters, but they have become much more shy and difficult to approach than formerly. The vessels engaged in the fishery are pursuing them, more than hitherto, in the open ocean, and they are capturing a greater number, relatively speaking, of the "sulphurbottoms." It is a matter of interest if only for the reason that the sulphurbottom whale is probably the largest animal that exists or ever did exist.

The gasoline schooner Lizzie S. Sorrenson, operating from the Tyee whaling station, met with a most unusual fate a few months ago. While she was cruising near Cape Addington, a whale was sighted. She approached cautiously to within gunshot and drove a harpoon-lance into the animal. The weapon failed to reach a vital spot and the whale made off at a terrific rate; but, finding its progress checked, it suddenly turned and made directly for the vessel. Striking her a terrific blow in the stern, it knocked out a big piece of the bottom and she quickly sank.

Free Meals for Mothers

PARIS has five free restaurants for nursing mothers. They are located in the poorer quarters of the city and two meals daily are served, consisting of meat, soup, vegetables and unlimited bread.

It began in a tiny shop in the Julien-Lacroix Alley, in October, 1904, with a cash capital of exactly ten francs. The patronage was represented by one mother. Day by day, however, the number of mothers increased, rising to four hundred by the end of the first year and eight hundred by the end of the second year.

The meals cost seven cents apiece. It is reckoned that the price of a bottle of sterilized milk feeds two persons, mother and infant. The mothers pay nothing and there are no formalities of any kind. No inquiry is made as to the religion, the nationality, or even the name of the patron. To be a nursing mother is equivalent to a free meal ticket.

The patronage of the five little restaurants is floating and variable. Some mothers find better luck and drop out. The customers increase markedly in numbers toward the end of each month, when funds are lowest; and, as might be expected, there are many more of them in winter than at other seasons of the year.

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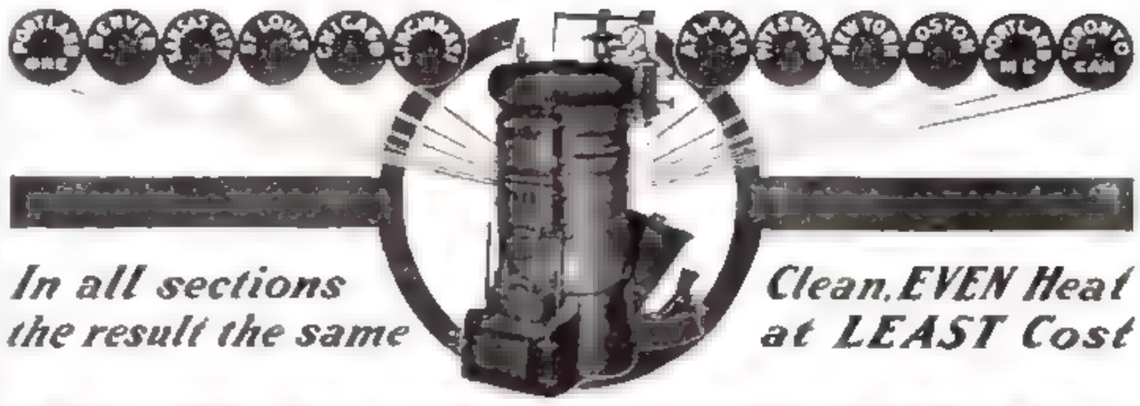

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The element of cost didn't enter into the designing and construction of the first Victor-Victrola. The only object was to produce a musical instrument that was absolute perfection. And the result was a new kind of instrument with a sweeter, richer, mellower tone than was ever heard before.

Hear the Victor-Victrola at the nearest Victor d
come away with a greater love for music and a more

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New Victor Records are on sale at all

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After that we devoted our energies to securing this unequaled tone in less expensive models. From time to time more popular-priced instruments were added until today the Victor-Victrola is within the reach of all, and everybody can enjoy the exquisite music from this greatest of all musical instruments.

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Victor Needles 6 cents per box, 60 cents per case

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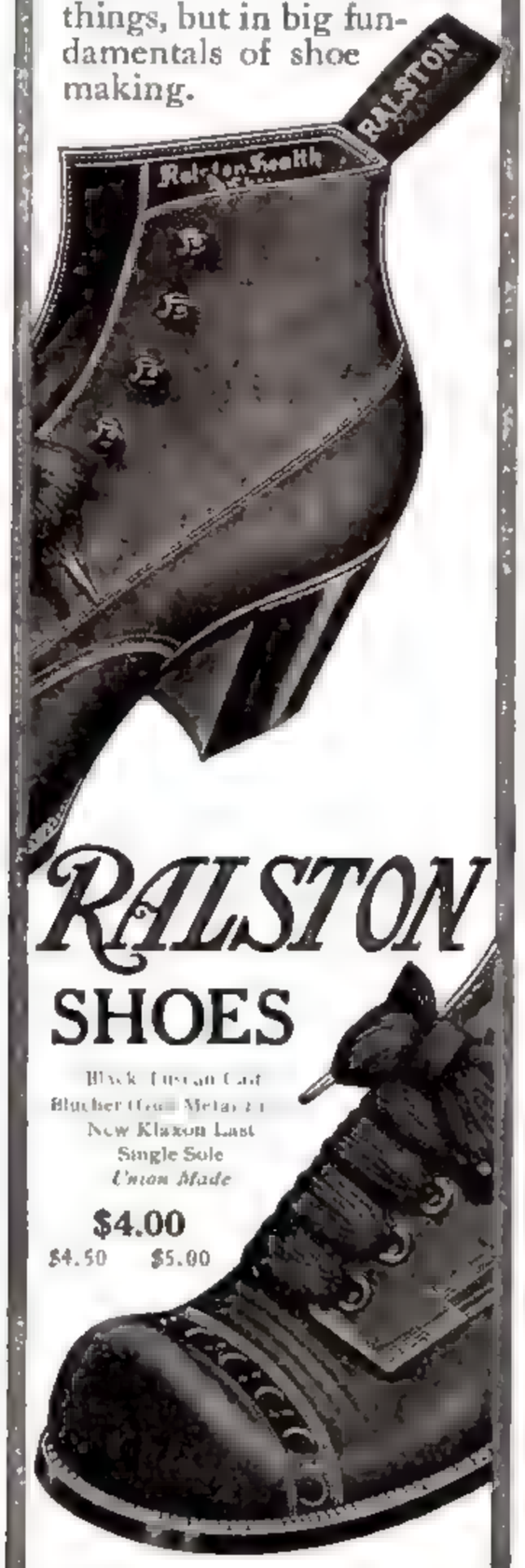

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Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men.

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985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

Sold in 3000 towns. Ask your dealer.

THE INDIAN SIGN

(Continued from Page 15)

"Gee, Steve, you're the suspicious guy. I think Enoch's turned the trick. Only this—s'posin' she finds out about his phony smeller!"

While they were talking Enoch came in, a grin on his mouth—a sort of surreptitious grin.

"Not a soul knew me," he chortled, dropping on the woven-wire layout. "I went over to Tonjes' place, and, of course, John had my number; but nobody said 'Dog-face!'"

"She un'erstan's, then—eh?" asked Big Steve.

"Why—er—she thinks I had it broken over again, Steve. She ain't ashamed of me now. What I was thinking, Dan, is if it was to melt a little—I could always come to the city and have it fixed up—"

"Well, don't let it melt," adjured Doyle. "The Badger's arm is on the blink and McNabb asked me today if you were good enough to work regular. Here's your chance—only southpaw we got. Dan an' me'll watch your nose. Things are breaking good. Get to it."

Mentally uplifted, Southpaw Jones, like Saint Paul, fought a good fight. He was battling for the woman he loved, no matter whether she cared a rap for him. Manager McNabb was surprised out of his cleated shoes.

"That having his nose fixed," he told Doyle, "has made a new man of your cousin. Have him right for the Prunes. I'll work him the first game. He ought to go fine. With Mulcahy and Hawley they'll have five left-hand hitters."

Catcher Doyle had his misgivings and counseled Enoch to present his Saturday pass to Miss Russell rather than to Amelia.

"How do you know," he demanded, "but what she is just working you against Scull? She is still wearin' his locket, you say."

"I'll take my chance with him," said the southpaw defiantly. "Amelia wants to bring up a girl friend from the office and I promised to give her th' tickets. I'm not afraid of any Indian sign now, Steve." Enoch laughed and rubbed his big hands together. "It's up to Scull."

While the turnstiles clicked their toll of good American dollars and the club secretaries smacked their lips at the prospect of a heavy gate, Catcher Doyle, in the clubhouse, hovered over Enoch and his paraffined nose. The odor of alcohol and arnica pervaded the place. Trainers and rubbers put the finishing touches on sore muscles; here and there a half-dressed athlete anointed his pet warclub with tobacco juice or trimmed a glove.

"Who's goin' to work?" one would ask another off the back of a soiled palm.

"Jones, I guess; they've got five left-handers in their lineup."

"Pulled that kink out of his shoulder this morning," said Doyle to McNabb as he manipulated Enoch's industrial wing. "He's right as c'n be."

"It's Scull for them," returned McNabb, his sharp eyes studying the southpaw. "We ought to frisk him today, boys. Look out for his beaner, but keep crowding the plate. Bunts, you're in left today, hitting after the Rabbit." He sent a revised batting order to the scoreboard.

In straggling fashion the world's champions went to the diamond, every pitcher but Enoch slowly warming up. The home team was taking its final practice. Thousands upon thousands of fans were still rolling in when Enoch lined up with other twirlers in front of the grandstand, back to back with Doc Scull.

Just as the latter's "Hello! How y'r hitting?" fell upon the southpaw's repaired ears, Amelia and a smartly dressed girl friend walked over the green turf, past the home bench, to a box, Amelia nodding curtly to Mr. Doyle and smiling warmly upon Enoch.

"Aren't these seats splendid!" she exclaimed as Enoch elbowed aside an usher and opened the door for them.

"Nothing too good for the ladies," put in Doc Scull, who had snapped the ball to his catcher and hurried to the box. "What do you think of Enoch?" he asked, with a patronizing chuckle, after being introduced. "He's the real ladykiller—eh?"

Enoch's face turned red; there were suspicious beads gathering upon his nose.

"Excuse me," he asked; "I've got t' cut a couple loose before the gong rings."

Then, all of a sudden, his brown eyes turned brittle. "I don't see that you've got anything on me," he said to Scull, with a simulation of the latter's sneer.

Scull laughed with malicious boisterousness.

"Poor old Jones!" He leaned over the box to Amelia. "You know what the fellows are calling him on th' bench? Apollo! That's a good one!"

"He deserves an awful lot of credit," said Amelia emphatically. "It's made all the difference in the world in him. Don't you think Mr. Jones is good-looking?" she asked her friend.

"Indeed, yes" said she. "And such a good figure! I like tall men."

"By the way," took up Scull quickly, "that goes for tonight, does it—what I wrote you about—moonlight ride down the bay?"

"Oh, please don't be cross, Arthur; but I—I made another engagement." Her glance wandered to Enoch.

An ugly frown settled on the other's face.

"Bad as that, eh? Think I'll have to go see a beauty doctor myself—get my eyebrows manicured or something."

"Don't be silly, Arthur—as though you needed any more good looks," she returned, with a pleasing familiarity.

"Well, then, tomorrow evening? Let's start in the afternoon; there's a boat leaves at two ——"

"I can't do it, really. I'm sorry, but I promised Enoch to go on an outing. He's to umpire. Can't you come down Monday night? You'll be in town until then, won't you?"

For a little while he stood staring down at her, savagely jealous; then, without a word, he walked to the visitors' bench.

From the moment Scull began to pitch the ballplayers could see that he was out of his stride. He had plenty of speed, but his delivery was erratic and a score was prevented only by his mates' smart fielding.

"I'll be all right directly," he replied sullenly to Manager Nicholls. "You see how they're crowding the plate on me. I'm going t' keep 'em back."

He settled down in the second inning and put the Pioneers out in one, two, three order. In the third, however, Southpaw Jones at the bat, he appeared again to lose control. Doyle and Bunts, talking in a low voice together at the end of their bench, heard him say, "Hit this—you ladykiller!" whereupon Mr. Doyle was moved to guffaw loudly and shout through his hands: "She's got th' Indian on you, Doctor!" He made a sound as of the warwhoop. And Scull understood.

"Look out, Enoch!" called Bunts. "He's after you."

Enoch obeyed his manager's orders and did not give way from the plate, though the first ball pitched missed his head by an inch.

"Steady! Steady!" cried Manager Nicholls, for a second ball was hurled at the same mark.

The infuriated pitcher made no reply.

"What's coming off?" Players on both teams put the question to one another.

Manager Nicholls was just starting from the bench to yank Scull out when the jealous, maddened twirler wound up with his hide-the-ball motion and turned loose a fast one with such speed and jump to it, and so accurately aimed, that no human eye could have avoided it.

There was not a scream or a groan from Southpaw Jones as the wicked missile struck him fair on the nose. He just dropped like a crushed thing and lay still.

"*Beaned!*"

It was the blare of Big Steve Doyle, taken up presently from stand to stand, bleacher to bleacher:

"*Beaned!*"

While Catcher Doyle, Bunts and others carried the unconscious southpaw to an ambulance, the arena was swept by a tornado of hisses and shouts for revenge. Police drew their clubs, prepared to defend the object of this demonstration; but two of them were holding a young woman who had run out nearly to third base, where she struggled with the bluecoats, imploring them in words the spectators could not hear.

"See that girl—it's the one Enoch and Doc Scull were talking to before the game!"

Realizing her position, Amelia hoisted a parasol and the fans presently saw her

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Our new Model 50, 20 gauge—the first 20 gauge Repeating Shot Gun on the market—is a world beater. Lighter and just as effective as 12 or 16 gauge for small game.

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Barrel genuine **Krupp Steel** 26", 28" or 30" [illegible] Stock and handhold [illegible] best American Black Walnut [illegible] Positive Safe. Multi [illegible] Hammerless. Positive Safe. Multi [illegible] if desired. Also made in 16 gauge.

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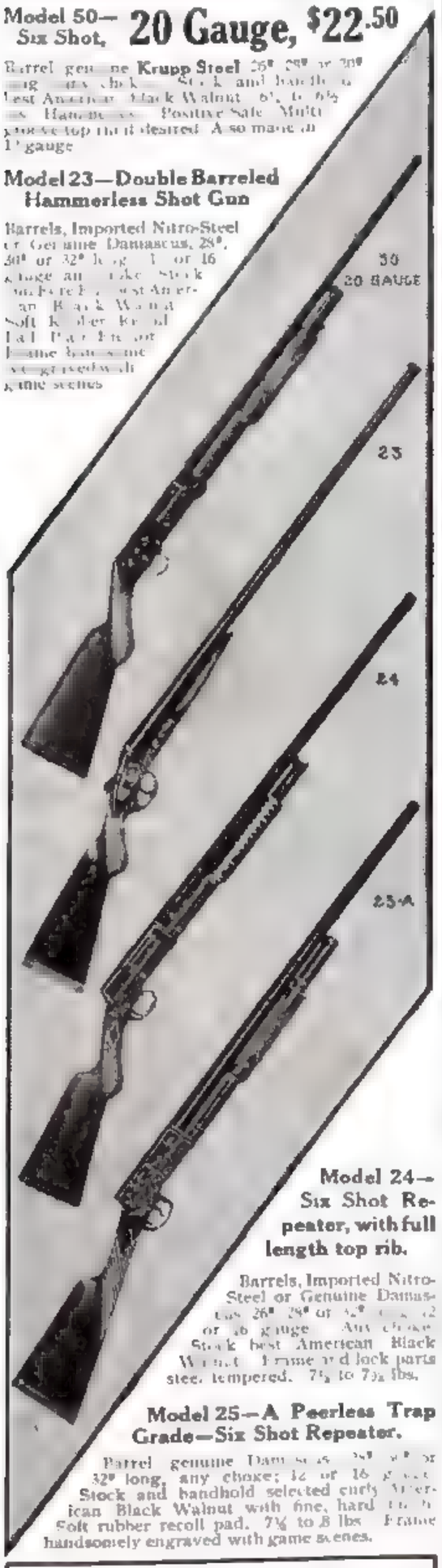

Model 24—Six Shot Repeater, with full length top rib.

Barrels, Imported Nitro-Steel or Genuine Damascus, 26", 28" or 30" long, 12 or 16 gauge. Any choke. Stock best American Black Walnut. Frame and lock parts steel, tempered. 7½ to 7¾ lbs.

Model 25—A Peerless Trap Grade—Six Shot Repeater.

Barrel genuine Damascus, 28", 30" or 32" long, any choke; 12 or 16 gauge. Stock and handhold selected curly American Black Walnut with fine, hard [illegible]. Soft rubber recoil pad. 7½ to 8 lbs. Frame handsomely engraved with game scenes.

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disappear through a gate near the home bench. She had not been waiting long at the hospital when a taxicab arrived and with it Miss Russell, who had been summoned by Steve Doyle.

"Yes; you can come right up," said a surgeon. "Mr. Jones wants to see you you're from the—er—beauty parlor?" He smiled.

"Oh, please let me go up too!" begged the other girl. "I'm Miss Wells—Amelia. Hasn't Enoch told you about me? Tell me—tell me, is he terribly hurt?" She seized Miss Russell's hand, her violet eyes alight with fear and love.

"You're the Indian-sign girl!" pronounced Miss Russell scornfully, her lips tightening.

"I don't know what you mean; but take me to Enoch. I can comfort him—indeed I can."

"Yes, I think you can," observed the surgeon, studying her a moment. "There seems to be something on his mind. He's been delirious. What did that charlatan fix his nose with?" He turned to Miss Russell. "Paraffin? I thought so. Well, we can fix him up better than that. The septum is crushed and the cartilages are torn away from the bone. It can be built up now in good shape. Only it ought to have daily attention—pressing it—this way. Which of you ladies'll take the job?" Both were confused.

As they stepped into the hallway an ambulance clattered up, and from the stern of it was lifted the disabled form of Doc Scull.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the surgeon—"another ballplayer!"

"Some game down there today," answered the attendant when Scull had been helped to the elevator. "He was spiked by Dan Bunts in the eighth—came pretty near being another riot—he's cut half through the bone. Dirty baseball, doctor, I tell you. They say Bunts did it on purpose. He's liable to be suspended for the rest of the season."

When Big Steve, followed by Bunts, reached the hospital he saw Enoch sitting up in a chair and Miss Russell bathing his swollen eyes. There was a screen diagonally set in front of them and at the other end of the room Amelia was bending over Doc Scull, apparently waiting attendance upon him.

Mr. Doyle's gorge rose. He mopped his brow and halted.

"Say, young lady," he spoke forth, "I'm not the kind to roast a woman; but it seems to me that one guy ought to be enough t' put the Indian sign on. You stick to your friend there," jerking his thumb at Scull. "You leave Enoch alone; I'll look after him."

"Why—why, what do you mean? Are you crazy?" Mr. Doyle recoiled from her unexpected wrath. "I just gave that man back a keepsake of his! I told him what a beast I thought him. I told him I was going to marry Enoch as soon as we could get a license—that's what I told him!" Mr. Doyle recoiled still farther. Enoch was on his feet quickly, steady enough for all his battered head. The girl quelled her incipient hysterics with a great effort. "You have suspected me from the first. I felt it. And I—I came to the city just to be near Enoch. I got his address from his family."

Big Steve was a pitiful object, the sweat rolling down his sunburned forehead and cheeks.

"I—I d-didn't know!" he stammered.

"Of course not. What does a man know about women? Was I going to propose to Enoch? He never asked me until now. I'd love him if he had a broken nose or no nose at all!"

With Amelia on one side and Miss Russell on the other, Enoch, in a sort of daze, walked from the room, the two girls talking fast and as sisterly as though they had known each other a lifetime.

Mr. Doyle exhaled one mighty puff and then, his head bowed low, fell in behind, his ponderous flatfooted peg shaking the floor.

Dan Bunts, however, made a detour toward Doc Scull, who now had with him several teammates.

"The bean ball, kiddo—eh?" he jeered. "Well, you beaned yourself out of th' league that time!"

Inclining his athletic body, after the manner of a cakewalker, Dan Bunts crooked one elbow and, stepping high, gave a crude but unmistakable imitation of a wedding march.

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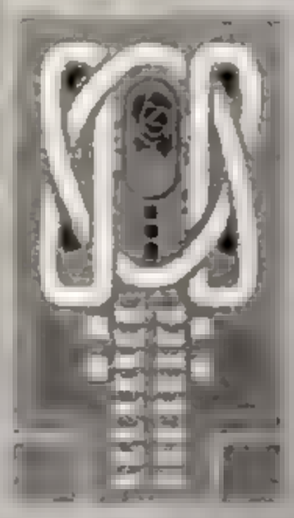
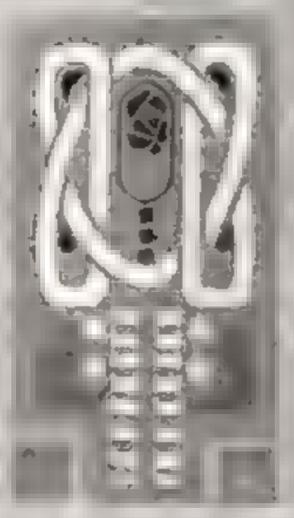
FITFORM CLOTHES
FOR YOUNG MEN · FALL & WINTER 1911·1912



IT'S because your acquaintances outnumber your intimate friends, Young Men, that appearances beget most of the opinions people form of you. You show the public a few inches of face and five feet or more of clothes. You can't choose your face, but you *can* choose your clothes.

FITFORM Clothes inspire favorable comment from everyone you meet. They command respect and admiration; win you credit for taste and judgment. They've utmost snap, tone, elegance; pattern richness and style dash; distinction, individuality, refinement. They're typical Young Men's clothes and America's standard. Buy and enjoy them.

Write for Style Book, "Young Men's Clothes," and McFall Art Poster; also name of local dealer, if you do not know him



EDERHEIMER, STEIN & CO., CHICAGO.

ON MATRIMONY

By Blanche Goodman

DEY am two kind er folks what kin give you de bes' advice on de subjec' er mat'imony," said Viney to Uncle Peter—"dem what ain't nevah been in hit yit, an' dem what's been in an' done got out. De ones what am in de thick er hit mos' gen'ally keeps dey moufs shet an' lets de others do de talkin'. Leas'ways, dat's what I has always observated."

"How come you speakin' 'bout mat'imony'" asked Uncle Peter as he shifted his position on the steps of the cabin porch.

"Ros'bel an' de preacher gwine to git ma'ied dis fall. Dat's how come," announced Viney.

Uncle Peter looked up in surprise.

"Who tol' you so?"

"Ros'bel tol' me," answered Viney.

"Well," was Uncle Peter's comment, "I knowed dey been keepin' comp'ny long 'nough, but I didn't know dey was imgaged."

"Who say dey's imgaged?" demanded Viney with some asperity.

"Why - why ——" stammered Uncle Peter confusedly. "Ain't you jes' been an' said dat Ros'bel tol' you her an' de preacher gwine to git ma'ied dis fall?"

"Dat's what I said; but dat don't mek 'em imgaged, do hit?"

"Oh!" Uncle Peter leaned back against the post once more

"Ros'bel was ovah heah yistiddy mawnin'," continued Viney, "axin' my 'pinion 'bout hit. She say dat hit's wuss wuk gittin' de preacher up to de poppin' point dan hit is to mek molasses run fas' in wintertime; but she's boun' fo' hit to happen soon er she'll know de reason why. An' dat's how come her to set nex' fall fo' de weddin'. I has been wonderin' ef she's gittin' hol' er de right pardner—not dat I got anythin' 'ginst de preacher, but dey's so many divo'cements dese days 'count er folks got doin' affinacies wid each other. Co'se Ros'bel been gwine wid dat man long 'nough to fin' out all 'bout his cha'cter an' ef he's gwine to mek de right kin' er husban'; still, you can't never tell, an' dat's what started me to thinkin' 'bout de subjec'.

"Evah sence de worl' was cr'ated dey ain't nothin' what you can't name dat folks ain't been an' worked some kind er improvediments on, 'cep'n mat'imony. Ef Adam an' Eve tuck a notion to go to town of a Sat'day dey jes' up an' footed hit twel dey got dere. Now'days dey'd take de 'lectric cahs. Ef Eve wanted to tell Cain an' Abel dat her an' de ol' man was comin' ovah to take dinnah wid 'em Thu'sday, dey live so fur away dat she'd have to tel 'em while dey was takin' dinnah wid 'em las' Thu'sday ef she want 'em to make p'eparation fo' 'em. Now'days she'd call 'em up on de 'phome. Dat's de way hit is all 'long de line.

"But, with mat'imony, hit's been diffunt. De gal an' de man what gits ma'ied dis mawnin' ain't no fu'therways 'long in knowin' how dat ma'ige gwine to tu'n out dan Gawge Wash'n'ton was in knowin' 'bout de Newnited States when he sot out in a ship fo' to 'skiver 'em.

"De smahtes' man an' 'ooman in de country kin git j'ined an' have nothin' but de wussest kind er mizry; an', on de other han', de two bigges' fools dat de Lawd evah made kin marry an' git 'long lak a pair er turkey doves. Dat's de queer part of hit all!

"Two folkses kin go 'long wid each other yeah in an' yeah out; an', so long as de man don't have to pay de rent an' groc'ry bils an' de 'ooman don't have to ax him fo' to do hit, dey ain't nevah gwine to find out 'bout each other clean down to de roots. Hit takes livin' undah de same roof an' seein' one anothah wid de comp'ny manners laid off to do dat.

"Cunnel Socum had a cousin livin' heah befo' Mis' Fanny an' him was ma'ied, by de name er Mis' Clara Winters. She was a fine-lookin' young lady an' eve'ybody thought a heap er her—specially Cap'n Bronson, one er de gen'l'men what b'long in Mis' Clara's set. De mos' er Mis' Clara's time was tuck up tendin' to a imbalid ma—an' a right down cranky one at dat, not wantin' Mis' Clara to go nowheres er have de littles' mite er pleasure. Spite er dat, Cap'n Bronson an' she was sweethearts; an' in 'tween times dey got a chancet to do dey co'tin'. De cap'n was plum' foolish 'bout her an' she 'bout him, but de ol' lady was boun' fo' to keep dem two fum gittin' ma'ied; an' whenevah dey brung up de subjec' to her she'd git into one er her tantrums an' holler dat hit would kill her to give up her daughter—no mattah ef Mis' Clara an' de cap'n promise' her ovah an' ovah agin dat dey'd stay right dere wid her after dey wuz ma'ied. She was so plum' selfish dat she wouldn't give in, but jes' kep' on sayin' dey would kill her ef dey talked 'bout hit. So, tho' dey didn't mention hit no mo', hit was a sort er un'stan'in' 'tween 'em dat after de ol' lady'd grat off dey'd go 'haid an' ma'y—not dat Mis' Clara was de kind to say a thing lak dat right smack out, but I reckon dat was what dey was bofe thinkin' down in dey hearts, an' hit didn't need no words to spress hit.

"Eve'y Sunday aft'noon Cap'n Bronson'd tu'n in at de Winters' gate; an' he'd have a gre't big bunch er flowers outen his own gyarden fo' Mis' Clara, ef hit was in de summertime. Den, by-an'-by, you'd see dem two come outen de gate—an' a fine-lookin' couple dey was!—an' walk on out to de graveyahd, where dey'd set down under de trees an' he'd read out loud to her fum a book, er else dey'd jes' set 'longside er each othah—not sayin' nothin', but jes' settin' quiet an' peaceful-lak.

"Fo' eighteen yeahs dem two was imgaged. Eve'y yeah folks would say: 'De ol' lady can't last twel spring, an' when she goes dem two'll have a weddin'.' But, bless yo' life, hit look lak she was jes' keepin' alive fo' spite to p'vent dat match. An' as de yeahs went on Mis' Clara's hair commence' to git all streaked up wid gray, an' she look wo' out an' thin.

"All things has to come to a en', an' one fine mawnin' de news went roun' dat ol' Mis' Winters had gone thoo de Big Gate. De fus' thing eve'ybody say when dey hearn 'bout hit was: 'Now dem two folks kin git ma'ied!' An' dat's what dey done soon after, tho' Mis' Clara wanted to wait twel de yeah of mo'nin' was ovah; but de cap'n wouldn't hear to hit.

"Now de curious part er de whole business is comin'. Dem two lived together 'bout six monfs, when dey broke up housekeepin'. Cap'n Bronson went back to his bo'din'-house an' Mis' Clara tuck up in de cottage where she lived befo' her ma died. A yeah after, dey got a divo'cement 'count er havin' incapable tempahs—dat's what I hearn Mis' Fanny say was de cause of hit. No one nevah did know jes' egzackly de trouble, 'cause dey was bofe so close-moufed; but ef a bolt er lightning had struck de town, folks couldn't 'a' been mo' sprised when dem two busted up! Heah was a man an' 'ooman what had knowed each othah goin' on twenty yeahs an' wuz imgaged eighteen outen de twenty; an' of any one had a chancet fo' to find out 'bout de cha'cter of de other dem two suttenly had."

"So fur as I kin mek hit out, dey's on'y one rule fo' to follow in mat'imony," said Uncle Peter.

"What's de rule?" asked Viney.

"Hit's dis: Dat dey ain't no rule!"

Something New

UPON the opening of Congress one December the President had let go an exceptionally long message to that distinguished but palpably bored body. The editor of the New York Sun had decided to print the message in full, and that paper seemed likely to be a crowded and dull affair next morning. Orders had gone out from the night desk to throw away all minor items to make room for the President's forty or fifty thousand words.

The reporter whose job it happened to be that night to write the police news telephoned in by the men covering the various police districts of the city came over to the desk of the night city editor, "Dad" Clarke.

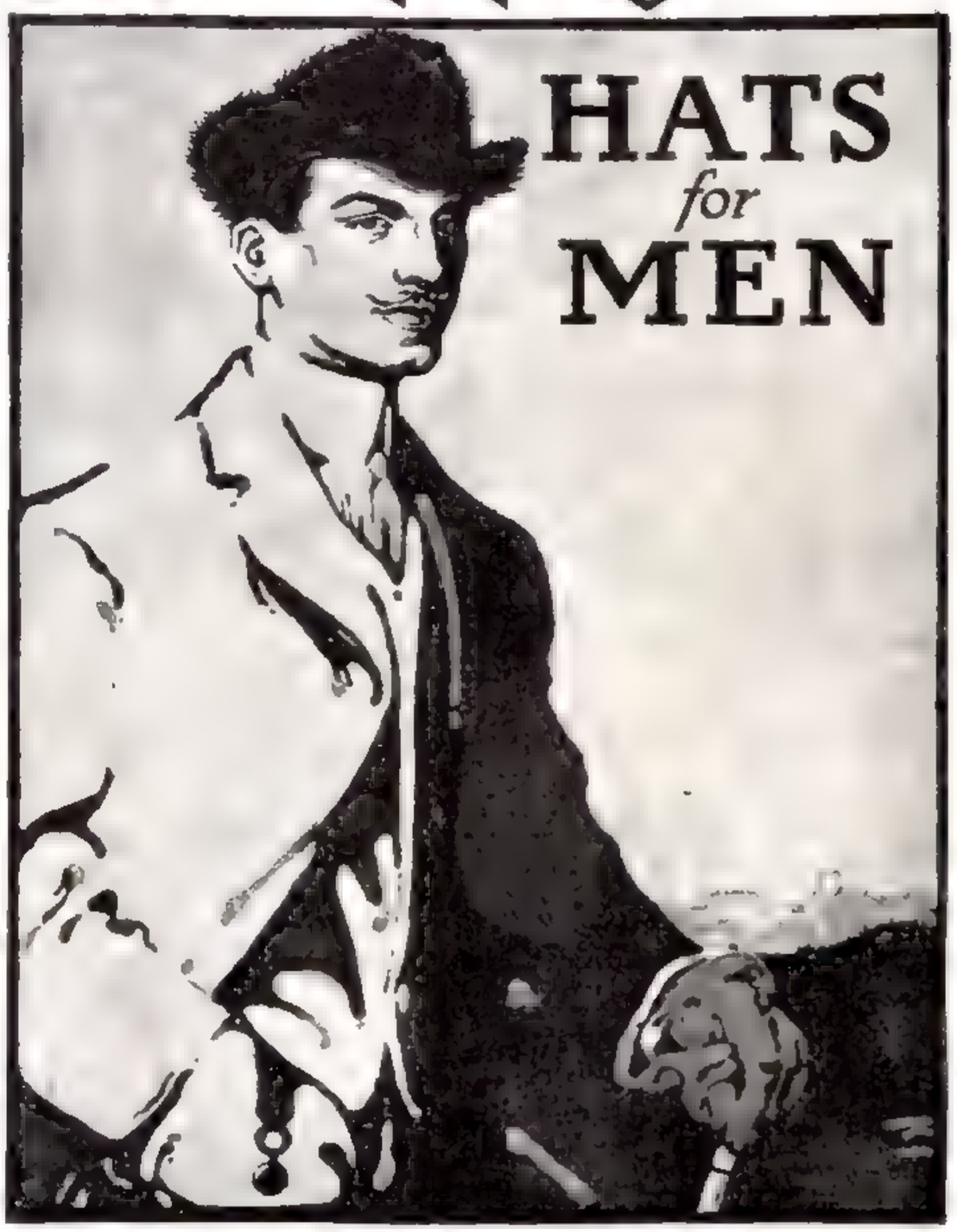
"Mr. Clarke," he said, "do we want the suicide of a steam driller?"

Clarke looked up from the pile of copy on his desk, eager for a novelty.

"Yes, if he did it with the drill," he answered.

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Knapp-Felt



THE roughish surface which fashion favors for Fall wear affords an opportunity for an unusual variety in textures. This has been splendidly realized in Knapp-Felt soft hats.

Varying degrees of roughness in what the C & K Shop calls Tweed, Kilkenny and Brussels textures are made in many shapes, any one of which is proper when becoming, and in colors and mixtures to harmonize with any scheme of dress. The final touch that completes their smartness is the individual swing which the wearer gives.

They are made by hand in hot water. An exclusive feature of soft hats made by this C & K Process is the comfortable feeling on the head, due to the absence of the shellac necessary to hold the shape of those hats which are sandbagged over a wooden mold. The style of a Knapp-Felt is *felted* into the hat.

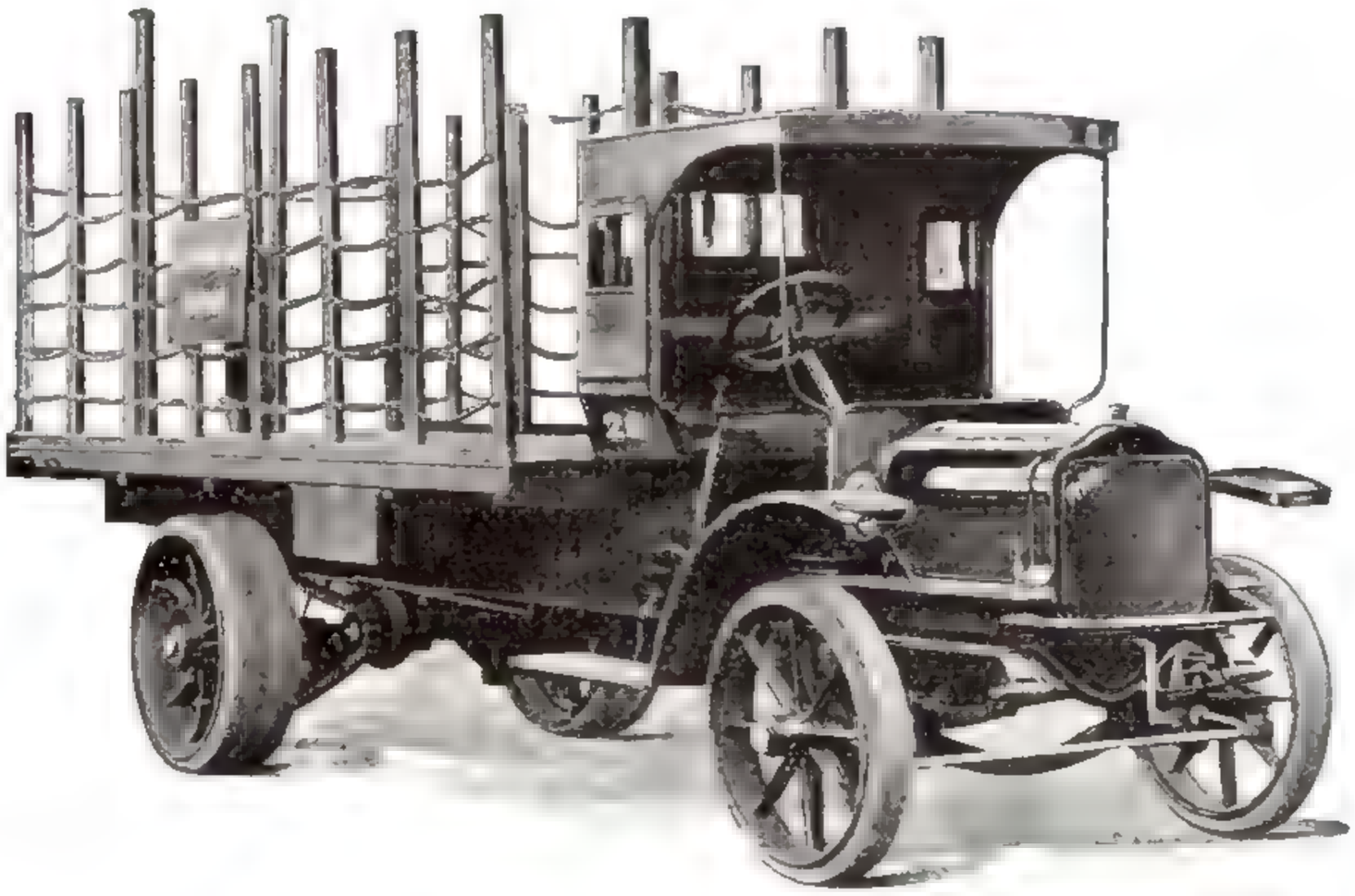
In sunshine or rain, for business, sport, travel, or when a touch of formality is desired, the range of Knapp-Felts affords a proper hat—light weight Venetian Texture, the new rough effects or a smart derby.

Knapp-Felts, soft or stiff, are Four Dollars—Knapp-Felt DeLuxe, Six Dollars—C & K Quality, thoroughly good, Three Dollars—Not sold everywhere—only at the good shops.

Knapp-Felt Hats for Women in mannish tailored shapes which lend themselves readily to the individual touch of the wearer. They conform to the high standard of Knapp-Felt Hats for Men.

Write for THE HATMAN. **The Crofut & Knapp Company, 840 Broadway, New York**

C & K was the first Derby made in America



One of the twenty-odd White trucks owned by The Standard Oil Company

Motor Truck Advantages

THE man or firm that has a better delivery plant has an advantage. It isn't important that it saves money—that it makes a cheaper delivery—although if the right trucks are chosen, under most circumstances, it will be also more economical—but the important thing is, that the superior facilities supplied by motor vehicles gives their owner advantages—it outstrips competition—it serves the customers better. Live business men may no longer dodge the issue—motor trucks are here to stay—it's only a question of who will be first to grasp the opportunity in his line, or his town.

The Advantages of the White Truck

WHEN it comes to buying machines the best machine is cheapest no matter what it costs. Here's where White motor trucks score—everyone has heard about the White gasoline-engine design—how it foreshadowed what is accepted now as the best foreign practice and what is rapidly becoming adopted in this country by the most aggressive manufacturers. Next, each White truck is as well built as the most scientific, modern steel alloys will permit. In addition, every piece of steel is heated-treated to make White trucks as staunch as a truck may be built. The long-stroke engine makes them economical in operation—makes them efficient—the kind you must recognize as having unusual merit. White trucks may be grafted into your delivery plant completely revolutionizing its capacity—giving it vitality without demoralizing your present force. Any bright teamster can drive a White truck, it's so simple.

May we send you a catalogue and testimonials of some of the world's largest car users?

The White Company

889 East 79th Street, Cleveland

THE BIG IDEA

Continued from Page 5

Mrs. Postlewait's brother-in-law at the end of ten days, why shouldn't Mrs. Postlewait then and there sign a note, payable in a fortnight, for the fourteen hundred and thirty-two dollars that Mr. Postlewait owed Mr. Humphrey?

To Mr. Postlewait also this proposition seemed quite incontrovertible. "Sure! Sure! Glad you mentioned it! I'll do it in a minute!" he declared with the most cordial alacrity tapping Addison's chest with a busy forefinger. "I'll have Rosy sign the note this very day. She'll do it in a minute. Only yesterday she says to me: 'Moses,' says she, 'you must be sure to pay Addison Humphrey the first thing when that money comes.' See here; you draw up the note right now; draw it up right now. I'll sign it right here and I'll take it home for Rosy to sign tonight. Here you are." He ripped open a drawer, briskly produced a blank note and laid it before Addison, then seized a pen and thrust it into the creditor's right hand. "You bet you're going to get your money, Addison, before anybody else even gets a smell. Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" Energetically bobbing his head Mr. Postlewait seemed scarcely able to restrain his impatience until Addison could fill out the note blank. Without even pausing to read the instrument he took the pen from Addison's fingers and signed with a large flourish; then flung the pen on the desk, clapped Addison heartily on the shoulder and beamed with satisfaction, declaring: "There! It's as good as settled!"

The hardware merchant went out into the street with his heart in quite a little glow of gratitude and affection for Mr. Postlewait. At dinner time he told his wife, with the greatest satisfaction, that Mrs. Postlewait had agreed to sign a note, and as she owned a farm worth eight or ten thousand dollars, clear of incumbrance, undoubtedly Doctor Wilkinson would discount the note. He did not tell her that, being sure of getting fourteen hundred dollars from the Postlewaits, he had felt warranted in ordering a large consignment of asbestos board and in appropriating three hundred dollars to advertise the Humphrey Wooden Oven in some fifteen papers that were published in surrounding towns.

He spent that afternoon carefully composing the advertisements and early next day he left Vale in young Little's runabout for the purpose of visiting the newspaper offices in four or five near-by villages. He thought he would be back by noon. But on the way he found so many people to talk oven to that it was after four o'clock when he reached Bloomingdale, fifteen miles from Vale. There the editor of the Patriot suggested it would be a good idea to have the ovens on exhibition and sale locally, for many people who would purchase if the article were obtainable near at hand might hesitate to drive fifteen miles for it. Addison saw the force of this suggestion and at once looked up Mr. Pearson, the local hardware and implement dealer. Mr. Pearson had heard of the oven, was rather inclined to accept the agency for it, but would like an opportunity to inspect it.

It was after dark when Addison returned to Vale, and he still had so much business to dispatch that he did not get to bed until two o'clock. At six o'clock in the morning he again left for Bloomingdale in young Little's runabout with a sample oven strapped to the rear. Half an hour before, Dan Randall had pulled out of town with a two-horse hayrack loaded with Humphrey ovens. In short, Addison saw that the whole country round about was ripe for ovens and he must immediately establish local agencies in at least a dozen towns. At Bloomingdale fully twenty persons gathered in Pearson's store to view the oven and listen to Addison's explanations. The inventor fetched Mrs. Pearson herself—who protested at every step that she absolutely couldn't appear because her hair wasn't decently combed and she looked a fright—to bake a cake before the crowd. In the intervals of inviting people to feel the oven and see how cool it was outside and how hot inside, Addison was telephoning to arrange for demonstrations in other towns. At Mettawan they had to finish the demonstration by artificial light, and Addison telephoned his wife that, instead of trying to drive home and back again, he would, so to speak, sleep on his arms and continue the campaign early in the morning.

In this way it happened that five days elapsed before Addison again saw Mr. Postlewait. The debtor was then writing a letter, and he let Addison stand at the end of the desk half a minute before he looked up and inquired blandly, "Well, what can I do for you?" quite as though the creditor had probably dropped in to buy a pair of shoes.

"Have you got that note?" Addison asked rather sharply.

"Note?" Mr. Postlewait repeated, his professional smile growing wider, warmer and more personal. "You're a good one! I been looking for you everywhere the last four, five days, Addison. Sit down, sit down. I got something better'n a note, Addison. I got the money for you!" He nodded energetically, opened a drawer, searched in it a while and produced a telegram which he handed to Addison with a little flourish of triumph, saying: "There you are! There you are!"

The telegram was dated Milwaukee, August 7, and was addressed to Mrs. Postlewait and signed Joseph G. Johnson. It read: "Draw on me August 14 for three thousand dollars."

As Addison glanced over the message Mr. Postlewait slapped him on the shoulder and declared, with emotion: "You've stood by me like a brother, Addison! Like a brother! You can bet your bottom dollar I'm glad to pay you up!"

Addison was startled. Not only was he aware that he couldn't pay Doctor Wilkinson fifteen hundred dollars with a telegram signed Joseph G. Johnson, but August 14 was exactly the date when his note at the bank fell due.

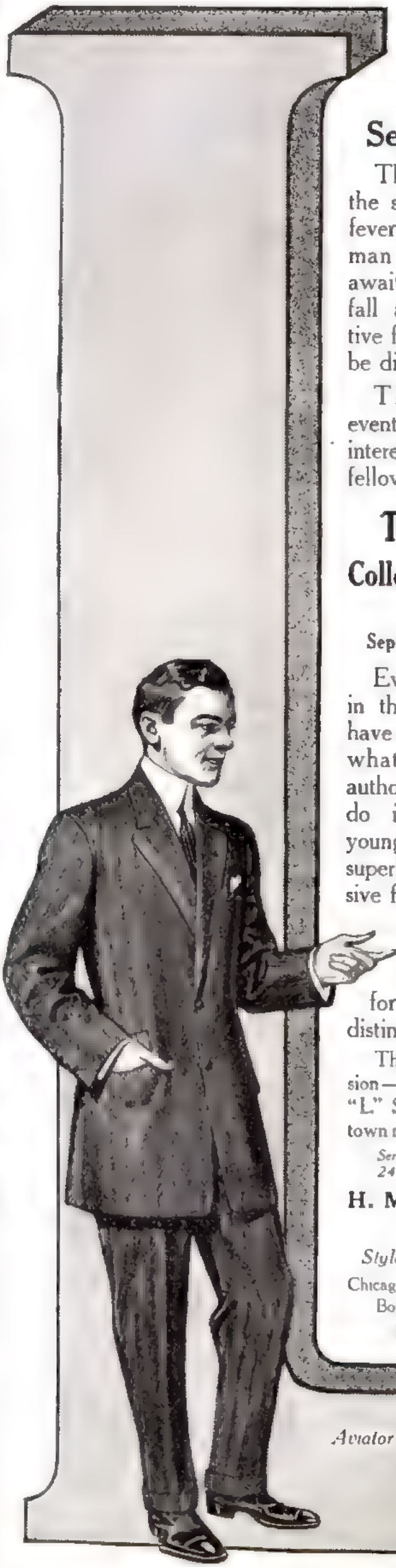
"But the note—the note Mrs. Postlewait was going to sign?" he said.

Mr. Postlewait hitched his chair forward confidentially and grasped Addison's thin knee firmly with his right hand. "Rosy would have signed it—signed it in a minute," he said under his breath. "She wanted to sign it; she was anxious to." He nodded his head energetically and then as energetically shook it. "But it wouldn't do. Her lawyer told her it wouldn't do. It would involve Rosy in my debts. I've been unfortunate, Addison; I've had bad luck; I owe a lot of people a lot of money. Some of 'em act as though they thought I wouldn't pay 'em. Rosy's got her little all in that farm. Her lawyer told her if she begins signing notes my creditors will be jumping on her. She might lose her farm. It wouldn't do. And besides, what's the use?" He suddenly straightened back with his widest smile and tapped the telegram in Addison's inert hand. "Here's the money! The money itself, you see—on the fourteenth."

"But I've got to meet a payment on the thirteenth," said Addison with a slight blush.

"Oh, a day won't make any difference! No difference at all!" Mr. Postlewait assured him genially. "People will always wait one day. And you got three days of grace anyway. The law gives you that. Of course, if you'd like the money earlier Rosy will just telegraph her brother-in-law. She'll draw on him the thirteenth—the twelfth, if you say so. Or see here, Addison"—he bent forward again, briskly tapping the inventor's breast—"I'll show you how to get your money right off tomorrow, today, any time you like! That farm of Rosy's, you know, it's one of the finest farms in the state. You just get her a buyer for it; get her a buyer for it—fifteen thousand dollars cash. You can take out the money that's due you then—and a thousand dollars commission besides. There you are! You get what I owe you and a thousand dollars cash besides! Why, you see, Addison," he concluded, as though the money were visibly offering itself to the inventor from all directions at once, "you couldn't miss getting that money by the fourteenth, or the thirteenth—not if you was to go blow your head off you couldn't miss getting it!"

The prospect was by no means so clear to Addison, but he felt completely baffled and helpless. Mr. Postlewait presented a problem that he couldn't work. He left the scene of the stupendous clearance sale in a confused and gloomy state of mind. But at the hardware store he found a telephone message from Pearson at Bloomingdale, ordering four more ovens; a letter from the agent at Mettawan, saying the ladies were



America's National Style Show

Begins

September 11th

The greatest event of the season—interest is at fever heat—both the young man and the merchant await the week when the fall and winter authoritative fashions in clothes will be dictated.

This is a National event—it affects and vitally interests every live young fellow in all America.

THE L SYSTEM

College and High School Week

Sept. 11th to 16th, inclusive

Every "L" System store in the entire country will have an opportunity to show what America's most authoritative garments can do in distinguishing the young fellow—to show the superb tailoring, the exclusive fabrics and the almost unlimited selection afforded the live young dresser looking for clothes possessing a distinctive "difference."

This will be a great occasion—don't miss it. Go to the "L" System merchant's in your town no matter what else you do.

Send 2 cents for Style Magazine; 24 cents for set of Posters in Colors

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS

Style Originators

Chicago
Boston
New York

$2,500 in Prizes

To Learn the Effects of Oatmeal

Every year we spend large sums of money to gather facts about oatmeal. We visit thousands of homes which breed the wan and anemic, and thousands which breed the red-cheeked and the strong.

We canvass physicians, food experts and scientists. We talk with those who teach the underfed. All to show others, in some indelible way, how vital is the need for oats.

Now, in the same cause, we ask letters from people who have seen the effects of oats. We seek actual examples of what has been done, largely through oatmeal diet. No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when impressive and valuable, will be carried to millions of people.

To garner these facts we offer these prizes. We shall pay them for letters which our judges regard as most helpful to people in general.

For the	5 best letters,	$100 each	$500.00
For the	10 next best,	50 each	500.00
For the	20 next best,	25 each	500.00
For the	50 next best,	10 each	500.00
For the	100 next best,	5 each	500.00
	185 separate prizes, totaling		$2,500.00

The contest will close December 1, 1911. Soon after that date the names of the winners will be sent to every contestant. And the 185 people whose letters win prizes will each be sent our check.

Facts Now Known

Oats contain more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus, more lecithin than any other grain that grows.

Protein is the body-builder, the endurance food. Woodsmen, for instance, who are fed scientifically, are now largely fed on oats.

Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent. Brain workers and students need an abundance of it. Nine-tenths of all college professors regularly eat oatmeal. And seven-eighths of the homes among the highly intelligent supply it to growing children.

Lecithin is the main component of the nerves and nervous system.

So for body, brain and nerves—all three—no other cereal can compare with oats

The Energy Food

As energy food oatmeal is preeminent. To "feed one's oats" always signifies vigor. With people as with horses, oats give vim and vitality. An extract of oats is now employed as a tonic.

Two world-famous scientists seem to have proved that oatmeal wards off age, by feeding the thyroid gland. Experiments on animals seem to prove that care of this gland can vastly lessen one's apparent age.

The love of oatmeal, which is almost universal, also shows the need for oats. It is the call of Nature for the elements required.

Facts Now Wanted

We now want facts and incidents which illustrate these effects. We want examples showing how children thrive on oats. We want reports on how oatmeal has multiplied vitality. We want letters from people whom oatmeal has kept young. From food experts and scientists we ask new facts about oats. We shall award the prizes for the facts and reports most valuable to others.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

Quaker Oats

The worth of oatmeal depends on the quality of oats. Its taste depends on the mode of preparation. The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains. When these choice grains are prepared by our process they form the finest oat food in existence. Yet it costs but one-half cent per dish.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

quite enthusiastic about the ovens; and one from the agent at Lurton, reporting three sales the day before and inquiring whether it would be safe to promise delivery of a dozen ovens that week. Naturally this restored the inventor's equanimity. The ovens were going better every day. Doctor Wilkinson or any sane man must see that the patent alone was worth twenty times all his liabilities. To suppose that a man who possessed that source of wealth would have any trouble in paying his debts was nonsense.

It is true that every morning he awoke with a little qualm and sinking of the heart—which he artfully concealed from his wife—for every morning brought the fourteenth one day nearer. But didn't it also bring nearer the day of payment from the Postlewaits? Didn't it bring increased assurance of the oven's worth? So, by the time he entered the hardware store and plunged into the business of the oven he was quite happy again; and by noon he was usually bubbling and sizzling with enthusiasm.

The qualm and the sinking on the morning of the thirteenth were rather more acute, for on that day he would put Mr. Postlewait to a final test. With a heart that beat faster and a mind that foreboded, in spite of himself, he entered his debtor's establishment. But Mr. Postlewait was out; the clerk said he wouldn't be back for an hour or so. Addison received the news actually with relief, as though it respited him from a trying ordeal. He had found Mr. Postlewait so baffling, in fact, that he shrank from contact with him. The debtor's absence also left him free to think about ovens. He was going rapidly up Main Street, his eyes fixed vacantly on the hot flagging, with a vague smile upon his lips, and had already passed Bane's feed store, when he was aware of an obstacle in the way and stopped abruptly, looking up.

The obstacle proved to be Joshua Reimer, who was standing squarely in the middle of the sidewalk. The lawyer's hickory shirt was unbuttoned at the neck; in his right hand he carried, with a kind of tenderness, his white cuffs and standing collar, and upon his left arm he carried his coat. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat sat upon his large head and he was looking down at the young man gravely. Addison was so confused that he colored slightly—partly because he knew the lawyer had been watching him come up the street in a moony trance

"You ought to go to pot, Addison," said the lawyer soberly, "and I guess you will. But your wife oughtn't to. Postlewait's got a man on the string who's going to buy that farm for ten thousand dollars cash. He expects to close the deal tomorrow, and if he does that's the last you'll ever see of Moses or Rosy or your money." So saying, Mr. Reimer turned and ponderously ascended the steps to his office, leaving Addison paralyzed.

After a moment the inventor's thin legs automatically got themselves into motion and carried him to the hardware store. As though a curtain had raised he now saw clearly that Postlewait wouldn't pay him a cent; that he had collected all his best and easiest accounts and put the money into ovens; that Doctor Wilkinson had declared positively he would not extend the note a day beyond the fourteenth, unless half of it was then paid. For the first time in a month he couldn't think of ovens. He spent a thoroughly miserable hour pacing up and down the front of his store, with his eyes fixed upon the First National Bank building up the street. At five minutes to nine he saw the wiry little figure of Doctor Wilkinson mincing briskly down the street and entering the bank. He waited fifteen dismal minutes more, then drew a long breath and repaired to the bank.

Doctor Wilkinson was no longer a practicing physician. If he had been he would have been called "Doc." For many years he had been president of the First National Bank and Vale's leading capitalist. He was a prim little old gentleman. His neatly trimmed white side-whiskers and precise black bow tie seemed just to match the old-fashioned black walnut table, in the prim little bank parlor, at which he sat listening to Addison. He had a large, intellectual-looking forehead and a small mouth that he was always pursing in doubt or disapproval.

Addison explained what a treasure he possessed in the wooden oven; but as he looked across at Doctor Wilkinson's neat side-whiskers and pursed mouth his soul was mysteriously full of fear.

Hooking his eyeglasses over his thumb and laying the tips of his thumbs and fingers precisely together Doctor Wilkinson proceeded to cross-examine. He wanted to know just how much cash Addison had realized from his ovens; exactly how much better his balance sheet was than it had been a month before. Under his dry, calm, pitiless questioning the unhappy inventor confusedly acknowledged that the oven had not only absorbed all the money he could lay his hands on, but had got him deeper into the quagmire of debt than he was before. To a mere rule-of-thumb view, in short, the balance sheet was decidedly worse than it had been.

Doctor Wilkinson took the rule-of-thumb view. "I see," he said very dryly, and gently cleared his throat. "I will consult your wishes, Addison, as far as my duty to the bank permits. That is, I will permit you to make a voluntary assignment if you prefer that to an attachment. But, understand this very clearly, Addison" – he put the tip of his forefinger upon the table—"unless you lay down fifteen hundred dollars in cash right here by four o'clock tomorrow I shall wind you up. Four o'clock tomorrow afternoon; fifteen hundred dollars in cash, remember," he repeated, not at all unkindly, but rather as though he were impressing some simple fact upon a child.

Leaving the bank Addison felt dazed. He didn't have a hundred dollars to his name, and he had collected all his easy accounts. With a leaden heart and lagging feet, and eyes that stared blankly into space, he mechanically found his way back to the hardware store. He wouldn't have cared so much about himself, he thought, but it would be bitter for Carrie. And there was the son. The father's heavy heart quaked at that thought, and he felt much as though he had deliberately put arsenic in the son's dinner.

Lute Morrow was at the front of the store, and as Addison came in he said, in a confidential aside: "Tomlinson's back there waiting for you." Tomlinson was commercial traveler for a Detroit hardware house. It was likely, however, that his present business looked rather more to the collection of an overdue account than to the selling of goods.

The statement made only a vague impression upon Addison's profoundly agitated mind. There was the son – beggared, stripped of his heritage, thrown naked upon the world at the tender age of twelve months! With this unbearable thought in mind Addison drifted vacantly toward the rear of the store. And, of a sudden, so to speak, he blew up; his uncontainable emotions exploded; he took fire. Before he reached the rear of the store where Tomlinson awaited him he was in a perfect blaze of rage against Postlewait. He would have strangled Postlewait on the spot with joy. This combustion seemed abruptly to light up dark corners of his mind and to release springs of action that he had hardly dreamed were there. He had scarcely finished shaking hands with Mr. Tomlinson before novel, unexpected thoughts were shaping themselves in his brain.

For example, he was impressed, as never before, with Mr. Tomlinson's appearance—a tall, erect, spare man of middle age, very well dressed, with a rather dry manner and a lean, smooth-shaven face. In fact it struck him at once that Mr. Tomlinson looked like money, and he greeted him with: "You're just the man I want to see. Sit down"

Forty minutes later he entered Mr. Postlewait's establishment rapidly, like a man with important business in hand, and he hooked his arm through the proprietor's before the proprietor could extend that courtesy to him. Leading Mr. Postlewait briskly to the rear of the store, Addison plunged into his business:

"I've got a purchaser for your farm; fifteen thousand dollars cash. He's a Detroit man retired from business. He's got a lot of money and that farm of yours happened just to strike his eye. A few thousand dollars more or less on the price don't make any difference to him if he gets what he wants; but we ought to close the thing up right away because a couple of real-estate agents here have got track of him and may show him something cheaper that he likes just as well. I've got him up in Reimer's office."

Thus explaining, at a high nervous tension, Addison fairly swept the proprietor out of the back door and on down the street toward the Postlewait home, where they

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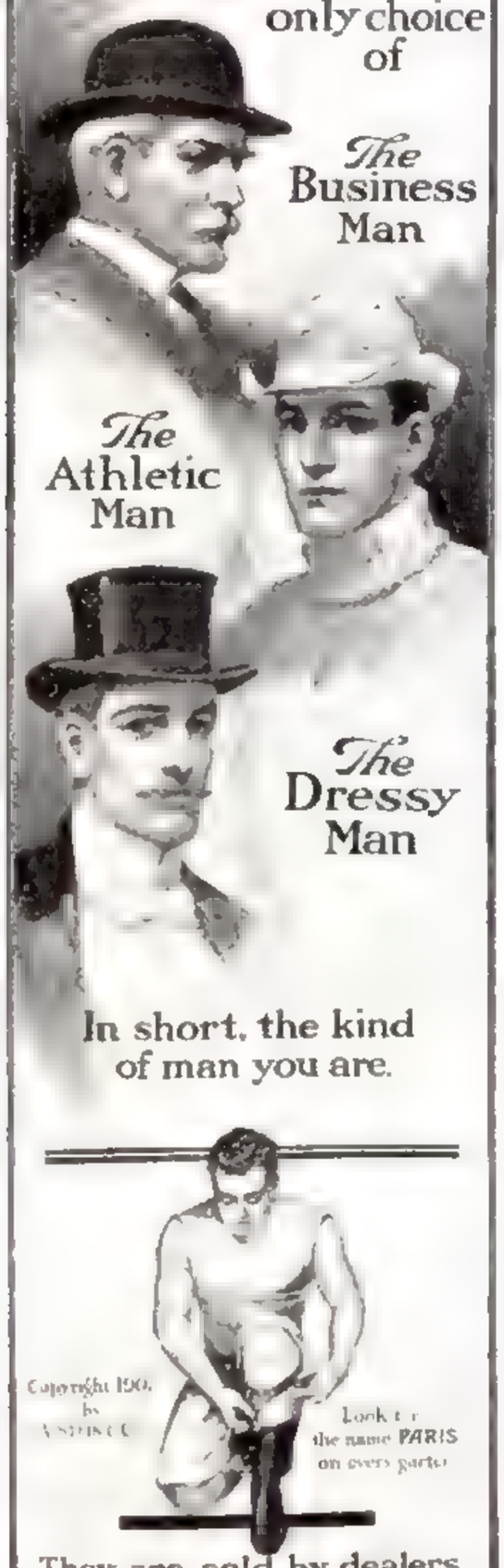

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could pick up Mrs. Postlewait and repair immediately to the lawyer's office to close the deal.

Energetically discoursing, Addison walked with long, rapid strides that forced stumpy, bandy-legged Mr. Postlewait into a dog trot. Mr. Postlewait trotted with eagerness, however, his mind divided between astonishment and exultation. It sounded almost incredible, but they were going at once to Mr. Reimer's office to close the deal, and the purchase price was to be paid in cash. There was some delay at the house, for Mrs. Postlewait—as Addison, lingering on the porch, overheard—insisted upon changing her waist and putting on her wig. The waist was bright red and the wig some thirty years too young for the grizzled hair that showed very plainly under its edges. It was not that, but the delay, however, that annoyed Addison. It was an additional annoyance that Mrs. Postlewait's ample flesh and scant breath precluded rapid locomotion. He had indeed one or two moments of sickening apprehension lest she should dissolve before they reached Main Street and got up the stairs.

Mr. Reimer was waiting for them; also an erect, spare, well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman who looked so much like money that Mr. Postlewait's heart gave an exultant leap. The preliminaries were few. Mr. Tomlinson wished to buy; Mrs. Postlewait wished to sell. Nothing remained but to draw up the deed and pay the money.

Mr. Tomlinson deliberately produced from his inside breast pocket a very handsome little wallet.

"Is the abstract of title brought down to date?" he inquired as he adjusted his eyeglasses and searched calmly among the contents of the wallet.

Mr. Postlewait explained eagerly that the abstract could be brought down to date in a very short time.

"Of course," Mr. Tomlinson stipulated, "there must be a clear title. I shall leave that to Mr. Reimer." By that time he had found the paper that he sought, and drew it forth—a crisp, neatly folded paper like a bank draft. "I will pay five thousand dollars down," he explained quite incidentally, laying the paper face down upon the table and reaching for a pen. "The other ten thousand I will telegraph from Detroit tomorrow, provided Mr. Reimer wires me the title is clear." Having written his indorsement across the back of the draft he handed it to Mr. Reimer.

The lawyer carefully examined the face of the instrument, looked at the indorsement and handed it back to Mr. Tomlinson, saying: "We will deposit the money and the deed at the bank. You can wire the other ten thousand there. The bank will then turn over the money to Mrs. Postlewait and give me the deed to put on record for you."

The lawyer took up the pen, which Mr. Tomlinson had relinquished, and began deliberately drawing up the deed. While he was thus occupied the sellers engaged the buyer in friendly conversation. Beaming and nodding, each instantly confirming and strengthening every statement of the other, they congratulated him upon the bargain he was getting, extolled the beauties of rural life in general and of that farm in particular. Mr. Tomlinson replied with a dry, distant courtesy which confirmed their opinion that he was rich.

At length the deed was completed. Mrs. Postlewait, with a polite apology for her poor hand, took up the pen and laboriously signed upon the line indicated by Mr. Reimer; her husband dashed off his signature on the line below, and they both held up their right hands while Mr. Reimer solemnly inquired whether they acknowledged this to be their free act and deed. Mr. Reimer himself then signed as notary public and affixed his seal. "And now," he said, arising, "we will go down to the bank."

"Just a minute," Addison interrupted with a friendly air. "I want to say a word to Mr. Postlewait, and to Mrs. Postlewait too."

The sellers felt this was excessively ill-mannered and annoying, but they followed Addison to the inner room, he closing the door behind them.

"Now I want this all shipshape," he said. "You're to pay me what you owe me out of this money. You just give me a note right now for fourteen hundred and thirty-two dollars, payable tomorrow. We'll deposit the note with the deed and the draft at the bank and tell Doctor Wilkinson he's to take out the money to pay the note when the deal is closed."

The Story of My Model Kitchen

[BY A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE]

Note—This is the first of a series of articles on "Model Kitchens." The next will be a story by an experienced housekeeper.

WHEN I was married I wanted a model kitchen. I had it all planned in my mind's eye. But it was out of the question to attempt to build. We hadn't enough money.

So I had to begin housekeeping with an old-fashioned kitchen that was not in any respect ideal.

I used to think I should die of fatigue in that treadmill of a kitchen. I took millions of steps to and from the pantry, the table, and the cupboard.

One day the line, "Saves Miles of Steps," caught my eye. The article told how to arrange a kitchen around the Hoosier Cabinet.

The very next week I saw the Hoosier—got in a furniture store window, and went in.

The big aluminum-covered table which slides in and out of the Hoosier was what appealed to me first. My table had really been the center of all my kitchen difficulties. It was always cluttered and crowded when I began working, and always some distance from everything I wanted.

The Hoosier not only gave me a big new table in less space than my old table, but it also gave me a place for all my tools and supplies within arm's reach. You never saw anything like it.

When I found I could pay for it in a few weeks at a dollar a week I bought it. (As a matter of fact I found afterward it saved me enough supplies to nearly equal the payment each week.)

I moved out my old table, put the cupboard in its place and put the Hoosier in the corner where the cupboard had been.

With this arrangement my whole plan of kitchen work changed.

My pantry off in the corner became obsolete. I used to go in and out of it a score of times daily. Now I scarcely open the door once. I found I did not need the cupboard, so I sold it. My Hoosier Cabinet took the place of these things. I saved a dozen steps—I'm sure—every day to the cellar. And the new plan put my stove and sink almost within arm's length. The kitchen seemed almost too good to be true.

I can sit down in front of my Hoosier table to cook

You will notice in the little picture of my kitchen how I now keep my spices in the little glass jars that come already fitted into the shelf on the left cupboard door.

The sugar I have at my finger tips in an ingenious dust-proof bin.

My little blue bowls and my kitchen dishes, cups and saucers, as well as my package goods, cereals, extracts, etc., I keep in the big cupboard at the top of the cabinet. It's surprising how much that cupboard holds.

Then there is a large metal bread and cake box in the bottom and drawers for my dish cloths, towels, spoons and cutlery. It is really the most complete thing I ever saw for the kitchen. I am fairly in love with it.

I have a place for pans and kettles and lids—in fact all of my kitchen tools.

I even have a cunning little clock-faced want list on the door in front of the flour bin. All I have to do is turn the hands around to the things I want to remember to order.

The flour bin is almost a wizard. It would be hard to estimate how many miles of steps it has saved me. The bin holds more than 65 pounds. It is all metal with a sifting glass front and is dust-proof so the flour keeps in perfect condition. When I want flour I merely turn the crank underneath the hopper until I get as much as I want—without a bit of waste or a single step.

Better, even, than all these things though, I can sit down in front of my Hoosier table and work in absolute comfort. I am no longer bothered with the size of my kitchen. My Hoosier *is* my kitchen. Everything I need is in it. When I want to bake I get through in half the time. It takes much less time to prepare a meal. Everything is in front of me. I scarcely take a step. Each day I save at least an hour and sometimes two. And my Hoosier has paid for itself long ago in actual saving.

A fascinating little book entitled "Saving Miles of Steps," has been printed by the Hoosier Company, 19 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind. It tells a lot of homely truths that women like you and me ought to think about. You won't wonder that 400,000 already use the Hoosier Cabinet when you read this book. It is illustrated in colors. You will find it well worth reading. It is free. Send for it.

A Young Housewife

The *Hoosier* makes the Model Kitchen

Three thousand furniture dealers who believe as we do, in many sales and small profits, display the License Sign shown below. They are good men to know.

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Do You Know the Taste of Clover Leaves?

Fourteen varieties of biscuit goodies in our

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sent free for the cost of postage.

Packed so carefully and daintily in tin that they remain absolutely fresh and delicate. Also for sale by the pound at your grocers

Sunshine Specialties

Clover Leaves make ice-cream taste better than it ought. Two thin, crisp wafers with cool, rich cream between.

All of the fourteen kinds we send are different and better than anything you ever tasted—dainty finger biscuits that add delight to afternoon tea, wafer sticks with crisp walls and creamy centers, chocolate cream biscuits that are as delicious as they sound, dessert wafers slightly gingered to leave a pleasant taste after a hearty dinner—and others as distinctive as they are good to eat.

Made only in sunshine bakeries—the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows." They have *all* the goodness that can be baked into biscuits.

If you prefer, we will send you our Sunshine Taste Box [illegible] and Sunshine Biscuits after trying them

The Sunshine Revelation-Box sent you free for 10 cents in stamps or coin to pay postage and packing. Write today

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Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!

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Cut Your Butter Bill Nearly Half with a

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The Receipt calls for one p[illegible] lk and one pound ordinary butt[illegible] k. Two Pounds. Nothing else is required! [illegible] in the best quality at a fancy price

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$20 TO $40

This again was ill-mannered and annoying, but they could not say it was in the least unreasonable. Addison made out the note, therefore, and both of them signed it. Addison obligingly leaned over and blotted their signatures; then picked up the note and read it like a prudent man.

"All right; that's perfectly satisfactory," he said; "but I'll just ask Mr. Reimer to witness your signatures." So saying, note in hand, he stepped to the door, opened the door, passed to the next room and closed the door after him.

Mr. and Mrs. Postlewait felt this was most ill-mannered of all. In fact, they glanced uneasily at each other. As the seconds passed they again glanced uneasily at each other, and at the end of a minute Mr. Postlewait arose resolutely, stepped to the door and threw it open.

Mr. Reimer was sitting at the window, his feet upon the sill, gazing placidly up the street. Otherwise the room was empty.

"Where are they?" Mr. Postlewait exclaimed excitedly. "Where's the man? Where's Addison?"

"I wouldn't wonder if Addison had gone down to the bank," Mr. Reimer replied calmly. "I don't know where the other man went."

"The bank?" Mr. Postlewait gasped, and ran to the front door. But it was locked. "Where's the key? Open this door! Where's the key? Open it, I tell you!" he cried, frantically shaking the doorknob.

"I wouldn't wonder if Addison had mislaid the key," said the lawyer, looking absently up the street.

Mrs. Postlewait, having got her breath and her bearings, then lifted her voice in reproach and lamentation. For some time the office resounded with their clamor.

"And you call yourself a lawyer!" gasped Mrs. Postlewait, flourishing a large, flabby fist in Mr. Reimer's impassive face.

Mr. Postlewait was on the other side of Mr. Reimer, acting as though he were trying to waltz but couldn't remember the steps.

"Is there any law about this? Heh? Is there any law about this?" he shouted.

Mr. Reimer deliberately looked up at him and gravely plucked his chin whisker. "There is no law at all about it," he replied. "We are sitting today in equity. You tried to swindle Addison out of what you owed him. You're expecting to swindle a lot of other people. I haven't any particular interest in them, but I can get interested if you insist upon it." He paused and consulted his ponderous silver watch. "I reckon Addison has discounted your note at the bank by this time, and you'll have the note to pay. If you want to go to law, Moses, I'll go with you and stay until the cows come home. But my advice would be to hunt up that other fellow and sell your farm, and dig out before you get a raft of creditors on your back. I guess you'll find the key to the front door under that big calendar. Your deed is there on the table. You may as well tear it up."

. . . . . .

"Yes," Addison repeated to his wife for the third time at supper that evening, "I've got all Postlewait owed me, every cent, and I've paid Doctor Wilkinson fifteen hundred dollars and we're on Easy Street now."

"I didn't believe you'd ever get that money from Postlewait, Addy; you're so credulous and easy-going," said Mrs. Humphrey

Addison glanced at his plate in some embarrassment and replied: "I suppose I never could have collected it at law, but I got him at equity."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Will Payne. The second will appear next week.

Too Near Home

A LITTLE bank in the South blew up one day and a bank examiner came down to look it over.

As he was working he noticed an old negro walking back and forth in front of the bank, stopping each trip to look anxiously at the door. The examiner finally went out and asked: "What's the matter with you?"

"Boss," the negro replied, "I done had fo'ty-eight dollahs in dat bank."

"Oh, well, you mustn't worry. Banks fail frequently, you know. It is nothing unusual. We'll make an examination and you'll get all that is coming to you. Didn't you ever hear of a bank blowing up before?"

"Yes, sir, I done hear tell of it. But, boss, this yer is de fust time I evah had one blow up right in mah face."

Here's Good News

The flavor you *want*, the flavor you know ought to be there, the flavor you can't find in ordinary oatmeal—the rich, right, oats flavor—is in

NATIONAL OATS

The All-Day Cereal

Nature puts that flavor in the best, fattest oats grown on the best land—we co-operate with nature and keep the flavor in by our way of curing the grain and rolling the flakes thin but not hard.

That spreads the goodness all over and through each separate flake, and your palate is pleased.

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SAVE $35

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"Saw Cousin Bobs yesterday."

"Did you? Where?"

"Oh, he was toddling up Fifth Avenue. He had a box, and I said 'Hello,' thinking it might be candy."

"Nice work, Nan! Was it?"

"No; he'd been buying silverware. Got some just like ours."

"Say, we'd better keep quiet about our silver or this whole block will be a 'Community' community."

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is of such exquisite design, speaking such quiet elegance, that when you see it, you will at once perceive the atmosphere with which it graces a dining table. Refined living depends upon these niceties rather than on ostentatious luxuries, and "our kind of people" realize it.

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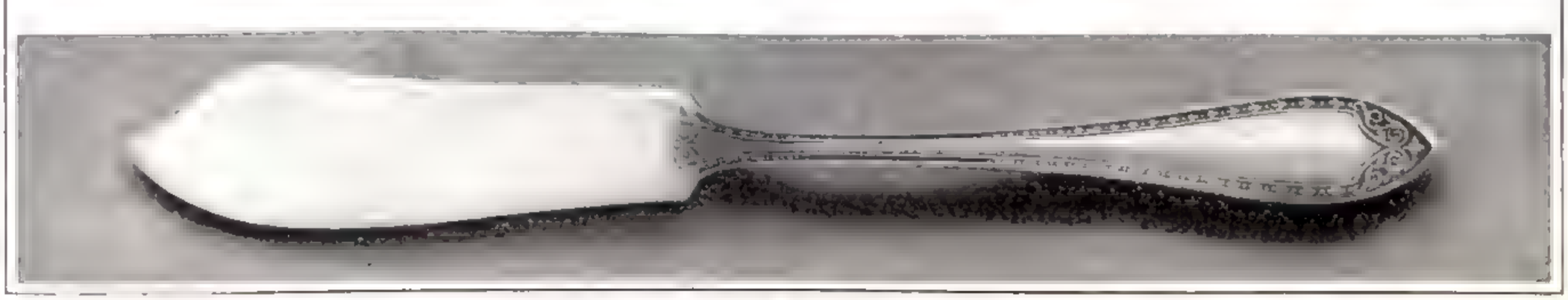

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The HUDSON "33" is furnished in four models: A Touring Car, a Torpedo, a Torpedo Roadster, and the *Mile-a-Minute* Roadster. All models except the last named have closed bodies, genuine mohair top and wind shield. Demountable Rims, extra rim, tire irons, 34 x 4-inch tires, highest grade black enameled lamps, Bosch magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, tools, etc.

The *Mile-a-Minute* car has storm apron and 100-mile-an-hour Warner Auto-meter. Both Roadsters have luggage box on rear, around which extra inflated tire can be carried.

Examine Our Rival's Car, Too

We urge you to examine other cars as well as the HUDSON "33."

It would not be ethical to reprint here a page from a rival's catalog which illustrates the motor and chassis of his car. Yet if we should do that it would show a convincing reason why you should choose the simple, accessible HUDSON "33."

If you can't find it convenient to personally examine many cars, get catalogs and compare the illustrations. Lay the cuts of the motors side by side and note the greater simplicity of the "33" as compared with others.

There is not a jumble of rods, wires, exposed mechanism and other mechanical obstructions that are difficult to understand and that collect dust and render vital parts inaccessible. You don't need to be an automobile expert to see this. Now look at the HUDSON "33." It presents no such confusion. All rods are out of the way. All moving parts are protected so that dust will never reach them. There is no part of the motor or other portion of the car that is not easily accessible.

The HUDSON "33" has some 900 fewer parts than are used on the average car.

This is but one example of its greater simplicity. By comparing with other cars or with the illustrations in the catalogs you can easily check off the many other features of advancement that are exclusive with the HUDSON "33."

The Dollar Value of Simplicity

You immediately recognize that in eliminating these 900 parts we can put the money thus saved into bettering the quality of the parts that are used. That is why experts do not compare the HUDSON "33" with other cars selling within its price range—between $1400 and $2000—but with cars which sell above $2500.

We have developed factory economy to as high a state as has any manufacturer. Our volume in the number of cars produced is among the largest. We know that in these directions it is impossible to bring price down and quality up in the same degree as shown in the "33."

The only way it can be accomplished is just as it has been in this case—by eliminating the number of parts used.

No other automobile is so simple as the HUDSON "33"; therefore, we say, no other car of such quality can be sold under $2500.

What It Means in Repair Charges

Most repair expense is for the time required to remove the obstructions that interfere with the free access to the part needing attention and for the replacing of those rods and wires and other things after the repair has been made. At 60 cents an hour—the minimum charge for such service—you can understand what this means when four or five hours must be consumed in removing and in replacing parts in order to make an adjustment that, were it not for the intricacy of the car, could be made in a few minutes. You save all such expense and annoyance if you own a HUDSON "33." It is accessible in every detail.

The Dust Proof Idea

Dust and sand cut the finest bearings. No amount of wear is so destructive. Note what provision has been made in other cars for protecting moving parts and then look at these details on the HUDSON "33." HUDSON valves are enclosed. Dust never gets into their mechanism. Thus they do not become noisy. Every moving part is fully protected and that means long service. It means a greater operating economy.

Greater Value This Year Than Last

Experience with thousands of cars, in addition to establishing the correctness of design and sufficiency of materials, has shown us how to add to comfort, simplicity and value.

It has given practice to our workmen with the result that they do their work more skillfully. This means quieter operation and longer service for the car.

In the matter of tires, for instance—the most costly single item entering into the operation of an automobile—we have in the 1912 model assured greater economy.

Last year we furnished 34 x 3½-inch tires, a size tire makers say is large enough for a car of the weight of the HUDSON "33." This year, to assure longer service, we are using 34 x 4-inch tires.

To reduce all annoyance of delays and work on the road, the "33" is this year furnished with Demountable Rims. Fear of punctures need no longer concern you, for a ready-inflated tire can be substituted so easily that a woman can make the change in five minutes.

Wider, deeper and softer seats with higher backs are furnished. The springs are a trifle longer and therefore more flexible. In hundreds of little things we have added a touch of simplicity and of elegance that increases greatly the unequaled value you obtain in the HUDSON "33."

Control levers are located inside and are operated by the right hand, yet do not interfere with the driver's knees, which is a common fault with most cars that have inside controls.

Equipment is Included

Last year we quoted the car stripped, selling the top, magneto, and Prest-O-Lite tank as extras at $150. This year these things with the Demountable Rims, larger tires, heavier, larger lamps, etc., are listed with the car. With the same equipment as is this year furnished regularly, to say nothing of the much greater value of this year's model, the 1911 car cost $1630.

All 1912 models sell at $1600.

When you get the 1912 HUDSON "33," it is equipped ready for complete and satisfactory service. Even the license number holders and tire irons are in place.

We Have Spent Lavishly

No expense has been spared in making the 1912 HUDSON "33" all that could be desired in every particular. The best of everything has been used. We were generous in this respect with the 1911 model.

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TAKI'S CAREER

Concluded from Page 9

"You did? That was why Ingeborg was crying? You didn't suffer alone?"

"No, madame. Igglebo suffer along me—she good gyarl. I always make suffer along me."

"What were you suffering about yesterday?"

"Madame, I have bad luck—me. I have nice foonra'—first big nice foonra' I get. I want to do nice, that foonra'. Then I do all careful—so careful, madame; so pretty, like party. I think I make great name, dat foonra'—get more foonra' make money—marry Igglebo soon quick. So I got all things nice and many carriage twenty carriage—go four mile in country to cemeter'. The carriage go slow and all peop' look at nice foonra'. It take more one hour to go dat cemeter'. We get gate, and when we get inside big gate of cemeter' I find I forget bring dat corp'!"

Taki's face was as masklike as ever, but the glittering eyes were swimming and tears were running down his olive cheeks.

"S'pose I get nerv'," Taki explained resignedly, wiping a tear or two. "I got go back four mile get that corp'—peop' get mad! I suffer."

I didn't laugh. Nobody could. "I'm so sorry, Taki," I said, and comforted him with platitudes. And I wondered, as I thought of the tale, if Taki's career really lay along the lines he and Georgy had selected.

The career, however, was thrown into the background by a family event the first of May and Aunt Anna arrived hand in hand. Aunt Anna was a large maiden lady, shapeless, impressive, talkative, mischief-making, rich. She was entirely up to date. She smoked, she consumed cocktails, she ate heavy, rich meals against her doctor's orders. She had a finished, flattering and frivolous address which attracted the unwary, and she mostly managed to do some damage before the unwary waked up. She had collected many jewels, but little affection. I shouldered her manfully and gave lunches and teas for her; and other people did, too, for she was always a prominent person. And between times I took long rides to get the world simplified and cleared.

On a day, May seventeenth, I cantered slowly through the post, coming in from a ride alone—and Marion Wilder came out from her house and stopped me. I was surprised, for Marion had been offish lately—I couldn't tell why, but suspected Aunt Anna's manipulations. I drew my horse up and saw she looked troubled.

"Anything wrong, Marion?"

She went red and stared at me in a queer way.

"Yes; I thought—I thought I'd just give you a hint before—you got home. It's—so sudden—to get home."

"Marion! For Heaven's sake! What is it?" Then an awful chill struck me. "Not Dan?"

"Oh, no! It's your aunt! She's been taken ill."

I am ashamed to say I sighed with relief.

"Thank you, old girl." I put out my hand. "It was good of you. I'll get there quickly." But Marion held my fingers.

"You didn't say I caught cold hanging out of my window waiting for Captain Nelson to pass, did you?"

"I did not," I fired at her. "Did that old ——" I forgot she was ill. "But I never said it and never would on earth or in eternity."

Marion gave me a long-distance pat, for the mouse was backing off. "Good!—you're a brick, Cissy! Hurry along home. I'll be over to see if I can help."

Poor Aunt Anna had eaten one heavy meal and taken one cocktail too many. Two days later, on Wednesday, she died. Thursday Dan came in to lunch after a morning of hard and gruesome "arrangements," for Aunt Anna was to be sent back to be laid with her forebears, the Phelps family, in the East—and it was complicated.

"Cissy," he began at his third chop, "you've got to subdue Sakisuki Takiuchi. Major Williams died yesterday and Taki's got that job too, and his joy is indecent. He thinks he's solemn, but he's perfectly radiant—you talk to him."

I did, and managed to soften the glitter and glow of his manner to limits.

"Two large nice foonra', madame! Me, I got be glad. I not glad peop' die—no; oh, no—that too bad; but if they got die I like bury 'em. That nice. Yes, madame, I try act like I sorry like you say. I try look like I suffer. But I glad inside me." Such was the result of my few remarks.

Thursday afternoon we had a short service and afterward everything was given into Taki's charge; and the little man was shivering with nervous anxiety to do his very best. Dan wore a queer, strained grin—not mirthful—as the short procession drove from our door.

"If there isn't a case of Japanese brain fever in town, then excitement won't do it. The major's body is down at his place also, you know. It's a good deal for him to manage, and he feels it."

That night Dan went down to the 8.20 train East and helped Taki send away with all possible reverence what he chose to call "Captain's foonra'." Dan reported him bursting with vainglory over two such functions and most anxious to give details of the last sad rites of the major yet to come—but there Dan drew a line.

Two days later, as I sat at my window, I saw the long, soldierly procession file solemnly past; the officers in uniform, my Dan big and stately among them; the hearse; the major's horse, with the empty cavalry boots hung top-down from the saddle. Then I saw peering out at our house from the last carriage a little, dark, expressionless face, its black eyes glittering under the silk top hat—the master of ceremonies, Sakisuki Takiuchi, trying to "look like he suffer."

That afternoon late I heard Dan's latchkey in the door and instantly his step on the stair. The sound of that step arrested my needle in midair. Something was wrong; there was an unaccustomed hurry and agitation in Dan's step—and with that he was at the door. One gets to interpret a man's face in a general way pretty truthfully when one sees it every day for years, but this look was beyond me. There was a mixture of horror and laughter which defied any rough-and-ready theory.

"What is it, Dan?" I threw at him. And promptly he threw at me a yellow paper with a few words on it—a telegram. I read it. "Dan!—Dan!" I gasped; and even in that moment I was conscious that I had caught just his mixture—horror and laughter. In a second I had my arms round his neck and was hiding my face from my own feelings, whatever they were—and they were a very sad jumble. Dan was shaking like a reed in the wind—I have never asked him the psychology of that shakiness.

After a while I sat down. Then I cried a little. Then I gasped: "Oh, Dan!" Then: "What are we going to do?" I picked up the telegram. "Why, we've got to do something quick! It's an awful situation! What can we do?"

Dan considered. "Only one thing." He caught up his hat. "I'll go and send a telegram." And he was gone before I had come to enough to ask a question.

In twenty minutes he was back and then I had my question ready before he got inside the door.

"What did you say? What did you say, Dan?" I demanded in italics.

Dan fished a scrawled bit of paper out of his pocket. "I kept a copy. I knew you'd want to know the words"—and I snatched the scrawl. At the window, by the light of the darkening day, I read it. It ran thus:

"Bury the major!" Dan had telegraphed to the Phelpses—"Bury the major as quietly as possible! Aunt Anna buried this morning, with full military honors!"

X-Ray the Leak *in a* Pen

X-RAY a regular fountain pen sitting point up in a vest pocket. What will you see? At the top a feed tube full of ink; in the middle a space of air; and at the bottom a deep pool of ink.

X-ray what happens when the heat of the body warms the pen in your pocket and causes the air in the middle to expand like any heated gas. What will you see? The ink in the feed tube ascending to the pen point and oozing out, smearing the writing end of the pen, and the writer's fingers when he takes off the cap and commences to write.

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The Knight, the Lady and the Fludge

Concluded from Page 12

As Cut Eleven Plainly Shows

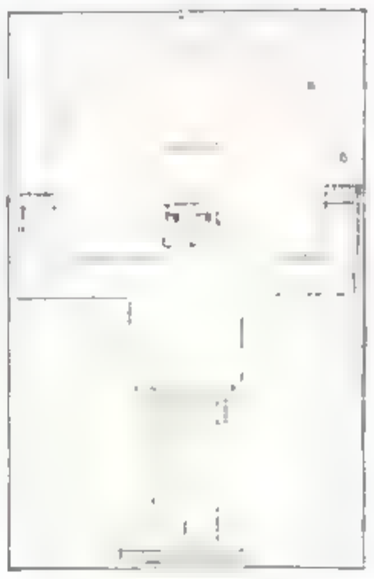
"Maid, from the grandstand quickly budge—
Come, leap upon the fleeting Fludge!"
Quick, with a cry that outward rang,
The lovers on the Fludge upsprang.
"Get up!" cried she
"Git ap!" cried he.
And with a snort of fludgely glee
The noble creature leapt and went
Right through the fragile canvas tent.
Upon his spine they sat at ease
As comfort-able as you please—
From this the inference is plain
That Love's oblivious to pain.
Belike a maddened shooting star,
Or like a racing motor car,
The monster sped with all his soul—
While Panzi, on a bamboo pole,
A bunch of tempting grapes held out,
An inch before the Fludge's snout,
Which made the beast—see Figure Ten—
Bust all the speed laws there and then.

CHAPTER V

You think, no doubt, they dodged the Turk
And wedded at Saint George's kirk?
Oh, well; you're right! That's what they did.
The bell was rung,
The service sung,
And Pleasure to the feast was bid!
And now let's leave the bride and groom
And gloat upon Kazoo's fell doom;
For tragedies are seldom tame,
But weddings—well, they're all the same.

CHAPTER VI

When Giles and Panzi ran away
Proud Prince Kazoo turned pink, then gray,
Exclaimed: "I never in my life!
King Alkali, say, where's my wife?"



As Per Figure Nine

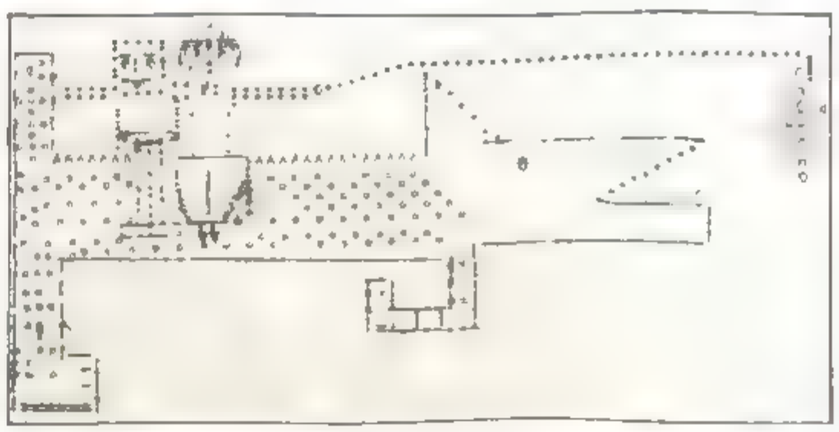
So, as was quite the proper way
In that unkind but stirring day,
Their armies met upon the plain
And fought it out with might and main.
The Alkaloids for three long weeks
The brave Kazoolians smote in streaks,
Till Dooli's men with trusty bows
Compelled the foe to turn their toes—
As Cut Eleven plainly shows.

So Sultan Dooli Alkali
Dragged poor Kazoo extremely high
And shoved him off. (I haven't time
To draw the details of the crime.
Just turn to Figure Six, my friend,
And call it "Prince Kazoo's Mad End."
For though that drop-off scarcely made
A scratch on stout De Marmalade,
It squashed the dudish, weak Kazoo—
Which shows the moral plainly true:
That Guy retains the Best Position
Who keeps in Physical Condition.)

EPILOGUE

When this Romance was completed and the illustrations done,
Dotty Dean, enwrapped in visions, by her desk serenely sat,
Dreaming that her Knight in armor
Would arrive—resistless charmer!—
Burst the door, release and wed her—for, of course, they all did that!

Hark! A pair of martial footsteps came aclanking down the hall.
"Enter, Knight!" the maid commanded—but the Janitor instead
Picked the lock 'midst conversation
Of a Swedish derivation.
"Say, I tank you best git out vile I mak' sweep-up har!" he said.



See Figure Ten

Why the Dinosaurs Lost Out

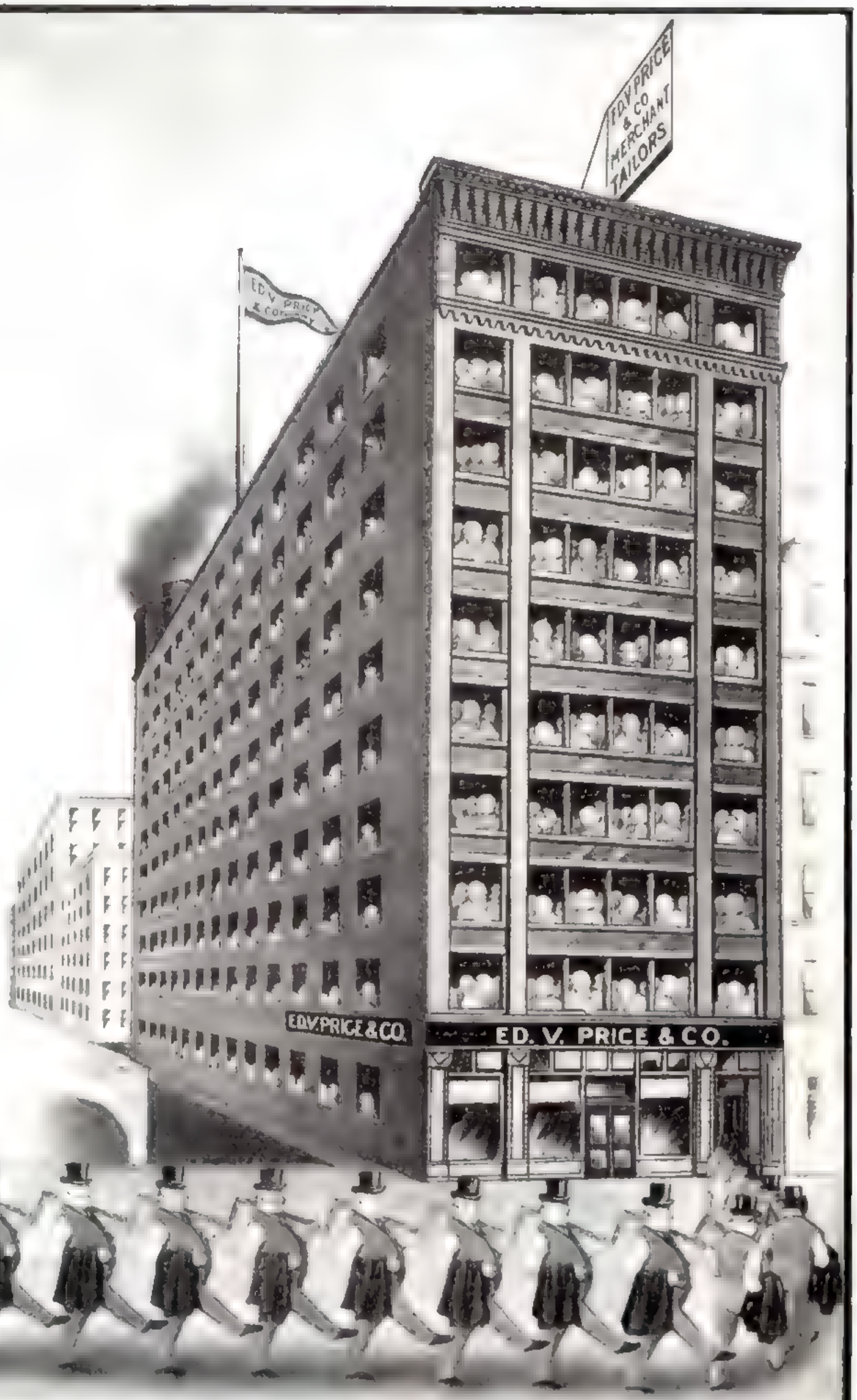
LEAPING lightsomely backward over thirty million years of intervening time, one beholds, on the sandy shore of the Laramie Sea – in what is now Wyoming – a female dinosaur, sixty-seven feet long and weighing about thirty-eight tons, composing herself to the duty of laying an egg.

Once laid, the egg is left to be hatched by the sun. It is about the size of a beer-keg; and the shell is soft, like that of a turtle's egg, but exceedingly tough, resembling parchment in texture and not less than two-thirds of an inch thick.

In the course of a few days this egg may reasonably be expected to hatch, liberating a beautiful, lizardlike creature, perhaps four feet in length, active and graceful in its movements, sleek of skin, and as "cunning" in its babyish play as any kitten. From the first day of its life it is able to take care of itself, finding along the shore a plentiful supply of the succulent plants that are its natural food.

But, alas! there is another possibility in the case. The huge egg, lying defenseless on the shore, is attacked in the night by one of those small gnawing mammals which already – though the Age of Reptiles is not yet on the wane – have made their appearance on the earth and are becoming more and more numerous. Ah, woe! The fluid "insides" run out; the parchment skin collapses – and the embryo dinosaur, already half-developed, perishes.

This word-picture is intended merely to illustrate a theory that has been suggested to account for the sudden and total disappearance of the great order of dinosaurs.



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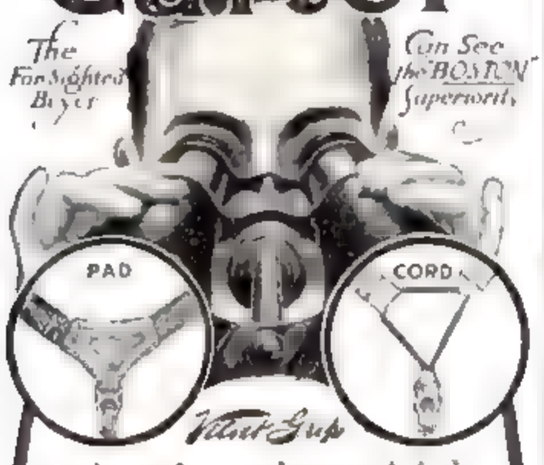

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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Concluded from Page 37)

As a humanitarian, I think this very fine, as a patriotic American, I regret that our brothers in Canada are getting much the best of us in this basic solution of the problem of human life and human efficiency. For the Canadians are carrying this work right to the people. Never forget that for a moment. Or, to be more accurate, they are inducing the people to do this work for themselves. Of course the entire population of Canada is less than eight million souls, and it is incalculably easier for the Canadian conservation and education commissions to do the work I have described than it would be for them to do it among ninety millions.

The best way for you to realize what these Canadians are doing—the certain and farreaching results of their work—is to imagine what would have been the result if we Americans had begun with precisely this method at the time our Constitution was adopted, and had continued it every day, letting it develop as our population grew and our boundaries spread. By now, had this been done, we should have in this Republic at least two hundred thousand illustration farms. Each farm would have been a living object lesson, a vital moving picture, for every farm within the radius of its influence. Each owner of these illustration farms would be a systematic student and a teacher of his fellows.

Apply the same thing to technical and industrial training—or, rather, the method of it. Where would our education have been today had this been done? The point is that the Canadians are beginning this basic work with human life and character itself, with the actual farms and shops and schools, at a time when the number of their people and the condition of their resources are exactly where ours were a hundred and twenty years ago. It is plain, is it not, what that means in the growth of character, in the perfection of human efficiency, in the building of a sound and vigorous nation?

Models for Americans

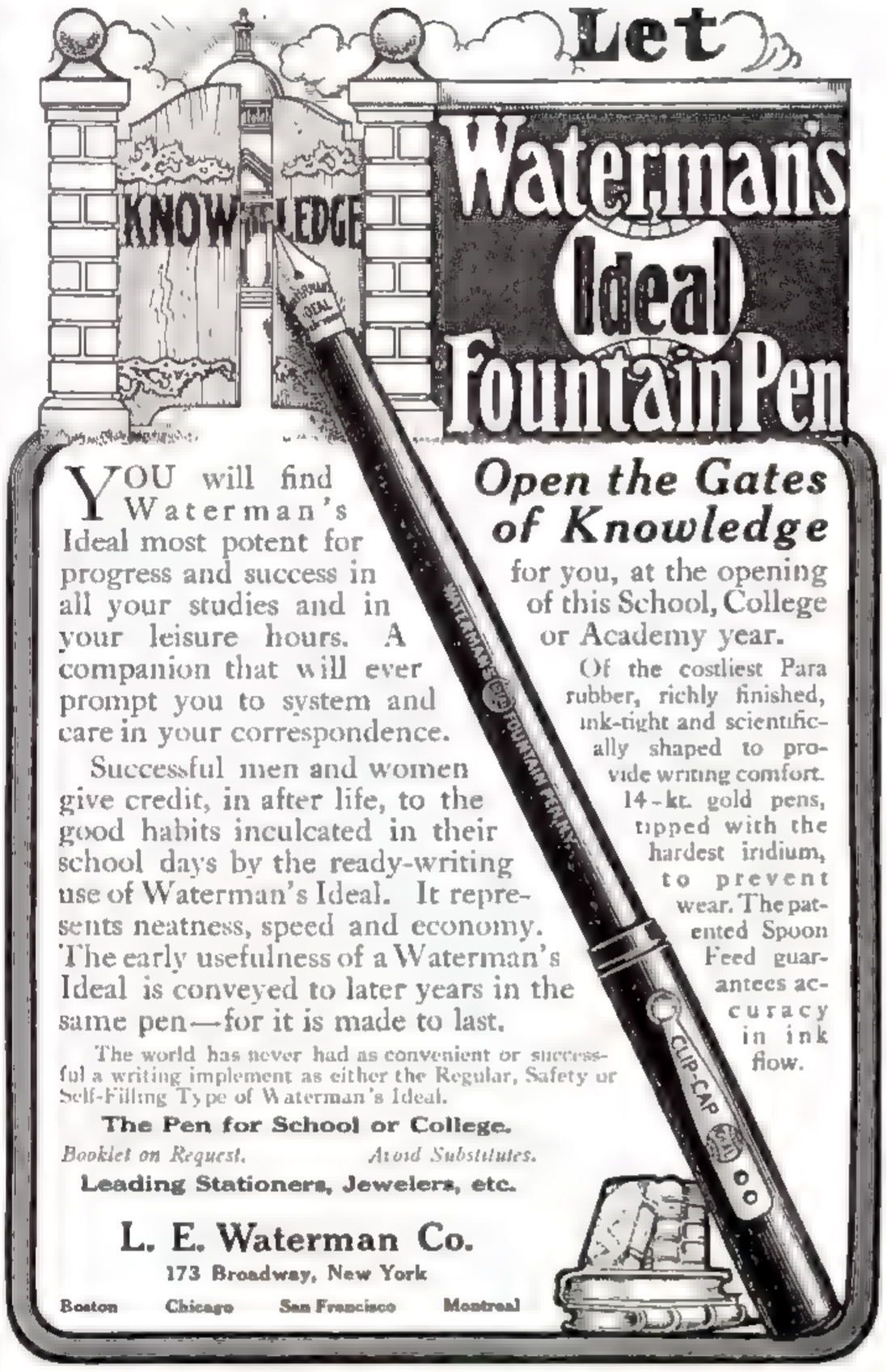
Of course, in many things I have touched upon, our own Agricultural Department has done much more than the Canadian one; but the point is that the Canadian conservationist is going personally to Canadian citizens. He is developing a systematic method. It may be too much of a task for us to undertake as a nation, but I do not think so. Why should not we have the same kind of work done throughout the Republic in a uniform way that today is being done with such striking results by these Canadians? At least all will concede that each of our states can do this work within its own boundaries.

I am wondering whether all this will mean a useful suggestion to our own people. The Canadians, in the matter of conservation and education, are doing with us precisely what the Germans did with us in the matter of the tariff. The Germans, under Bismarck, adopted our protective policy and then improved upon that policy by a tariff commission and other devices, so as to make German tariff methods quite the most perfect and profitably practical in the world. And now we are steadily taking up these German improvements on our own methods and making these improvements our own, when, as a matter of fact, we ourselves should have made these improvements in the first place.

Just so we Americans started the Canadians in the great conservation movement; and are not they doing in conservation and education precisely what the Germans did in the tariff?

At least, let us not be behind them. Why should not we help our farming people, merely by giving them the facts through object-lessons, to know what is best for them? Why should not we train our youth as the Canadians are training their youth, to get the most out of life, not by the preachments of some theoretical educator, but by developing practical and useful educational methods from the accumulated experience of fathers and mothers now living, who state in their plain way what they wish had been done for them and what they would like to have done for their children?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Beveridge on Canada. The sixth and last will appear in an early number.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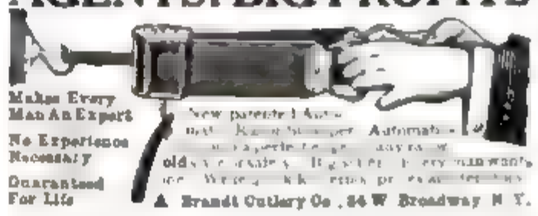

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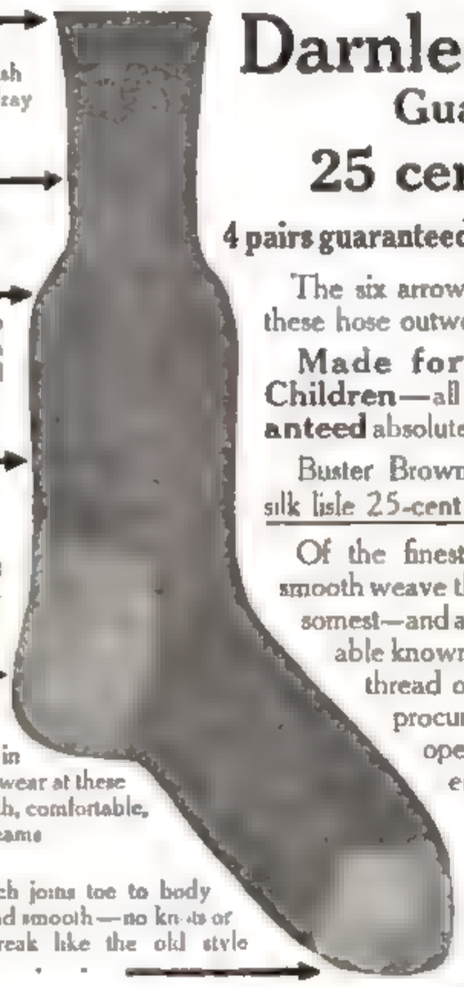

French Tops, a smooth, sightly finish Will not ravel or fray like raw edges
Elastic Top, Snug fitting—can't tear
Transfer of Top to Body, smooth, even and can't be pulled apart
Finest weave and silky lisle finish—sheer and thin Formed to the foot Pairs matched perfectly
Four-thread heel (two extra linen threads). Toe made in same way. Resists wear at these points. Soft, smooth, comfortable, without knots or seams
German loop which joins toe to body of hose. Elastic and smooth—no knots or seams—cannot break like the old style seams

The six arrows point out six reasons why these hose outwear their guarantee

Made for Men, Women and Children—all colors, all sizes—all **Guaranteed** absolutely against darning or mending

Buster Brown's is the only Guaranteed silk lisle 25-cent hose made

Of the finest silky sheer finish and fine, smooth weave throughout, they are the handsomest—and at the same time—most serviceable known to the hosiery world. Every thread of yarn is the best possible to procure. Made by highest class operators on most improved modern machines in a daylight mill

If you have the slightest difficulty in finding **Genuine Buster Brown's Hosiery** (with Trade Mark Guarantee on each pair) send the size and color wanted, with $1.00, and we will send you Four Pairs, postpaid. Write to Mill direct

OUR NEW BOOK—FREE

Buster, Mary Jane and Tige—36 pages in colors

The most delightful children's book we have ever published. Contains laughable comics and relates amusing experiences of this famous trio. Charmingly written and splendidly illustrated. The edition is limited. Write at once enclosing 4c in stamps to cover cost of postage and wrapping and copy will be sent promptly

Buster Brown's Hosiery Mill 559 Sherman Avenue CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

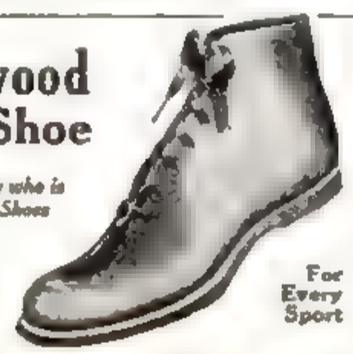
Ask for "Esterbrook's," and you get the best pens—easiest writing, longest wearing. Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co., Camden, N. J., 95 John St., New York

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Every Sport

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Does not show heat nor scratches. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good. Very comfortable. Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½,	*delivered,*	$3 25
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5,	"	3.75
Men's Sizes, 6½ to 11,	"	4.25

Play Shoe folder or general catalogue on request.

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 282 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

ANDREWS THERMOSTAT ONLY $20

KEEPS all rooms at an even temperature by automatically opening and closing dampers. A boiler or furnace "hog" pays for itself in one season. Absolutely accurate. Guaranteed for 1 year.

Guaranteed For Life

SPECIAL OFFER.—To each purchaser we will issue a coupon good for $10.00 to apply on the purchase price of an Andrews Hot Water Heating Plant during 1911.

Andrews Heating Co. 1195 Heating Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

We Carpet YOUR Floor-$2.50

Fashionable Artistic Sanitary Designs from real Turkish Rugs.

Brusselex Art Rugs

Fast Colors. Close weave. Durable. Can be used both sides. Average Sizes. 6 x 9 ft.—$3.50, 9 x 9 ft.—$5.00, 9 x 12 ft.—$6.50. Sent on approval, freight prepaid. **Your money back if not satisfied.** Catalog and color card free. Write today.

KEYSTONE RUG CO., 804 A Bourse Bldg., Phila., Pa.

THE TRADE WE ARE SCOLDED ABOUT

(Concluded from Page 21)

suspicion as talking Cantonese to a San Francisco laundryman, for swindlers had been active in seeking export agencies and commonly disappeared when they got hold of a trunkful of samples.

When they were finally able to take a steamer for the Orient they had less than sixty dollars in cash between them, and carried a lot of real "cats and dogs" in the way of goods—cheap jewelry, plated ware and trinkets. The only agency upon which they could hope to build enduring business was that obtained from a good watch-manufacturing concern.

In Honolulu, though, they stayed over between steamers and sold enough of their cats and dogs to earn fifteen hundred dollars in commissions. This money reached them weeks later in Japan. It was a great day when the draft arrived and was cashed; but since then they have never lacked means.

When they got to Shanghai they went round among the importing houses, which were all conducted by Europeans. Samples were shown and the importer would call in his *schroff*, or native salesman. The importers themselves either spoke no Chinese or dealt entirely with native merchants through the *schroff*. The latter was instantly against the new American goods because he saw that it would be more difficult to sell them than the European goods already familiar to the trade. So the Americans went directly to the native merchants themselves; and their knowledge of Chinese was sufficient for getting on.

Naturally it was uphill work at first. The Chinese merchant could get long credit and immediate deliveries from the European import houses; but if he bought American goods it was necessary to pay cash and wait until they arrived from the United States. The American prices were higher, too, because quality was better than that of the cheap European stuff sold to meet long credits.

They used salesmanship, however. A native merchant sold two hundred dozen spoons every year. His customers took only that number. Which would he rather do, they asked—sell cheap German spoons at a profit of ten cents a dozen or sell good-quality American spoons at a dollar profit? Did he want to make two hundred dollars a year on his spoon trade or was he content with twenty dollars?

In time this work began to tell; and today, after fifteen years in the Orient, "the Irishman and the Jew" handle a large yearly trade as agents for American manufacturers, selling everything, from watches to wireless outfits. They cover not only China and Japan but a large part of India, and purchase precious stones and other native products for the American market in addition to their business in manufactured goods. The whole essence of their success has been their ability to deal directly with the native trade, raising the quality of goods and the volume of sales by teaching oriental merchants better methods and saving them the commissions they had been paying to the native middlemen, who came between them and the old-style import houses. They cut out distance.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will be printed in an early issue.

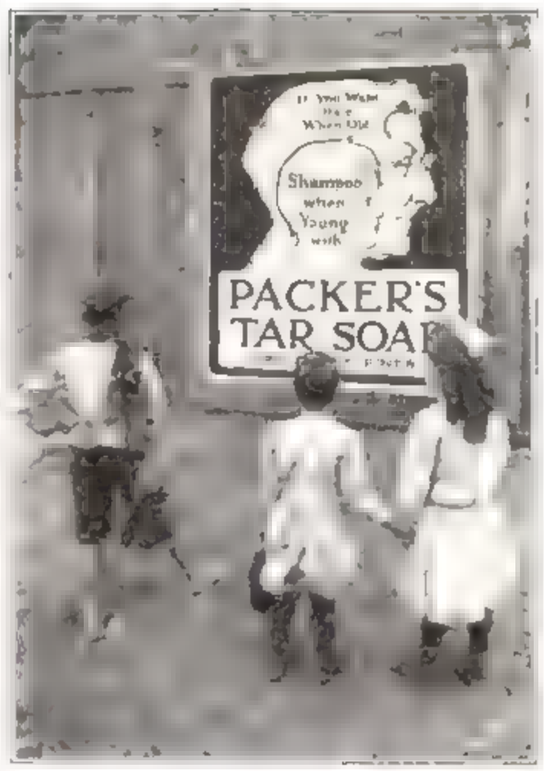
A Big Contract

ONE of the favorite diversions of the regulars in Yellowstone Park is to bet on the date the snow will disappear from the top of Bunsen Peak. Usually the snow goes away about July thirteenth or fourteenth.

This year, on the night of July thirteenth, there was a patch that looked about as big as a bedsheet. One of the regulars who had bet the snow would be gone by July fourteenth looked at the weather prediction for the next day on the night of the thirteenth and found the weather man guessed: "Cloudy." He was ruined unless that snow disappeared.

So that night he hired two men, packed some shovels on a packhorse and started for the top of the peak. The snow must disappear. After a laborious climb he got to the patch of snow at two A. M.

It was a drift three feet deep, two hundred feet long and a hundred feet wide!



Systematic shampooing is necessary to the continued health of the hair and scalp.

What Shampooing Is

But shampooing is not simply washing the hair. It is the manipulation of the scalp with the *right* shampooing agent.

What to Shampoo With

The *right* shampooing agent is Packer's Tar Soap—and *has* been for forty years. In it pure pine-tar is combined with other hygienic and cleansing ingredients adapted especially to the needs of the scalp.

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

Send 10c, silver or stamps, and we will mail you a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap, also our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Suite 86-C, 81 Fulton St., New York

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brush

Cleans the teeth
Cleans *all* the teeth
Cleans them *thoroughly*
"A clean tooth never decays"

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gets around every tooth—between all the teeth, both back and front alike—thoroughly cleansing every crevice. Its curved handle gives direct access to every part of the mouth—the long end tufts reach every tooth in the head.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is guaranteed. If ever we replace it. Our interesting booklet "Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth" is yours for the asking; send for it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

25c
35c
40c

SALESMEN WANTED

We want ambitious, resourceful salesmen to sell Frederickson Advertising Art Calendars. Our line is largely De Luxe and is recognized as one of the best in the Country. For the coming season we have surpassed all previous efforts. If you have successfully sold any legitimate line, have confidence in your own ability and a determination to better your condition, and desire to become permanently established,

WRITE US AT ONCE

THE FREDERICKSON CO., 839 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

10¢ FOR SAFETY

Glue is the Only Sticker that Holds

Why Use a Make-Shift Substitute?

Every address label put on without glue, every file copy stuck together without glue, every invoice put in the scrap book without glue is a needless risk. Why use the make-shift substitute when the real thing is as cheap and convenient—when glue that holds can be used without waste, without mussiness?

LEPAGE'S GLUE

Should be in the handy cabinet of every home—against that day when "Dolly" sheds her hair, "Dobbin" cracks his head; or you, by some one's unlucky move, lose your favorite vase. In the meantime you'll find it mighty handy in keeping your house in order—putting covers back on books, glueing down the loose veneer, fixing drawers that pull apart—there's a hundred or more ways it will help you.

LEPAGE'S Glue is now put up in two convenient and economical forms:

The pin-sealing tube (see picture above) is the most quickly used adhesive made. Pull out the pin, and you can apply a little or a lot of glue in a twinkling. If you want to use a tiny drop, spread with the point of the pin. Put the pin back in place, and no drying up can occur.

The new metal spreader (see picture above) that comes with every bottle acts like a butter knife—lays on much or little glue in a perfectly even film, exactly where you want it—not over everything nearby. It is vastly more convenient and lasting than a brush. The air-tight cap prevents all drying up, and there is no bad smell.

These two new devices—the tube and the spreader—have made LEPAGE'S Glue the only adhesive that should be used.

You need LEPAGE'S Glue on your desk as much as you need ink, and in your home as much as string.

Cut out the coupon before you forget and give it as a reminder to your purchasing agent or office boy.

Send for "Glueism," Our Free Book

It will tell you a hundred practical and money-saving uses of glue.

Russia Cement Company, We manufacture Glues (Hard or Liquid) in Bulk for All Industrial Purposes. **28 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.**

LIBRARY SLIPS WITH EVERY BOTTLE AND TUBE

Fastening Handles on Knives and Forks
Mending Back of Book
Mending fine Bric-a-brac
Gluing Wig on Doll
Lining Drawer with Velvet for Silverware

MEMO.

Get_____Tubes LePage's Glue at 10c

Get_____Bottles LePage's Glue at 10c

Stationers
Department Stores
Drug Stores
Grocories and
Hardware Stores

All Sell LePage's Glue

A man is known by the company he keeps; a merchant by his merchandise.

Reliable dealers everywhere are proud to be identified with these well-known brands as representing all that is best in Hosiery and Underwear requirements—
Comfort, Durability and *Style.*

What stronger endorsement as to the merits of any product could the most critical demand?

"Mérode" (Hand-Finished) Underwear

For Women and Children

Is chosen by particular and well-informed women as the most Shapely—Stylish—Comfortable and Serviceable Underwear made.

"*Mérode*" fabrics are made only from the highest grade; Cotton, Lisle, Wool and Silk.

"*Mérode*" garments are cut separately by hand, not by the dozen.

"*Mérode*" trimming is exquisitely crocheted by hand.

"*Mérode*" finish is faultless, only the highest grade buttons, silk and sewing thread, silk ribbons, tape, etc., being used.

"*Mérode*" garments are carefully reinforced wherever the strain is greatest.

"*Mérode*" Underwear is made under perfect hygienic conditions; every garment steam shrunk and sterilized.

"*Mérode*" garments do not gap, bind nor cause discomfort.

"*Mérode*" lines embrace 78 different fabrics and weights; 30 distinct styles for slender, medium or stout forms.

The limited selection described below may be had in any of the following shapes:

Vests, Drawers, Tights, Union Suits and Corset Covers.

Number	Color	Description
505	Cream	Medium weight finest combed cotton.
1464	White	Heavy weight fleeced combed cotton.
562	White	Light weight merino.
566	White	Medium weight merino.
672	White and Silver	Winter weight merino.
513	White	Light weight silk and wool.
618	White	Medium weight silk and wool.

"Onyx" Trade Mark Hosiery

When making your Hosiery purchases, ask for and insist upon seeing the

"ONYX" Brand

You will find a Fabric, Weight and Style to meet every want for *Men, Women and Children* at all Prices—each grade the utmost value obtainable anywhere.

Below we describe *a few* of the most popular.

FOR WOMEN

B 489

Women's "ONYX" Medium weight Silk Lisle in black and colors, with "DOUBLE TOP" and Spliced Heel and Toe; exceedingly strong

25c per pair

840 7

Women's "ONYX" black Gauze Lisle, with "DUBL TOP" and "DOUBLEX" Heel and Toe; a very desirable quality.

35c per pair, or 3 pairs, $1

409 K

Women's "ONYX" "DUBL TOP" Black, White and Tan Silk Lisle with "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe; feels and looks like silk; wears better.

50c per pair

409 G. The Gauze weight of this celebrated number with all its merits.

50c per pair

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

251

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Sole and Lisle "GARTER TOP"—Black and all Colors—a wonderful value

$1.00 per pair

498

This special "ONYX" Production represents more Good Value and Greater Comfort than any other number. In Black and all Colors of Extra Length with a WYDE TOP and Silk Lisle "GARTER TOP" and Sole; twenty-nine inches long. These improvements prevent garters from cutting and toes from going through.

$1.50 per pair

222

Black All Silk Medium Weight Extra Fine Gauge, "DUB-L TOP." Guaranteed to give satisfactory service.

$1.75 per pair

FOR CHILDREN

B 1274

Boys' "ONYX" Seamless 1x1 Ribbed Heavy Cotton Hose; Black and Tan. Sizes 6 to 10.

25c per pair

FOR MEN

B 152

Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle, black and all colors, Medium weight; Extra Spliced Heel and Toe, a remarkable value.

25c per pair

E 325

Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silk Lisle "DOUBLEX" splicing at Heel and Toe. "The Satisfactory Hose."

50c per pair

E 525. The Gauze Weight of the above number.

50c per pair

217

Men's "ONYX" PURE THREAD SILK, heavy weight, with Lisle Heel and Toe, in Black and the following colors. Tan, White Grey, Navy, Purple Helio, Suede, Green, Burgundy and Cadet Best pure silk sock made at the price

50c per pair

515

Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Ingrain Silk Hose, with Lisle Sole Black and all popular shades Extra fine quality.

$1.00 per pair

X 54

Misses' "ONYX" Seamless 1 x 1 Ribbed Silk Lisle Hose. Black, White, Pink, Sky, Tan and Red. Sizes 5 to 10.

25c per pair

Sold by reputable merchants everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. E P.

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors New York

A SESSION OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

The demand for the question comes from all parts of the House. The Speaker raps for order. There is none. "The House will be in order!" he says. "Members desiring to converse must retire to the cloakrooms."

The clerk of the House, accompanied by one of the assistant secretaries at the White House, appears at the head of the center aisle. The Speaker raps again.

"Mr. Speaker," says the clerk, "a message from the President of the United States."

The White House secretary bows and says: "Mr. Speaker, I am instructed by the President of the United States to deliver to the House of Representatives a message in writing." He bows again and retires.

The clerk brings the message down to the desk and the Speaker again bangs with the gavel. Quiet is secured. "The Chair lays before the House the following message from the President of the United States, which the clerk will read." The clerk reads.

Instantly the three hundred members on the floor begin to talk at the top of their voices. Groups form here and there and stories are told. Many write letters and others read papers. The clerk drones along. Presently the message is finished.

"The message will be printed and lay on the table," says the Speaker; and then comes the roar of "Question! Question!" again.

"There is no question," says the Speaker mildly.

"Mr. Speaker," yells Mr. Boogin, "do I understand the Chair to say there is no question? Mr. Speaker, there is a very vital question before this House, involving, as it does, the right of a member to determine with whom he shall be associated in a pair. As I have already said ——"

Mr. Beegin addressed the chair: "Mr. Speaker!"

"Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Arkansas?"

"I do."

"Did I understand the gentleman from Pennsylvania to say that the pending question involves the right of a member to determine with whom he shall be associated in a pair?"

"That was what I said."

"Does the gentleman maintain he is the member who invokes this right?"

"I did not say that."

"What did the gentleman say?"

"I said, what I here repeat, that the right involved is not for the determination of one member or for the determination of another."

"Does the gentleman think it is not a question for the determination of one member?"

"I do."

"Does the gentleman mean that a member cannot, in this House, associate with whom he chooses ——"

"Not at all; although I think the gentleman who is talking would find it very hard to find persons of small enough mental caliber to associate with among this membership."

"You may rest assured that he would never look to you for ——"

"Mr. Speaker!" Mr. Clayton rises. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "it seems to me that this debate is transcending the proprieties and that there need be no acrimonious discussion on this point. I am quite sure that if these gentlemen are at war ——"

Mr. Focht jumps up. "Mr. Speaker!" he exclaims. "I ask the gentleman to yield to me for a moment."

"Does the gentleman yield?"

"I do," replied Mr. Clayton as he sits down, leaving Beegin and Boogin glaring at one another across the aisle.

"Now, Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Focht, "I have heard that word 'war' used many times in my life, but never at a time when it is so pregnant with meaning as at the present time. Mr. Speaker, I, for one, believe in calling a spade a spade, and I am here to say that it is our duty to go to war with Mexico instantly. Are we degenerate sons of noble sires that we stand idly by and witness American citizens shot down in cold blood by Mexicans, as many of our American citizens have been? What, may I inquire, have we got an army down there for if it isn't to go to war with? What is an army for? To act as police? No, say I; but to go out and win glory and the grave. Mr. Speaker, the circumstances demand that our brave boys in blue should invade the tyrant's country and drive these here despots into the sea. The starry flag should wave above the citadels of Mexico, never to be furled! Our fathers were brave men. They never let an American be shot down like these have been. A drop of American blood is worth more than an ocean of Mexican fluid of the same nature. Forward to Mexico! say I, and if this be war let the galled jade wince. I am here today ——"

"Mr. Speaker!" and the interruption comes from Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts.

"Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts?"

"I do."

"I have listened with great interest to the remarks of the gentleman from Pennsylvania," says Mr. Gardner, "and I would like to ask him this question: If, as he thinks we should, we go to war down there in the south, with whom are we going to war—the Diaz troops or the rebels?"

"I care not," Mr. Focht replies. "I care not. It makes no difference to me. What this country needs is a war to stir its patriotism and to cause our young men to enlist beneath the starry flag. You can go to war with one of them or both of them, and it makes no difference; but I insist, standing here in my right as a member of this House, that we ought to go to war with somebody, whether the President is for it or not."

"Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Longworth, "again I ask what is before the House?"

"I am before the House!" replies Mr. Focht tartly.

"Yes," shouts back Mr. Longworth; "and in case of the war you are yelling about you would be behind it!"

"The House will be in order," warns the Speaker.

"Question! Question!"

"The Chair would state," says the Speaker, "that up to this time the Chair has been in doubt as to what the question is; but the clerk informs him that the pending question is on the point of order raised by the gentleman from Iowa"—Mr. MaGoosh—"that the gentleman from Pennsylvania"—Mr. Boogin—"was out of order in his reference to the pair with the gentleman from Arkansas"—Mr. Beegin. "In the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Fifty-first Congresses this point of order was raised and the Chair, in each instance, ruled that the member was clearly out of order, inasmuch as he transgressed the rules of the House in using unparliamentary language. However, this being the case on the one hand, I am constrained to hold, on the other, that neither gentleman was in order and that each is equally blameworthy. Still, as the incentive was very great in both cases, the Chair will not rule as he is constrained to rule and will hold that the point of order is not well taken and that the gentleman from Pennsylvania can proceed, both being within their rights as members of this House."

Mr. Boogin rises in a dazed sort of way. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "I haven't nothing more to say on the matter."

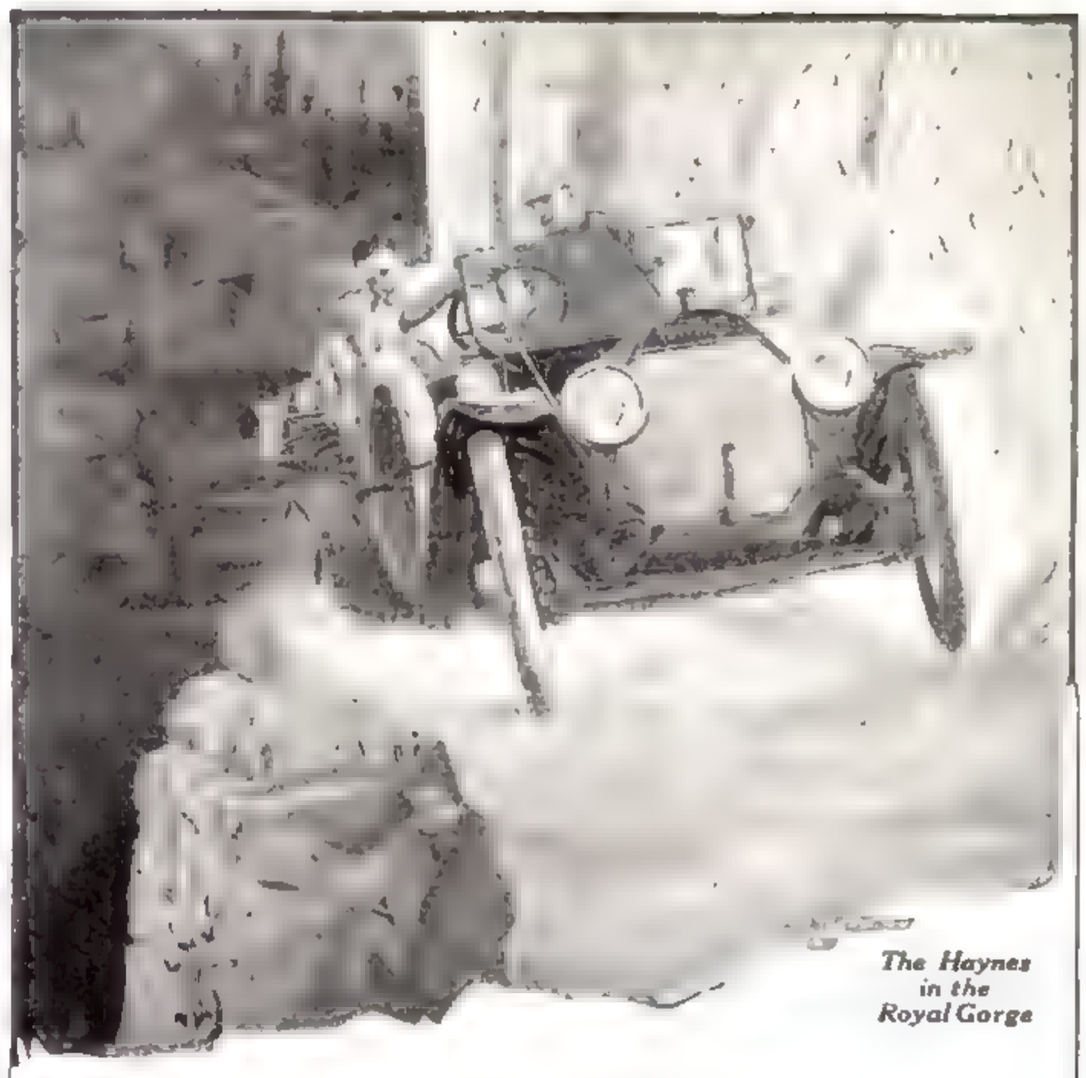
Mr. Underwood rises. "Mr. Speaker, inasmuch as we have now consumed three hours of time in the discussion of this important matter, I move that the House now resolves itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the further consideration of House Resolution 4413, a bill to put agricultural implements and other articles on the free list."

The motion is agreed to and the House resolves itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, with Mr. Alexander in the chair.

Whereupon, two hundred and seventy-five of the members present on the floor leave the chamber hurriedly, blocking the doors in their anxiety to get out.

After a few minutes of confusion, with the chairman of the Committee of the Whole pounding vigorously with his gavel, Mr. Underwood, who has remained standing at his desk, calm and unruffled, says: "Mr. Chairman, I now yield one hour to the gentleman from South Carolina, Mr. Magusalem."

Some of the twenty-five or thirty members on the floor applaud Mr. Magusalem, who rises ponderously and arranges some



The Haynes in the Royal Gorge

The Haynes Goes Everywhere

AND the best part of it is that the Haynes has been going everywhere for more years than most men in the automobile business can recall. Ever since 1893 it has been going everywhere that any automobile could go.

Eighteen years of the history of automobiling are built into the 1912 Haynes. The whole progress of automobile building on the American continent is typified in this splendid automobile.

This means a whole lot to you who are considering the buying of your first automobile this year, or considering the buying of another car to take the place of the old car that is worn out or isn't good enough.

This eighteenth year of the Haynes car is a year of triumph for the pioneer American builder of automobiles. Last year automobile experts, and the public as a whole, declared the Haynes had reached the limit of quality production at a $2100 price. The 1911 Haynes was a car which seemed to justify this verdict and it was hard to figure how any more automobile worth could be put into a car at the price of the splendid 1911 Haynes, but there *is more* in the 1912 Haynes, and the price remains $2100.

The 1912

HAYNES

is not radically different from its predecessors. It is not radically better, but it does represent a little more all-'round value than we have ever before been able to put into a car, and that means a little more than *anybody* has been able to put into an automobile selling at the Haynes price.

The 1912 Haynes is a bigger car—120-inch wheel base; it's a roomier car—wider rear seat and more depth both in the tonneau and in front; it's a more powerful car—the 4½ x 5½ motor gives forty to forty-five horse power; it's a safer car—larger brakes give one square inch of braking surface to every thirteen pounds of car, and it is a snappier, more stylish car—the whole car is finished in black with seventeen hand-rubbed coats of paint, and the trimmings are of black enamel and nickel.

There is not another automobile in the American market into which is built so much experience and so much skill as the Haynes car for 1912, and there is not another into which is built more beauty of line and proportion. Neither is there any other American car produced in a factory more thoroughly modern in every detail of its equipment. On the ashes of our old factory—completely destroyed by fire last February—we have erected a great modern structure of steel and concrete and within its walls assembled an up-to-the-minute equipment of which, in its entirety, no superior can be found in this country. In the purchase of this equipment no expense has been spared to insure *absolute* mechanical accuracy in the manufacture of every part that goes into the Haynes car. So, by *our* loss, Haynes owners are to profit and Haynes values are to be enhanced.

The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we will send you a catalogue and name of dealer nearest you. The line is complete, meeting every demand—5-passenger touring, 40 h. p., $2100, 4-passenger, 40 h. p., Close-Couple, $2100, Colonial Coupe, 40 h. p., $2450, 7-passenger Touring, 50-60 h. p., $3000; 4-passenger Close-Couple, 50-60 h. p., $3000; Model 21 Limousine, 40 h. p., $2750; Model Y Limousine, 50-60 h. p., $3800. Complete regular equipment for all models is of the very highest class. If you are interested in *good* cars you will investigate the Haynes from radiator to tail lamps and compare it part for part with cars that sell for much higher prices. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. A, KOKOMO, INDIANA

NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway CHICAGO, 1702 Michigan Avenue

Packard

Five hundred dollars is the safe price to pay for an upright piano. If you pay much less you run the danger of getting an unworthy instrument. And there is really no need of your paying more. Five hundred dollars is the price of the splendid Packard—style FF.

All good pianos look alike—but the superiority of the Packard lies in the durability of its wonderful tone. It is the "arrived" instrument of the day—the one you'll enjoy most in your home. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard Pianos and Player Pianos—on terms. If your dealer can't supply you, send to The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana, for particulars and catalogue BB.

manuscript on his desk. The greatest number of those who remain in the room are Democrats, and they are the ones who applaud Mr. Magusalem. The few Republicans look much bored.

Mr. Magusalem relieves himself of a bunch of burning thoughts like this:

"Mr. Chairman, this is a measure which gives the farmers of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, the Dakotas and other Western and border states cheaper articles with which to cultivate their crops. It lightens the burden on the shoulders of these hardy and God-fearing tillers of the soil. It brings to them the ineffable blessings of cheaper goods wherewith to extract from the ground those bountiful harvests that have made this country the granary of the world. It lessens the labors of the farmer's wife—God bless her!—and gives to his children greater advantages than ever those sturdy boys and girls of the farm have had heretofore. It is inconceivable to me how any person having a seat on this floor can vote against this bill, especially if he numbers among his constituents one farmer. It is a boon, Mr. Chairman, a blessing, the wisest measure ever conceived in a legislative hall. It is to the glory of the Democratic party that it has formulated and will pass this measure, destined, as it is, to bring prosperity, peace, comfort, happiness and joy to the great, the sturdy, the magnificent agriculturists of this fair land."

When Mr. Magusalem sits down there is a faint ripple of applause. He mops his forehead with his handkerchief.

Then John Dalzell arises, over on the Republican side. "Mr. Chairman," he says, "I now yield forty-five minutes of my time to the gentleman from Connecticut, Mr. Spoffum."

Mr. Spoffum has been sitting on the edge of his chair during the last fifteen minutes of Mr. Magusalem's speech, stroking his upper lip nervously. As Mr. Dalzell finishes he hops up and smiles scornfully at the ten or fifteen Democrats. The half-dozen Republicans—three or four have gone out during Mr. Magusalem's speech—clap their hands.

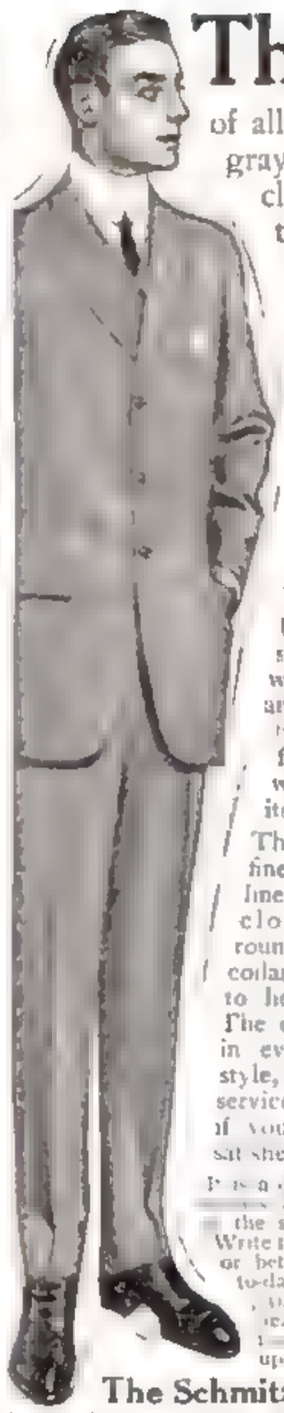
Mr. Spoffum sails into the Democrats like this:

"Mr. Chairman, this is a measure which imposes on the farmers of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, the Dakotas and other Western and border states conditions harder than they, already overtaxed and underpaid for their heartbreaking labor, can bear. It presses down to the point of poverty the shoulders of these hardy and God-fearing tillers of the soil. It means not cheaper goods to them but poorer prices for their crops; and makes it harder for them—nay, impossible—to extract from the ground those former bountiful harvests which, under Republican rule, have made this country the granary of the world. It increases the labors of the farmer's wife—God bless her!—and deprives his children of those great advantages which they now enjoy under the beneficences of the sacred policy of Protection. It is inconceivable to me how any person having a seat on this floor can vote for this bill. It is a curse, Mr. Chairman—a disaster; the most harmful measure ever conceived in a legislative hall. It is to the lasting disgrace of the Democratic party that it has formulated and will pass this measure, destined, as it is, to bring poverty, discord, distress, want, hunger and woe to the sturdy, the magnificent agriculturists of this fair land."

A few handclaps on the Republican side.

Then, turn about, Underwood and Dalzell yield time to orators; and they talk, withholding their remarks in almost every instance for amplification and revision before they are printed in the Record and franked out to their constituents.

A few members stroll in now and then, and others go out. There are never more than twenty persons on the floor, including the stenographers. At six o'clock Mr. Underwood rises and solemnly moves that the committee rise. The committee rises, announces it has come to no resolution on the pending measure—and the half-dozen or so members present wearily vote to adjourn.



This Suit

of allwool blue serge, gray serge or black clay worsted—sent to you direct from the factory for

$11.75

Express Prepaid

Every suit is made in our own tailoring shops and sold direct to you—this explains the extraordinary low cost—*you buy at the factory price.* We know the value cannot be duplicated. It is a suit you will enjoy wearing. Built for style and service—designed by artists and so carefully tailored that it will permanently hold its shape.

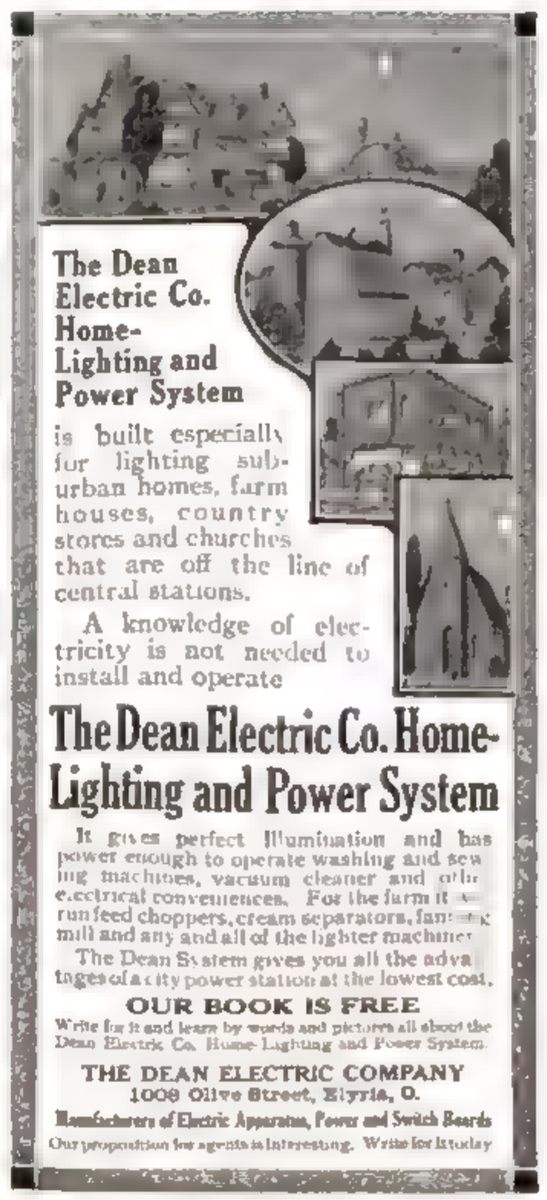
The coat is lined with fine serge—front interlined with genuine haircloth—the shoulders rounded carefully—the collar and lapels fashioned to lie smooth and snug. The entire suit guaranteed in every respect—fabric, style, fit, workmanship and service. Your money back if you are not absolutely satisfied.

It is a chance to get new stylish [illegible] direct from the makers at the same price dealers pay. Write for booklet and samples, or better still, order your suit today. Give chest measurement [illegible] height and weight—all sizes [illegible] 2 to 44—for extra sizes up [illegible], send $1.00 more.

The Schmitz & Shroder Co.

St. Louis, Mo. Detroit, Mich. East St. Louis, Ill.

[illegible] Address Dept. A.



The Dean Electric Co. Home-Lighting and Power System

is built especially for lighting suburban homes, farm houses, country stores and churches that are off the line of central stations.

A knowledge of electricity is not needed to install and operate

The Dean Electric Co. Home-Lighting and Power System

It gives perfect illumination and has power enough to operate washing and sewing machines, vacuum cleaner and other electrical conveniences. For the farm it will run feed choppers, cream separators, fanning mill and any and all of the lighter machines.

The Dean System gives you all the advantages of a city power station at the lowest cost.

OUR BOOK IS FREE

Write for it and learn by words and pictures all about the Dean Electric Co. Home-Lighting and Power System.

THE DEAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
1009 Olive Street, Elyria, O.

Manufacturers of Electric Apparatus, Power and Switch Boards

Our proposition for agents is interesting. Write for it today.

To make a handsome, flexible protection for the hand;—comfortable from the first; allowing a hundred positions of palm and fingers, yet durable and not pulling out of shape—that's the glove-maker's problem, solved by

FOWNES GLOVES

Sold by good dealers everywhere, never under any other name than Fownes. Ask for the $2.00 street gloves. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50. Name always stamped in the wrist of the genuine. Look for it.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write today for colored maps and information.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.
29 Broadway, New York.

Does Your Granite Dishpan Hot Water Bag Leak? Don't Throw It Away MENDETS

Mends all leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Smooth. Sample assortment 10c. Complete box, assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Wonderful opportunity for live agents. Write today. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N. Y.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE
WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

To the Family Grocer
—an appreciation

THIS is a simple word of *appreciation*—an acknowledgement of *our* obligation—a reminder of the obligation of the Public—to the Retail Grocers of the world. It is fitting to preface this acknowledgement to our season's advertising which will regularly tell more than twenty millions of people of the purity and excellence of Heinz 57 Varieties.

Perhaps you—the consumer—never stopped to think of it, but the reason why you are able to secure Heinz Products, wherever you may be, is *only* because of the splendid co-operation of the good grocers of the world.

And only because they *are* good grocers—because they look *beyond* the penny's profit in hand—because they put quality and service—your interests—*first.*

Here is something you should know. If your grocer has not told you, he should have done so. We are making this heretofore unpublished statement; in his behalf:

Our prices to your grocer are higher than he has to pay for similar lines.

Purity, the best materials and care—*ideals*—in the preparation of foods—*cost money.* Only fresh, sound materials, absolute cleanliness in preparation, and perfect means of natural preservation, are found in the great Heinz kitchens.

Obviously, we cannot compete in price with these manufacturers who have a lower standard of product—of sanitation—who use artificial preservatives to market questionable materials. We do not *attempt* to compete.

Your grocer *understands.* He willingly pays *more* for Heinz Products, for the privilege of serving you better. But *you* who consume them, pay just about the same. Please remember that.

The constantly increasing sale and distribution of Heinz Products is one of the surest proofs of the high standards upheld today by the family grocer. And this tendency to supply you with the best is almost *general*—it is fairly typical of the grocery trade of today.

Of course the grocer is conserving his own interest in this. It holds his trade, and increases its growth.

But, remember, the grocer who sells you Heinz 57 Varieties shares with *us* the extra cost their quality represents—while you pay the regular market prices.

Thus, he *deserves* our appreciation and co-operation. He deserves *your* trade.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Perfect For Salads

Wesson Snowdrift Oil

For Salads and Cooking

100 per cent Cooking Value

Combines in one superior pure food product the best properties for baking, frying and salad dressing. Is not a substitute for, but a rival of the best imported oils. The use of oil in cooking has made the French people the undisputed premier cooks of the world.

For The Grocer

The leading magazines of the United States will carry monthly messages of the many excellent uses of **Wesson Snowdrift Oil.** Full page, half page and quarter page announcements will be made in The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion, Good Housekeeping, The Munsey Big Six, etc.

Grocers who make most striking window displays will be awarded prizes amounting to $100, $75, $50 and $25. A prize of $50 is offered to grocers for the best local newspaper ad. Details on request.

For The Housewife

When making salads sauces, gravies, etc., use **Wesson Snowdrift Oil** the same as the more expensive imported oils. In cooking use the same as butter, only add a little salt. In boiling vegetables pour in a little of the oil to get a delicious seasoning without the greasy effects or expense of fat meat.

Wesson Snowdrift Oil is vegetable, therefore pure and wholesome; makes delicious salad dressing; unequaled for deep frying; makes white, feathery cake; is odorless and has a rich nutty flavor.

The Cost of

Wesson Snowdrift Oil

is moderate. Sold by grocers in cans only. 25 cent, 40 cent and larger sizes.

RECIPE BOOK FREE

Ask your grocer. If he can't supply you send us your name and your grocer's name and we will send you a recipe book for delicious salads and cooked dishes *absolutely free.*

OUR GUARANTEE

Give the oil a fair trial. If you are not entirely satisfied with *all* results return oil to your grocer who will refund to you the purchase price. *We have faith in our product.*

Pure and Vegetable

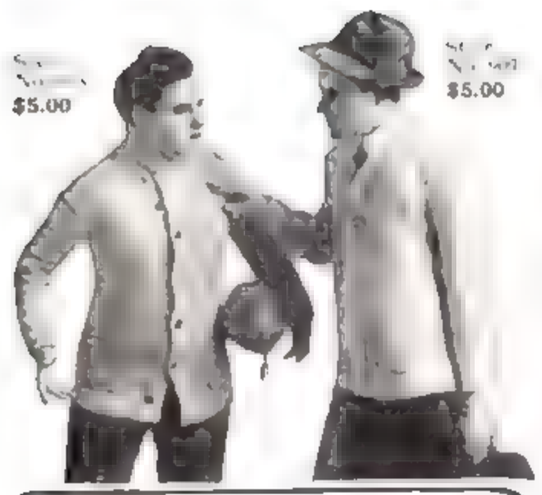
The Southern Cotton Oil Co.

No. 24 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

Savannah, New Orleans
Chicago, San Francisco

London, Liverpool
Paris, Manchester

Its Use is Economy



Bradley Knit Coats—like Bradley Mufflers—excel in style, quality and comfort. Therefore, insist upon having the Bradley. Prices, $1 to $10.

Bradley

Knit Coats

For Men, Women and Children

Style No. 963, all wool Shaker-Knit Coat with Ang[illegible] sleeves, [illegible] pockets, [illegible] or sent prepaid for only $5.00

Style No. 909. [illegible] pure worsted [illegible] throughout with V-neck and two pockets. In [illegible] camel, [illegible] navy, [illegible] white. All [illegible] or sent prepaid for only $5.00

Write today for handsomely illustrated catalog of Bradley Coats, Caps, Scarfs, Muffs and the famous Bradley Mufflers

Bradley Knitting Co.

115 Bradley Street Delavan, Wis.

LIMBERT'S Holland Dutch ARTS & CRAFTS

51

Beautiful New Style Book Mailed Free

Send for it today and read its interesting history of this [illegible]. The [illegible] is to the [illegible]

[illegible] over three hundred pictures of our Colonial Dutch Arts & Crafts [illegible]. Furniture and [illegible] which [illegible] A Craftsman [illegible] effects can be obtained at small expenditure.

Write for our Style Book

Before you [illegible] you know [illegible] you the address of [illegible]

Limbert's Arts & Crafts, [illegible] The cut not supply you [illegible]

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich Dept. S Holland, Mich.

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

GRACE THE FACE STAY IN PLACE

$3 Shur-on $5

Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike

Other mountings may look like Shur-on Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted

Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

[illegible] for "How, Where and Why" a Shur-on.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.

Established 1864 Ave. H, Rochester, N. Y.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 33

machine, was described in The Sun that afternoon in the following manner:

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE

FOR MAYOR

Republican candidate—Joseph Stillwell [illegible], retired lawyer, father-in-law of James Buchanan, assistant general manager of the Tuttle Corporation. Harmless.

Democratic candidate—Fred Schneider, clothing merchant, first cousin of Gustavus Mueller, treasurer of the St. James Electric Railway, Light and Power Company. Dangerous.

FOR ASSESSOR

Republican candidate—Wilson Randall, real-estate dealer, agent of the Tuttle properties in South St. James.

Democratic candidate—Bryan Parker, building contractor, former auditor of the St. James Electric Railway, Light and Power Company.

(Editor's Note—Be sure to shut your eyes when you vote.)

The conventions ran so far into the afternoon that we were unable to present much more than the bare facts as to what had been done that day; but the following day I used the whole editorial page to tell the people of St. James just how they had been cheated. The title of the editorial was "A People Betrayed." In it I explained how the delegates had been elected and the conventions of both parties controlled by the Tuttle-Street Railway interests, how the candidates for aldermen had been nominated, and the will of the individual citizen had been set aside in the platforms adopted.

Hunting for a Brave Man

Following my policy of tearing down only for the purpose of building up, I did not stop at denunciation of the methods by which the primaries and conventions had been controlled. I told the people how to free themselves. I explained that as long as municipal primaries and conventions were operated on a go-as-you-please plan by the city committees, free from the restraint of law, the Tuttles and Van Dykes of the community, seeking special privileges and personal gain—now immunity from taxation and at some other time something else—would get what they wanted. The remedy was the enactment of a state law that should throw all the legal protection provided at a general election about the voter who went to cast his ballot for the nomination of candidates for city offices. I declared that the voters should have the right to vote directly on candidates for all nominations, and that no selections should be made by conventions, even though the delegates to such conventions were elected at legalized primaries.

The way to get these facilities by which the actual voters of each party could nominate their own candidates by direct ballot, I pointed out, was to send to the state legislature men who would work for the passage of a bill containing these provisions.

In the same editorial I launched a campaign for a new city charter.

The afternoon of the day following the conventions I assumed the rôle of Mr. Diogenes, took my lantern in hand and went in quest of independent candidates. I found plenty of men who were honest and raved over the outrages of the twin forces of evil in St. James, but when I suggested the object of my visit they threw up their hands. I interviewed forty-two influential business and professional men. I found thirty-eight who agreed with every utterance of The Sun and myself, and declared it was imperative that independent candidates be brought out for mayor and for assessor; but not one of them had the courage of his convictions.

"I should be ruined and run out of this town if I attempted any such thing," said one man, a retail clothing merchant, the principal competitor of Fred Schneider. "I bank at the Second National, and if I became a candidate for mayor my line of credit would go glimmering."

"But you could change your account to another bank," I told him. "The Tuttles don't control all the banks in town, do they?"

"Not directly, no; but you can bet your last nickel that if I went to fighting Tuttle

It is now customary at afternoon teas and luncheons to serve

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

as the crowning touch—with tea or chocolate.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

ALL Climates Look Alike to This Famous Watch

If you're an engineer on any project from Culebra to Saskatchewan, you can take the Lord Elgin along, and bank on its steady faithfulness. Neither arid nor damp country, heavy blasts nor constant jolting will derange it. And it's a mighty handsome watch. *The thinnest watch made in America with an enamel dial.* A companion to be proud of on any occasion.

Lord Elgin

Built on tested specifications [illegible] Regulator [illegible] adjusted [illegible] Prices range from $ [illegible] and upward. [illegible] Ask [illegible] to show you [illegible]

Elgin National Watch Company Elgin, Illinois

Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

The simple diagram above strikingly illustrates one of the mechanical advantages of co-operation. It shows that six persons can now talk over two pairs of wires *at the same time* that eight telegraph operators send eight telegrams *over the same wires*. With such joint use of equipment there is economy; without it, waste.

While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and different. The telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

The telegraph excels in carrying the big load of correspondence between distant centers of population; the telephone connects individuals, so that men, women and children can carry on direct conversations.

Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service. Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

in politics I'd have a mighty hard time to get money when I needed it. And that wouldn't be all either. The whole police force, the building inspectors, the fire marshal and everybody else connected with the city government would swoop down on me and harass me with prosecution—or persecution—for alleged violations of petty ordinances and regulations, whether I was guilty or not. My assessment would be whooped, I'd have labor troubles and strikes called on me, and I'd just about have to quit business."

"But what are we going to do about these conditions?" I demanded. "Is this whole town going to keep on letting a little bunch of grafters run it forever? What's the answer? Isn't there any chance for a revolution? I've talked to forty men about this and they all give me the same story you do—that they don't dare offend Tuttle and Van Dyke. We're doing all we can with The Sun, but we can't win single-handed. Aren't there two live men in town with enough red blood to get into the open and scrap?"

On the Way to Freedom

"I don't believe there are—honestly I don't. I've seen lots of good men go up against this combination, lose out and get hammered into the ground too. We've stuck by you because we believe you're making a game fight and deserve to win, and because your space is a good buy at your rate, and we're going to keep on sticking; but you'll never get away with your kind of newspaper in St. James. It can't be done. You were beaten before you got into the game. You'll get circulation—I guess you are getting it rapidly, but you'll never get enough advertising to pay your bills, let alone give you a profit."

On May fifth Mell, Butler and Ashman came over and spent two days with Austin and me to study the affairs of The Sun, listen to our account of what we had done and what had happened to us during our first year in St. James and make plans for the future. Set down on paper, our record was as follows:

May 5, 1905, to May 5, 1906

Advertising receipts	$ 67,229.18
Circulation receipts	12,422.01
Total receipts	$ 79,651.19
Operating expenses	$104,975.28
Net loss	$ 25,324.09
Cash in bank, May 5, 1905	$ 60,000.00
Less net loss	25,324.09
Cash in bank, May 5, 1906	$ 34,675.91

Circulation, May 5, 1905 8,118
Circulation May 5, 1906 22,242
Average daily receipts from circulation, May, 1905 $31.39
Average daily receipts from circulation, May, 1906—$89.21

It was in the circulation figures that we found our consolation and builded our hope for the future. Once more Mell, Butler and Ashman approved everything Austin and I had done, expressed confidence in our ultimate success, told us to keep on making the kind of a newspaper we had been making, and left us to work out our own destiny with $34,675.91 of their money still left.

Though my effort to find men to run for mayor and assessor had failed, so far as the immediate redemption of the city was concerned, my journey among the thirty-eight whom I found in sympathy with us proved a big help that summer and fall, when I conducted a campaign for a legislative delegation that would work for a new charter and a municipal primary law. Using my thirty-eight as a nucleus I organized the "Greater St. James Committee."

Of course I did not personally form the organization, but I induced a dozen of my thirty-eight to issue a call for a mass meeting to consider the new charter and municipal primary questions. Something less than two hundred citizens attended, but from that number we culled out a hundred who gave promise of standing hitched. I furnished the newspaper backing and the committee employed a secretary, opened permanent headquarters, and set to work to place in the hands of every person in St. James the reasons for a new charter and for legal protection for voters in the nomination of candidates for city offices.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles relating the story of a newspaper. The third will be printed in an early issue.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Advance footwear fashions and "Natural Shape" lasts that fit your feet are featured in the Florsheim Shoe.

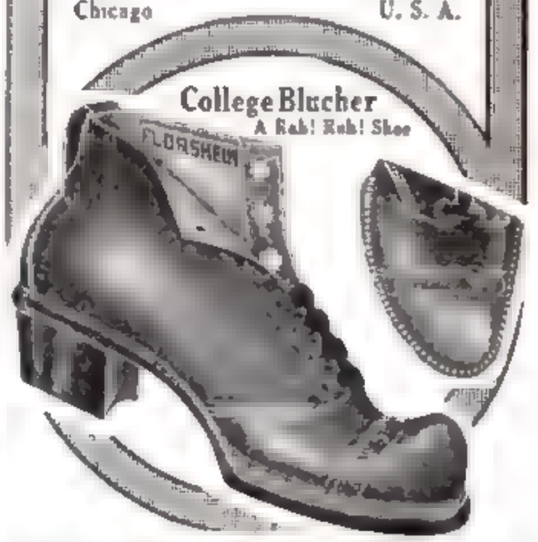
Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting, showing styles that are *different*

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

College Blucher
A Rah! Rah! Shoe



Pshaw!

It makes you feel bad, doesn't it, to find an orphaned bristle in your mouth?

How can a brush care for your teeth when it can't take care of its own bristles?

Brisco-Kleanwell bristles traveled all the way from Europe together on friendly terms. It would not do for them to fall out, now, would it? And they don't. They stay flexible, too.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St. New York

Bank by Mail

Our simplified plan makes Banking by Mail safe, convenient and profitable. Four per cent interest compounded twice a year is paid on savings. Deposits accepted in any amount from $1 up. Absolute safety assured by capital and surplus of $1,700,000 and by strong, conservative management

DIRECTORS—H. C. Frick, J. B. Finley, H. C. Downes, W. N. Frew, H. L. Jones, Jr., P. C. Knox, J. H. Lockhart, J. M. Lockhart, Thomas Lynch, H. C. McKeesport, A. W. Mellon, R. B. Mellon, D. E. Park, Henry R. Rea, W. B. Schiller, J. M. Schoonmaker, Geo. E. Shaw, E. A. Woods

FREE BOOKLET To learn all about this big, strong bank and our simplified plan of saving by mail say to us in a letter, "Mail your free booklet."

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK, Frick Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mothers! Read This

Here is a fact that concerns you. It isn't necessary longer to depend upon the uncertain old style nursing bottle when feeding baby. A better device is the

THERMOLAC Feeding Case

because it keeps baby's food at a *steady*, even temperature after it is determined by the unique Thermolac thermometer. Made of indestructible metal and endorsed by physicians. Write for our booklet, "Modern Baby Feeding." It describes the Thermolac Feeding Case, Thermolac thermometer nipple and other articles that should be in every nursery. Ask your Doctor. Write, if your dealer does not have them.

THERMOLAC MFG. CO.
873 Beacon Bldg., Boston.

—U-Ale-NO—
"AFTER DINNER MINT"

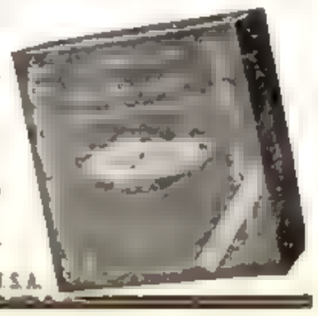
is a delicious confection at any time—pure, fresh, dainty—no mint candy is so grateful to the palate.

Sold only in tin boxes
Never in bulk

A liberal box will be sent for 10 cents.

We also manufacture
"U-Ale-NO" Mint Chewing Gum
Send 5c for a package

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
449 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.



Going to Build?

Then you will want to see the

Latest Ideas in Home Construction

Our new book shows 100 one and two-story bungalows and houses in Southern California, but suited to any climate. 120 pages, 97 illustrations, interior and exterior views, plans, descriptions, accurate building costs. Send for

"Practical Bungalows"

3000 sold in two weeks. Every plan built by us one to 15 times. Our plans are only $5.00 a set—of blue prints. Send 50 cents—stamps, cash or coin. Order today.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
233 D, Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Largest Co-operative Building Company in the World

7 Rooms $2860 5 Rooms $1600

CORTINA-PHONE

Original Phonographic Language System

ENGLISH—GERMAN—ITALIAN—SPANISH—FRENCH

or any other language can be learned quickly and easily by the Cortina Phone Method. You learn the foreign language just as you learned English—by hearing it spoken. Write for FREE booklet today telling about EASY payment plan

Cortina Academy of Languages

CORTINAPHONE
517 Cortina Bldg.
44 W. 34th St., N. Y.

Marion

THE trade name "Marion" on a motor car is a lofty monument to the maxim: "A satisfied customer is the best advertisement."

This car has by sheer merit, performance and reliability, and without the usual exploitation through the medium of printer's ink, so thoroughly established itself in the confidence and esteem of every owner, that we have finished every season without a car on hand and with Marion dealers everywhere clamoring for more.

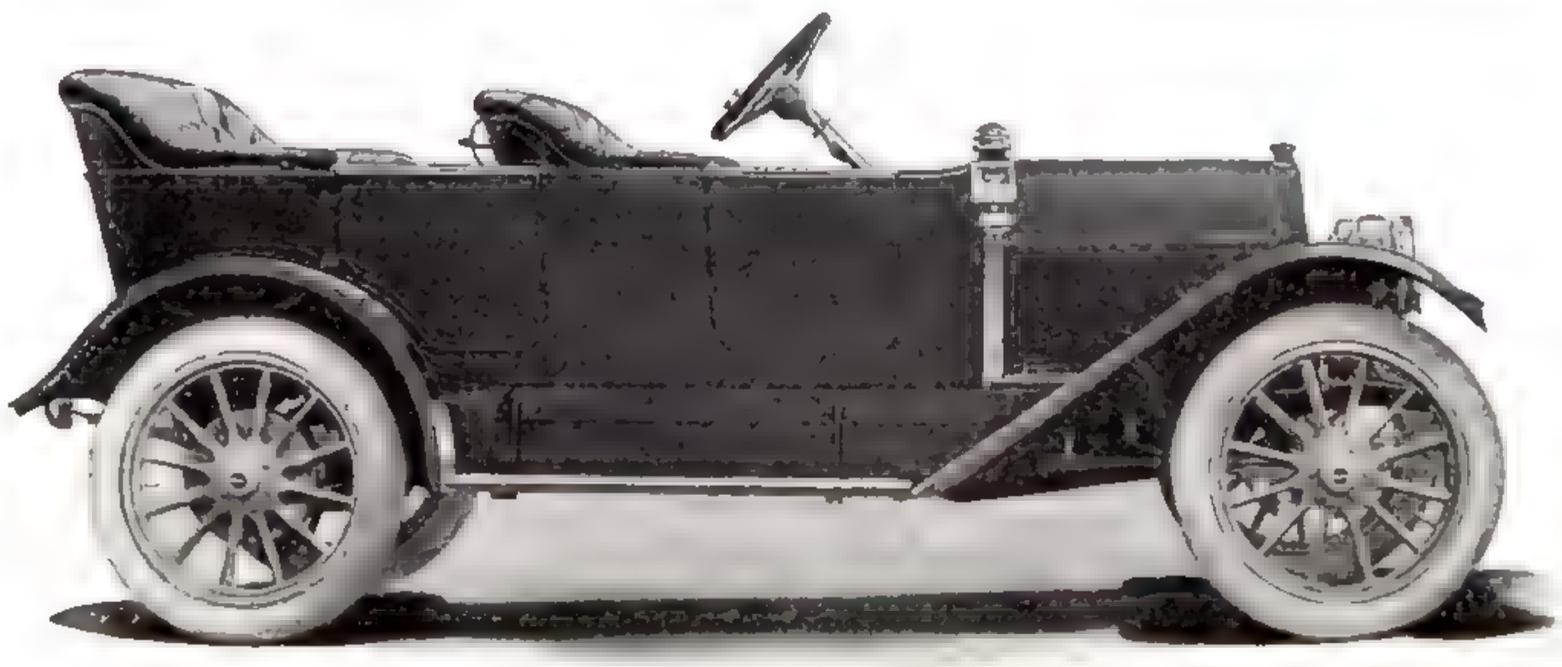
There must be some good reason why owners are such enthusiastic and consistent boosters.

Briefly it is because the Marion has always been a stylish, fleet and powerful car, yet so sturdily and staunchly built that it has established an enviable record for reliability and small cost of operation and maintenance.

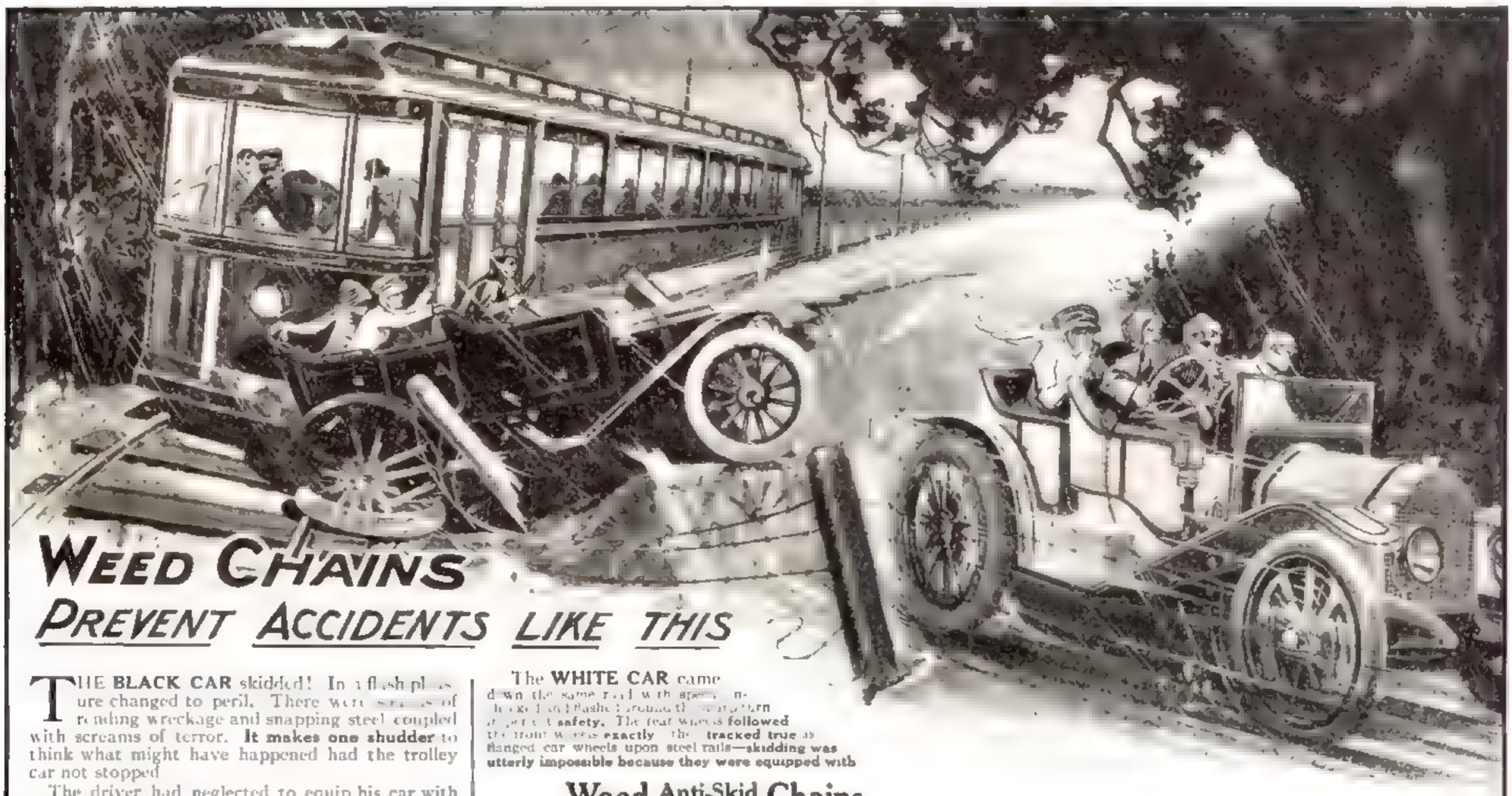
Marion dealers everywhere have doubled, and in many cases trebled, their orders for 1912 for the same reason, and we have increased factory facilities to meet the demand. But we have not increased the output, and will not increase it beyond that point where every car can have the same painstaking care in building, inspection and testing that has enabled us in the past to make every owner a Marion salesman.

Write for a catalogue to-day.

The Marion Sales Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



"Thirty-Five"—$1285



WEED CHAINS PREVENT ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS

THE **BLACK CAR** skidded! In a flash pleasure changed to peril. There were screams of rending wreckage and snapping steel coupled with screams of terror. **It makes one shudder** to think what might have happened had the trolley car not stopped

The driver had neglected to equip his car with **Anti-Skid Chains**—he "took a chance." Down the long, wet, slippery road he came, but at the turn the rear wheels would **not follow** the front wheels—**THEY SKIDDED!**

the car spun 'round [illegible] like a flash it crashed through the fence and brought the [illegible] **face to face with Death!**

The **WHITE CAR** came down the same road with speed [illegible] but it had Weed Chains on its rear wheels and **safety.** The rear wheels **followed** the front wheels **exactly**—the **tracked true** as flanged car wheels upon steel rails—**skidding was utterly impossible because they were equipped with**

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

See the **great cost** of folly! See how **cheaply** you can **purchase safety.** If you don't put Weed Chains on your wheels in wet weather **your** car may skid—the **wreck** may be **yours**—it may be **your life** that is snuffed out—without a moment's warning,—**in the twinkling of an eye!**

Make **SAFETY** yours—take Weed Chains with you.

All Reputable Dealers **Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.** 28 Moore Street New York City

THINK WHAT THIS MEANS!

The [illegible] Special Form [illegible] WEED CHAINS [illegible]

THE NAME WEED ON EVERY LINK

The Range with A Reputation

Built on base of best material—*the only range made of Charcoal iron, that won't rust like steel, and Malleable iron, that can't break. Outwears three ordinary ranges.* Seams welded [illegible] air tight [illegible] with pure asbestos [illegible]—assures absolutely dependable baking heat.

Great Majestic Range

Malleable and Charcoal Iron

[illegible] Roomy [illegible] shelves—no springs. Operates [illegible] Best range at [illegible] sold by dealers in nearly every city for [illegible] years.

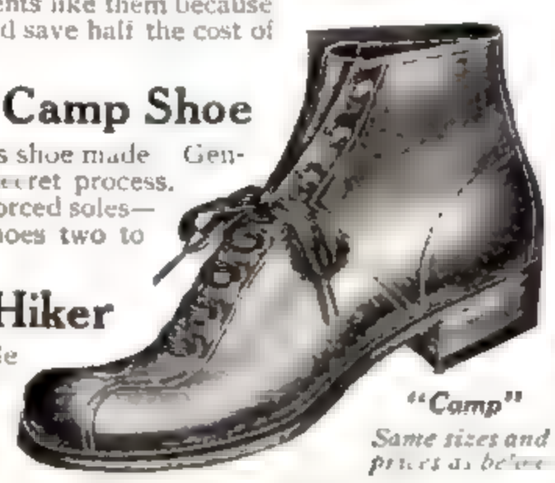
Write for Book of, *"Range Comparison."*

Majestic Mfg. Co., Dept. 48, St. Louis, Mo.

IT SHOULD BE IN YOUR KITCHEN

Thousands of Boys Wear "Excelsior Boy Scouts"

American boys have gone wild over these wonderful shoes. Their parents are equally enthusiastic. Because these famous shoes appeal to the heart of a boy as no other shoe ever has. And parents like them because they outwear other shoes two to one, and save half the cost of boys' footwear.



"Camp"

Same sizes and prices as below

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Camp Shoe

Lightest, strongest, best wearing boy's shoe made. Genuine elk leather, mineral tanned by our secret process. Suit as a glove and fits as closely. Reinforced soles—can't tear loose. Outwear ordinary shoes two to one. Colors—Olive, Tan and Black.

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Hiker

This splendid shoe for boys is suitable for school and everyday wear. Select black calf uppers. Unlined. Full bellows tongue. Extra heavy soles. Soft, close fitting, wears like iron.

"Hiker"

[illegible] Boys' Sizes 9 to 13½ $2.00. Boys' Sizes 1 to 5½ $2.50. Big Boys' and Men's Sizes 6 to 12 $3.00

Look for the "Good Luck" Charm

"Swastika" Good Luck Charm attached to every pair of "Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes. None genuine without this charm. Bright yellow metal, like gold. Always stays bright. Fine for prizes at boys' games, base ball, etc.

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"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes are made in many styles, to suit every need. "Parade," "Campaigner," "Hiker" and "Camp." In blucher, regular and high-cut. Tan, black and gun-metal calf, and special elk leather.

Get Them From Your Dealer

If he hasn't them, write us for FREE booklet of styles and name of dealer where you can get them. Or we will ship direct at [illegible] your entire satisfaction or refund your money.

See Your Dealer or Write Us Today. Address [illegible]

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Kaleidophane

Makes art glass out of plain glass

It [illegible] material, [illegible] Boys [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LÉONTINE AND CO.

Continued from Page 19

margin. I tried to get it over the baccarat table—and lost. To have got sold out would have meant ruin and it was Edith's money. The sale of the pearls was barely enough to tide me over. I sold them outright to get more money and because I did not see how I could restore them—what story I could tell. I have just had a telegram; the market is up again."

"So much the better," said I briskly. "Now settle up, John. Sell out, then settle with Rosenthal. Don't bother about my part of it. Think of the debt I owe to Edith. I ought to welcome the chance of squaring it. It will hurt her to think that I broke my word—but I can say something to cheer her. I will let her think that I am morally lacking—constitutionally wrong. Bruce up, old man!"

I talked to him for half an hour. Finally I said:

"See here, John, I'm not going to let you off scot-free. I want a promise from you. If you will give it I'll be actually glad of the whole business."

John raised his head. "Well?" he asked.

"You are to promise me to chuck drinking and gambling, John. No more spirits not a drop."

He choked back a sob. "I'll pledge my word, Frank," he said.

"Now," said I, "let me say a few words to Edith, and then I'm off."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To get under cover somewhere."

"How are you off for money?"

"I've got enough. If I need more I may write to you."

I gave his hand a grip and went out.

I walked to Edith's door and rapped.

"It is Frank Clamart," I said, for I heard a rustle within

"Come in, Frank," said a low, sweet voice. I entered. Edith was lying as I had seen her last, on the *chaise-longue* by the open window. She was very pale and her eyes were like great jewels.

"I have brought back your pearls," I said, and laid them on the table

"Thank you, Frank."

"I stole them," said I, looking at the floor.

"Why did you do that, Frank?" she asked, and her rich voice quivered the faintest trifle.

"You wouldn't understand," I muttered. "It's in the blood, I guess. They haunted me."

"But you have brought them back," said Edith in a tremulous voice. I felt her eyes burning into me and did not dare look up.

"Yes," I said, and tried to put bitterness in my tone; "I brought them back when I learned that I had been detected."

Edith caught her breath. "Look at me, Frank," she cried.

I raised guilty eyes, just for a second, then let them fall again. Edith burst into a storm of weeping.

"Frank, Frank," she cried; "try again, try again."

I couldn't stand it. "Goodby," I choked, and turned to the door. On the stairs I met Miss Dalghren. She drew her skirts aside as I passed.

Out of the house I rushed and hurried up to the office. I seemed to see Chu-Chu in every face I passed, and I hungered for him. Arrived at the office I wrote a note to Ivan, asking him to come at once to my address on a matter of the most vital importance. This I sent around to his house by a taxi, telling the driver to bring back an answer.

Half an hour later Ivan arrived. He smiled when he saw me, and followed me into the private room without the slightest hesitation. When we were seated I said:

"Count, before I go on permit me to apologize for two things: The first is the scene I made the other day in your bureau."

Ivan smiled again.

"I have already forgiven you that offense," said he, "because you furnished me with some very valuable information."

"I am glad of that," I answered. "The second thing for which I wish to apologize is a certain amount of damage that I did to your motor car."

Ivan laughed outright.

"Pray don't mention it," he cried, still laughing; and added more seriously: "You are a very daring man, Mr. Clamart."

"Needs must when Chu-Chu drives," I said.

"I should have much regretted the loss of my *mécanicien*," said Ivan; "he is a useful man. Also you came very near spoiling a good piece of work for me although I could wish that you had if that unfortunate woman dies." A scowl crossed his handsome face. "That Chu-Chu is the very devil, Mr. Clamart. There was absolutely no need for him to poison his victim. I know what he gave her. She would have been dead when the boat reached Calais if it had not been for her *mal de mer*. After your revelations in my office I would have broken with Chu-Chu had it not been that there was no one immediately available to put on the job. I am not a murderer, Mr. Clamart. To tell the truth, I am a bit of an artist, and promiscuous killing disgusts me. I have had enough of Chu-Chu. The pig never mentioned those gems that you took from him—or that I did." He smiled.

"The gems belonged to Baron Rosenthal," said I.

"To Rosenthal!" Ivan sprang up in his chair. "So much the worse!"

"It is all right now," said I; "he has got them back."

"What?" cried Ivan, startled out of his self-control.

"I gave them back to him," said I. "You see, my dear Count, I do not boast when I say that I am a man of my word. Meeting Rosenthal in the Automobile Club he told me of his loss. He is an old friend of mine and once saved me from a South American prison. They are not pleasant places. I told him that I had been for many years a professional thief and that in a quarrel with a *confrère* I had come into possession of the gems. Having learned that they were his, I wished to restore them. The Baron asked no questions."

Ivan shook his fine head. "Either you are a mad man, Mr. Clamart," says he, "or else you are something much more rare an honest one."

"I am neither," I answered; "I am merely a man of my word."

Ivan shot me a curious look. "You are apt very soon to be a dead man," said he.

"That," said I, "brings me to the main point. Do you, my dear Count, wish that I were a dead man? Because if you do, I feel that I might just as well save you the trouble and blow my brains out. This would also save my nervous system a lot of wear and tear."

Ivan twisted the waxed tip of his mustache. He glanced at me once or twice, then slowly shook his head.

"No," said he slowly; "personally I wish you no ill. I like and admire you, Mr. Clamart. As you remarked yesterday, a man may be a criminal and yet have a certain code of ethics. I myself am not what society would call a purely bad man. I steal from the rich—and sometimes, indirectly, as in the case of a bank, from the poor. Many respectable financiers do as much. But I give liberally to certain charities. It might surprise you to know that I am the sole supporter of an institution for tuberculous children. A child of my own once died of tuberculosis and my own early boyhood was menaced by the same disease."

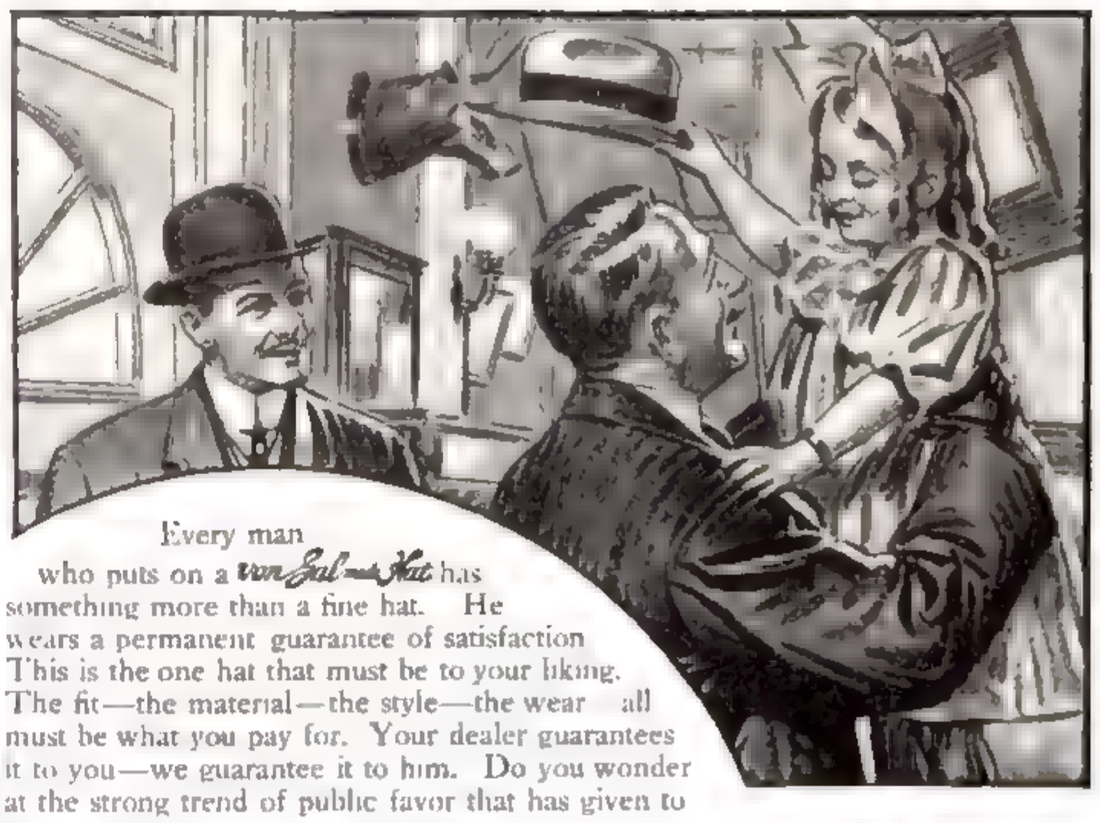
"Your charity does not surprise me in the least," said I; "in fact, it shows me that I was correct in my estimate of your character. If I had not felt this quality in you I would never have given myself the trouble to go to you and ask for Miss Dalghren's pearls. We have much in common, Count. We are both gentlemen born and to some extent the victims of circumstance. My own career as a criminal was cut short because it conflicted with my personal honor. Now my career as an honest man is likely to be cut short because it conflicts with my former career as a criminal. Chu-Chu will certainly kill me unless I am so fortunate as to find Chu-Chu first. What are your own sympathies in this feud?"

Ivan gave me a straight look.

"They depend," said he, "on my own interests. Will you give me your word of honor that, whatever happens, you will never lay information that may injure me?"

I leaned forward and looked him in the eyes.

"Count," I said, "after our painful interview of yesterday morning I determined to write a full statement that would incriminate you and your gang, and place it in the hands of some person with directions to put it in



Every man who puts on a *von Gal* Hat has something more than a fine hat. He wears a permanent guarantee of satisfaction This is the one hat that must be to your liking. The fit—the material—the style—the wear all must be what you pay for. Your dealer guarantees it to you—we guarantee it to him. Do you wonder at the strong trend of public favor that has given to their wonderful vogue? Whether soft or stiff, the styles of these hats are recognized everywhere as leaders. There is a von Gal made style that suits your height, your weight, the shape of your face. Do you wear it?

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Offices and Salesrooms:
1178 Broadway, New York
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Factories
Danbury, Connecticut
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YOU know how you feel in a poorly fitting suit, when a really well-dressed man appears. Makes you wish *you* had gone to a merchant tailor, doesn't it?

Why not do so next time? Then you can get one of the exclusive

"Shackamaxon"
Guaranteed Fabrics

We make these fabrics in our own mills, of the finest grades of pure live-fleece wool and sell them only to good merchant tailors. Their soft, beautiful finish and distinctive patterns are world-famed among merchant-tailored men

Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon

Write us for the ... Shackamaxon full style book and correct ... a tailor near you handling ... fabrics

J R Keim & Co.
Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
Guaranteed Fabrics

The Telltale Book

No manufacturer would send a salesman to the South Sea Islands with a line of Fur Coats to sell. Only a Colonel Mulberry Sellers would hope to dispose of Encyclopedias in Darkest Africa.

Yet those manufacturers who do not devote the proper study to the selection of mediums for advertising their goods are no wiser.

And among these are the advertising Pessimists.

On the other hand there are the successful ones—the Advertising Optimists—who practise *intensified advertising*. They plan their campaigns to reach the greatest number of possible purchasers at the lowest possible cost. They keep an accurate record of returns from each publication, and use only those mediums which bring tangible, profitable results.

The "keyed" advertisement tells the story. It leaves no room for doubt. It proves flatly that the advertisement pays or does not. It silences argument. It eliminates waste. It is the guide to maximum returns at minimum cost.

Ten years ago a manufacturer of spray pumps in Rochester, New York, decided to advertise. He had no knowledge of mediums—and finally called in an advertising agent and accepted his list. With a number of other publications he included Farm Journal, of Philadelphia. At the end of the first season the results showed that $300 more had been spent in advertising than had been realized in orders. Fortunately the advertising was keyed—or there might have been another member of the "Advertising Don't Pay" Club. The records showed that one publication—and only one—on the list had brought profitable returns. It was Farm Journal, and the advertising was continued in this paper. Later, other *proved* good mediums were added to the list. In ten years this manufacturer's business has grown from a room 19 x 70 ft. into a seven story factory building. Lucky for him those first ads were keyed!

Many experiences like this have made Farm Journal an enthusiastic advocate of the Keyed advertisement—*so* enthusiastic that we have prepared for the convenience of advertisers in determining the worth of our paper, as well as others, a RECORD BOOK OF ADVERTISING RETURNS. This book is substantially bound in cloth and morocco, and its blank pages have been carefully laid out to tell the story, month by month, of advertising returns from every medium the advertiser uses. It's the most thorough and convenient record of its kind we have ever seen—and it will be sent free to any advertiser who requests it under his own business letter head.

With the Record of Returns, we will also send our Book, "Tests and Testimony"—the most interesting, informative and valuable hand-book of matters Agricultural ever published. It will open your eyes to the richest and least tilled advertising field in the country. It contains data about agricultural conditions more complete and to the point than is available in any other book. It is a guide to the needs and tastes of millions of people—the richest people as a whole in the world.

Besides it will give you full information regarding Farm Journal. It introduces you to the quaintest, most interesting, instructive and best loved publication in the country. Tells how this paper has grown in thirty-four years to be the greatest agricultural journal in the world, with a circulation of over 775,000, or about 50% more than any other farm paper in the world. Recounts advertising successes which have been made through the columns of Farm Journal and gives proof to show why scores of the leading advertisers of the country have found it profitable to use it regularly.

Write for the TELLTALE BOOK and TESTS AND TESTIMONY today. You'll find them invaluable.

WILMER ATKINSON COMPANY, Publishers

FARM JOURNAL

Unlike Any Other Paper

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The November issue will be 800,000 copies. Rate $4 per line. Forms close October 5th. Come in.

the hands of the police if I should suddenly be found murdered—or should mysteriously disappear. Then I thought that I would write to you and tell you what I had done, thus making you in a way my guardian angel. But I did not do this. I had met with straight dealing and good faith at your hands, and I knew that, much as you might wish to do so, nothing on your part would ever prevent Chu-Chu from trying to settle his account with me. The man is a blood-maniac. Now, when this afternoon Cuttynge confessed to me that he himself had stolen his wife's pearls ——"

Ivan, whose lustrous eyes had never left mine, made an involuntary gesture, then controlled himself.

"Yes," said I. "Cuttynge was pressed by certain obligations and stole the pearls. He sold them outright, knowing that he could never explain their return. His confession proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that your dealings with me had been fair and generous. Now, my dear Count, you could have me assassinated at any time that suited your convenience, and no one would be the wiser. I have always detested the idea of a man's turning honest and then betraying his old pals to save his pelt. I won't do it. I wouldn't do it living, nor would I do it dead. As for your asking me for my word that I will never, no matter what may happen, place any information injurious to you, it is not necessary. But since you ask for it I give it. I shall never betray you."

Ivan bowed.

"That's quite enough, Mr. Clamart," said he. "You have nothing to fear from me. Fight it out with Chu-Chu. I hope you get the better of him." He scowled again, and his handsome face underwent a lightning change from that of the polite man of the world to that of the criminal, a look that lies so near the surface in every professional thief.

"I have had enough of Chu-Chu," he snarled.

"Then why not back my own play?" I asked quickly.

"No. That could not be done. It would be bad for the organization. You are, after all, an outsider and Chu-Chu is one of us. He has no friends, but a great many admirers. Few men will work with him after having had the opportunity to observe his methods. He would rather kill than not. Some day he will spoil everything. I have had enough of him. He is no longer to be trusted, and it is even possible that if caught he might turn state's evidence. He is an egoist—a rank egoist."

"Then you will stand neutral yourself?" I asked.

"Absolutely. I will do more than that. If opportunity offers, I might even give you a little unofficial help. Now I must go. I wish you good luck. You will need it. And a word in your ear—look out for an oriental-looking person with one nostril much larger than the other. He is Chu-Chu's servant. Some say he is Chu-Chu's brain. Now I must go. *Au revoir* and the best of luck!"

And out he went and jumped into his taxi and whirled off.

That, my friend, was exactly one hour ago. I have written some letters; I have been to the bank. And now for my favor. Will you go over on the Rue du Bac and buy me a *soutane* and a priest's round hat? Tell them that you are an artist and need them for a model. Tell them anything you like. I don't need the stole, because I am not to be a priest, but one of these bushy-whiskered *prédicateurs*—the breed that wanders about the country on its own. The sort of chap that we would speak of at home as "an itinerant preacher."

Then, my friend, if you do not think that I am asking too much for our slight acquaintance, would you mind taking your bundle and going out by the train to St. Germain? No? Thanks, more than I can say. Somebody has got to bring the car back after I have made my change, and I know that you are a good driver. Leave it at the garage; you don't need to tell them anything at all.

Yes, I've got the beard and eyebrows and stain, and a pair of clippers with which I may get you to run over my curly head. I will drop you a line to your studio from time to time.

What's the betting? Odds on me? Thanks—that's the way that I would play it myself. Monsieur le Tondeur is up against a Yankee—and an honest man.

(THE END)

BEAVER BOARD

WALLS and CEILINGS are Artistic and Sanitary

MR. KNOTT, views of whose handsome BEAVER BOARD rooms are here reproduced, has solved one of the serious problems of the home-builder.

He has found in BEAVER BOARD a wall and ceiling material more artistic, sanitary and economical than lath, plaster and wall-paper.

He has wall and ceiling panels that do not crack, do not harbor dirt or vermin, and which require no repairing or re-papering.

Moreover, the panel treatment, with the [illegible] pebbled surface, has given [illegible] opportunity for original and [illegible]

[illegible] and we will tell you how to get the same result, either in a new building or for remodeling an old [illegible]

BEAVER BOARD is made of pure wood fibre [illegible] panels of different sizes and [illegible] economical results can be [illegible] ease and quickness.

BEAVER BOARD is sold by builders' supply [illegible] hardware, paint dealers, [illegible] in sizes to meet all average [illegible] For your protection each panel is [illegible] the back with the BEAVER BOARD [illegible] If your dealer does not handle [illegible] BEAVER BOARD [illegible] at your request. All about BEAVER BOARD and how to put it up and decorate it.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

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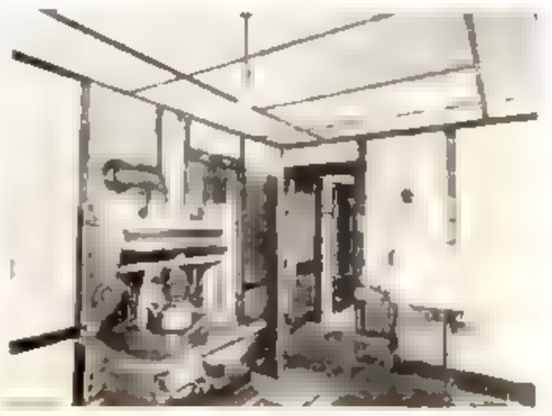

Kitchen in the House of Mr. E. R. Knott, of Buffalo

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY

(Concluded from Page 16)

the poisoned swords. It has been asserted that if Hamlet should be performed in a deaf-and-dumb asylum the inmates would be able to follow the story with interest by means of their eyes alone. It was a wise critic who once declared that the skeleton of a good play is a pantomime. And Tartuffe is Molière's masterpiece, a marvelously rich portrayal of human nature; and it has also a pantomime for its backbone. When the Comédie-Française went to London, thirty years ago, Sarcey picked out Tartuffe as the one play of all the repertory that produced the most certain effect upon the English playgoers, since its story was so clear that it could be followed even by those ignorant of French.

If the successful play of the hour happens to be published the aspirant will do well to get it and to compare the impression he had in the theater itself with that made by the printed page in the library. This will help to show him how much of the effect of a play is due to the performance—to the acting, to the looks and gestures, to the pauses and to the sense of suspense. And it will probably startle him to discover how little of the effect is due to external literary merit, to mere writing, to rhetoric; and how much of this effect is the result of the story itself, of the building up of the situations so that one seems to arise naturally out of the other; and of the bold, sharp contact of character with character. Fine writing is nowadays at a discount; and in the theater action is all important. This is no new discovery, for Aristotle said it many centuries ago, insisting that story and construction were absolutely necessary, whereas poetry was only a decoration or an accompaniment. A good play must have literary merit, of course; but it must be drama before it is literature. It must have theatrical effectiveness, first of all; and readability comes only second. It has to succeed on the stage or it will never be read.

The ambitious aspirant will find advantage, also, in analyzing contemporary published plays that he has not seen acted and in trying to guess at their effectiveness in the theater. Sardou once told a reporter how he had studied Scribe's pieces in the endeavor to spy out the secrets of stagecraft. "I used to take a three-act play that I did not know anything about. I read only the first act; and, after this exposition of the story and of the characters, I closed the book and then I tried to build up for myself the rest of the play that Scribe had erected on that foundation. And I was satisfied with myself only when I had, by a sheer exercise of logic, succeeded in constructing a plot pretty close to that which I afterward found in the second and third acts." Scribe is now a little old-fashioned; but today a novice would find it very suggestive if he took Pinero's Mid-Channel, Jones' Liars, or Clyde Fitch's Girl With the Green Eyes, and, after studying the first act very carefully, tried to outline the play that is the necessary conclusion.

The Part the Plot Plays

To say this is to emphasize the fact that the art of the dramatist is very like the art of the architect. A plot has to be built up just as a house is built—story after story; and no edifice has any chance of standing unless it has a broad foundation and a solid frame. What the characters say is less important than what they do, and still less important than what they are. After the steel frame is once erected there will be time enough to consider the decoration and to design the stained-glass windows. The story, the plot, the theme—these are the essential things. Voltaire says somewhere that the success of a play depends on the choice of its subject. And whether a subject is good or not depends on the audience. Subjects that were excellent for Sophocles and for Shakspere are no longer satisfactory to modern spectators who have a very different outlook on the world from that of the Athenians or the Elizabethans. The spectator today wants to see himself on the stage—himself and his fellows—the kind of folks he knows by personal experience. And it is only by choosing a subject of this sort that the novice can give his work what the late Augustin Daly used to call "contemporaneous human interest."

A play needs to have a theme; this theme must be interpreted by a story; and the story must be stiffened into a plot. The plot may be simple and straightforward, free from complications and complexities; but it must deal with a struggle. It must show the clash of contending desires. This marks the sharp difference between the novel and the play. Alone in the library we are often glad to read a novel which sets before us merely a group of characters, revealing themselves by word of mouth; but in the theater, when we are assembled together, we are bored if we are not shown a definite action, a steadily moving story in which we can follow the strife of opposing forces. A novel may delight us by merely exhibiting human beings; but a play will not please us unless we can sympathize with the effort of one of those human beings to achieve something. On the stage we want to see somebody wanting something and either getting it or not getting it. We want to see a fight, fought to the finish.

The Works of Great Men

When Mr. Gillette set out to put Sherlock Holmes into a play he instinctively seized upon the shadowy figure of Professor Moriarity, the astute leader of a band of criminals—a figure only glimpsed vaguely in a far corner of one of the least known of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories. Mr. Gillette put this figure in the forefront of the play he was composing and set him over against the incomparable detective, thus providing Sherlock Holmes with a foeman worthy of his steel. The resulting play was a duel of wits between the wrong embodied in Moriarity and the right personified by Sherlock Holmes. And a very large part of the success of The Lion and the Mouse was due to the ease with which the audience was able to follow the bitter contention between the heroine and the plutocrat, each of them knowing his own mind and each of them feeling justified in his own conscience. It may be noted, also, that the Taming of the Shrew is one of the least intellectual of Shakspere's plays—it is only a farce, with an abundance of violent fun; but it keeps the stage after three centuries because its story is vigorously dramatic, since it sets before us an unmistakable contention of opposing forces, resulting in the conquest of a woman's will by a man's.

One piece of advice to the novice can properly be offered by a student of stage history. Begin modestly. Begin by imitating the successful playwright of your own time and your own country. Be satisfied, at first, if you can succeed in doing only what these predecessors have done—even if you believe you have it in you to do better. Don't try to be precocious—as Margaret Fuller said: "For precocity some great price is always demanded sooner or later in life." The great dramatists have never exhibited any undue precocity; they have always begun modestly by imitating. Shakspere's earliest plays are merely his juvenile attempts to write the kind of pieces that Marlowe and Kyd, Lyly and Greene had made popular. Molière's earliest plays are imitations of the improvised comedies of the Italian strollers. In these first pieces of Shakspere and Molière it is scarcely possible to perceive even the promise of the power to which they ultimately attained. Henry Arthur Jones began by writing comediettas and melodramas; and Sir Arthur Pinero made an equally unambitious beginning with curtain-raisers.

The really important dramatist is, of course, a man who has something to say and who has learned how to say it. In his immaturity he is not likely to have much to say of any great significance; and he can, therefore, concentrate his attention on learning how to say what little he has to utter. An anecdote is told of Courbet, the French painter, which brings out this point. A very ambitious young fellow came to him for advice, enlarging upon the lofty projects he had in mind. Courbet listened and then answered: "Go home and paint a portrait of your father." The young man protested at this humble task, proclaiming his desire to paint great historical scenes. "Exactly," said Courbet; "I understand—you want to become a historical painter. That is why I tell you to go home and paint a portrait of your father."

This is excellent advice for beginners in every art. Like the aviators, they must be content to fly along the level ground for a little distance before they attempt to soar aloft into the blue empyrean.

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THE INFARE AT TEN SLEEP

(Continued from Page 7)

entrance of the two men; but when Killis explained, with his mouth to her ear, that the preacher from Bible Grove had come, her lips trembled and her hot eyes yielded a few scant tears.

Distressing as was the scene, it was only too familiar to Rook, and he set to work with professional skill. He had never been a doctor of souls exclusively, and he first washed the patient's face and hands with cool water. He next inquired as to the course and duration of her sickness. Then, turning the children and dogs out-of-doors, he knelt beside the lowly bed, motioning the husband to do likewise

He began his prayer in low, uncertain, half-muted tones, for the face of God was hidden from him, and vain, indeed, seemed his oblation; but, as he warmed to his work and the old familiar phrases dropped from his lips, he gained confidence. His voice grew in volume and intensity, became orotund and sonorous, fell into those mellifluous cadences which mark the music of the master of the human harp. Finally, stimulated by the sick woman's pious ejaculations, and feeling the sustaining ether under his oratorical wings, he launched fearlessly forth. His powerful voice issued in a resistless torrent, rising and falling, like the beat of the sea, in a rhythmic, harmonic sequence of chords. Then, tremulous from his exertions and with his face streaming with perspiration, he closed in a tender minor strain.

"Praise be to God! I feel His savin' grace!" shrilled the woman.

"Amen! Amen!" shouted Killis between his sobs.

Rook, rising unsteadily, with the vacant air of one enthralled by a vision, passed noiselessly into the leanto kitchen. After an interval he took a freshly dressed squirrel from a peg and began a broth for the invalid. He shrewdly guessed that half her trouble was lack of nutrition.

It was a new man who rode away from the Killis cabin several hours later, with his face from—not toward—Ganderbone, his heart purged of murder and his soul at peace with Him who said: "Vengeance is mine." The past two months had become as unsubstantial as an evil dream after the morning sun has banished the shadows from one's chamber and awakened the world to life and love and labor again.

One figure in the phantasmagoria, however, resisted dissolution and stood out with the solidity of a great rock amid a sea of sifting sand. It troubled him not a little as his horse picked its way down the difficult road, and when he reached Bee Branch he slipped from the saddle and fell upon his knees. It was a very different prayer which he now offered. He repeated the simple words over and over, in a low, fervid voice, almost like one softly chanting an incantation.

"Merciful God, give me this woman or give me the stren'th to do without her! Make her a helpmeet or consume as by fire this pore, airthly love of mine!"

When he reached a fork in the road and chose the tine which would take him past the Yelverton home it was in perfect faith that he was facilitating an answer to his prayer and not weakly yielding to his longing to see Sallie again.

He was still half a mile from the house when a bullet suddenly sang past his head like an angry bee. As instinctively as a chick darts beneath the hen's wing at the shadow of a hawk, Rook leaped from his horse and sped for the nearest shelter—a boulder about the size of a bushel basket. Before he reached it two more jets of smoke spurted from behind a tree some twenty rods away.

Owing to the lowness of his rampart, a prostrate position was necessary to security. So, lying flat on his belly, Rook exposed his hat on one side of the rock as a blind while he cautiously brought one eye up to the other edge to reconnoiter. He presently glimpsed the red head and herculean shoulders of Wigg Tinklepaw—whom, as a matter of course, he had expected to see. In the mountain, to shoot and kill is bad; but to shoot and not kill is worse—for the shooter. Wigg undoubtedly expected to be called to account for his assault on the night of the infare, and in this attack he was merely forestalling his opponent.

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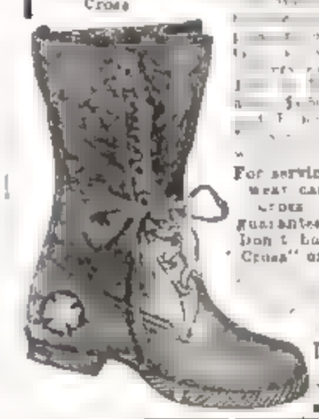

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Rook prepared for a vigorous defense. In his haste he had left his rifle on his saddle-horn, and in a duel at a hundred yards his .44 revolver left much to be desired.

Nevertheless, his first shot struck the enemy's tree with a vicious thud, though it elicited from Wigg only a derisive hoot and a return ball which smacked the "hard-head" like a cyclopean kiss. His second and third shots missed the tree, for he had aimed first at an exposed shoulder and secondly at a knee. Thenceforward he fired more slowly and carefully, for, upon count, he found that he had but twenty-two cartridges left.

Wigg seemed plentifully supplied with ammunition, for he kept up a rapid fire until the ground on both sides of Rook's body was plowed with little furrows as straight as a plumbline and dotted with granite chips from the boulder. Presently, however, Wigg ran to another tree and, after a brief interval, to a third one. Rook at first supposed he was retreating, but this was unlikely, with the odds all in his enemy's favor; and, looking for a better explanation, he soon suspected that the crafty Ganderboner was working toward higher ground, from which he could deliver a plunging fire over the top of his opponent's low defense. And it was not long before Rook received a glancing blow upon his sole which caused him speedily to haul in his extended legs.

His situation was now perilous; and he was craning his neck for a line of retreat when his quick eye caught a slight agitation of the "calico-bushes" which formed a thicket on the other side of the road. His horse, contentedly grazing throughout the duel, had worked over to the edge of this thicket; and while Rook still suspiciously scrutinized a spot directly beyond the horse, a bare hand and arm suddenly shot out of the leafy wall, seized the rifle from the saddlehorn and vanished from sight. The watching man was not deceived. He knew that hand and arm as surely as if he had seen the face beyond them. They belonged to Sallie Yelverton.

For the first time he felt fear. He knew the girl's prowess with a rifle and that, at this short range, she could lay his mouth in the dust with her first shot. Mountain women had more than once shown themselves the equals of men in nerve and stoicism when fate had forced their hands, and Sallie Yelverton was daring and reckless beyond most of her sex. Yet the thought that she could slay him in cold blood especially when he was obviously getting the worst of the encounter with her lover—was so abhorrent to him that he tried to reject it and to believe that her object was rather to put the rifle beyond his reach.

Five minutes passed. No shot came. Then, though still apprehensive of danger from the new quarter, he was forced to turn his attention again to his original assailant. Wigg by this time had ascended the slope still higher and his bullets were chewing up the ground formerly occupied by Rook's shanks. So Rook, now curled up like a porcupine, once more opened fire, hoping rather than believing that a lucky shot might cut short the operations of his now overbold foe.

Presently he was startled by a shot on his right quarter; but no bullet had passed him with its unmistakable death-song, which would certainly not have been the case had he been the target of this new entrant in the fight. So he shifted his glance from the region of the last shot back to the tree up the slope. As he did so he saw Wigg Tinklepaw pitch forward, with upthrown arms, and fall on his face.

Puzzled at this sudden turn of affairs and suspecting a conspiracy in which Wigg was "playing possum"—a ruse which had lured many an indiscreet feudist to his death—he [illegible] still a moment longer. Then, trembling with a divination of the truth, he rose and ran toward the spot from which the last report had come.

With the rifle across her knees, her forefinger, stained with the blackberries she had been picking, still upon the trigger, Sallie Yelverton sat on the trunk of a fallen tree a pale and tragic figure, but as composed and self-sustained as Jael after smiting Sisera with her hammer. Most eloquently had she denoted her choice of the rival suitors. Yet Rook, in spite of the lovelight shining from his eyes, stood as dumb as if he had lost his tongue.

"Rooky, go see if I kilt him," said she gently. "I only aimed fer his hip."

Her aim was true. It was his hip she had hit, dooming him to limp through life and

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cutting him off forever from those rough sports in which he had excelled.

Hunter Yelverton brought a wagon in which to haul him home; and, after they had lifted the wounded man in, groaning dolefully, Rook and Sallie walked down the road under the first pale evening stars. Just before they reached the house Rook paused. Still half dazed by the revelation of Sallie's love, he had not yet bared his heart.

"Sallie," he began solemnly, "I've made my peace with God. I done it this mawnin'. He's got work fer me to do, spite of my unworthiness. I'm agoin' back to preachin'. So I asked Him to give me you or the stren'th to do without you. I reckon He's answered my prayer, Sallie."

She lifted her face to his, her dark lashes growing still darker with tears.

"Oh, Rook, I'm no Christian, but I believe He has! I knew you'd go back to the church. You're different from the rest of us—and better. But, if you think such as me is not beyond forgiveness—if you think I could help you—I'll try oh, I'll try so hard, Rook!"

For answer, he drew her gently to his breast.

The Housewreckers

THE signs of disturbance are brewing: there's a spirit of change in the air; the stars indicate something doing; I fear we are in for our share. My wife the long hours has been gilding with Fancy's delightfullest dreams; she's sketched out a plan for rebuilding that's full of nooks, corners and beams. It's a fever we have every season—to tear this old home all apart, without special object or reason, in the name of interior art. We tear down the stairways with ardor and cut some new holes in the walls. We raise some new shelves in the larder and lift some new posts in the halls. We change and we move and we alter until we feel hopelessly lost; nor ever the once do we falter or reckon at all of the cost. We rip and we tear and we frolic through chimneys and ingles and walls; we romp and we rush and we rollick, and tear out doors, windows and halls. We rend things like fiends of disaster; we rip and we saw and we scan; we pull down great sections of plaster to change some interior plan. We haven't torn things all to pieces for nearly six months, and that's why my fear of the future increases—the signs of disturbance are nigh!

I KNOW in the spring we'll be dreaming of changes that ought to be made: of some new mahogany beaming and narrow oak floors to be laid; of rooms made the bigger and warmer; of sideboards built into the wall; of gable and cornice and dormer—we'll have to remodel them all. We'll make the old living room higher and knock out one end of the den; we'll build a new grate for the fire and brick up the old one again. We haven't torn up since last summer; we haven't made over a thing. Let's draft some designs for the plumber and bid him prepare for the spring. Let's haste to the architect madly and bid him take paper and pen and see, by designing, how badly the house can be torn up again. To wreck and to rend is our pleasure. Delay not, for that would be wrong when time is so fleeting a treasure and art is so long—is so long!

OH, DULLARDS, what know ye of feeling? What measures of joy do ye share who never have ripped out a ceiling—who never have torn out a stair—who build no hall seats every morning—who tear them not out every night—who go not about fiercely scorning the plans that seemed yesterday right? Perfection, what charm's in thy scanning? Monotony, where is thy zest? Pray, grant me the pleasure of planning and give me the joys of unrest. I want to come home to bare stringers, to sawdust and paint and débris. I want to go round with bruised fingers—the saw and the hammer for me! And so my delight is unending when comes my dear wife with a plan, and over my shoulder is bending, and bids me with ardor to scan, "Just some little changes, my dearie, that ought to be made right away." Oh, life, all thy days would be dreary, and days, all thy skies would be gray, if men did not come at her calling to rip up the parlor and den, and set all the plaster to falling and tear this old house up again!

—J. W. FOLEY.

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Sanitax Brushes are a necessity to every [illegible] and groomed [illegible] they prevent [illegible] to hair health, give lasting satisfaction.

Sanitax Hair Brushes have [illegible] Imported selected Bristles extra [illegible] to reach the scalp and [illegible] German Silver detachable backs [illegible]. You will take pride and satisfaction in **owning** a **Sanitax.**

Beautiful handle backed brushes for women—Military Brushes for men [illegible]

SANITAX BRUSH CO.
2330 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Mufler Hair, Bristle or Bath Sponges, Hand and [illegible]

Dealers: Write for Special Demonstration Offer

WILD'S

PARQUET INLAID LINOLEUM

For homes, offices, stores—wherever hardwood effects are desired. Parquetry perfectly reproduced in the finest *inlaid* linoleum. Patterns are *inlaid* and will last for years as the colors go right through.

Costs less than hardwood, is sanitary, noiseless, elastic, non-inflammable and has [illegible] stepping surface, to be easily cleaned with soap and water, thus eliminating the frequent and expensive refinishing hardwood requires.

Sold by Dealers in High-Grade Linoleum

Write for [illegible] patterns [illegible] in colors.

JOSEPH WILD & CO.
366-370 Fifth Ave. New York
Established 1852

Wild's [illegible]

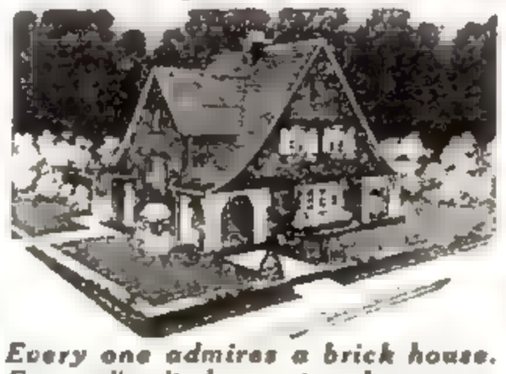
They die outdoors!

No mixing
No Spreading—
No Mess—
No Trouble—
Just crumble up a

Rat Bis-Kit

about the house. Rats will seek [illegible] outdoors. Easy, [illegible] Large [illegible] The Rat [illegible] 10 N. [illegible] Springfield [illegible]

Learn About Brick



Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

Brick is the most beautiful, most reliable really the cheapest building material in the world. The cost of wood has risen until a wood house costs more to build and maintain than a brick house

Learn the Facts. Send today for our **Free Book,** "A Revolution in Building Materials."

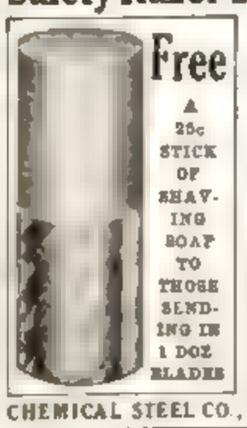
Two Books of New House Designs from [illegible] "A House of Brick for $10,000," and [illegible] "A House of Brick of Moderate Cost" $3,000 to $5,000. [illegible]

If you are writing, state character of work you have in mind.

TRADE MARK

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1320 Flatiron Building, New York

Safety Razor Blades Renewed



Free
A 25c STICK OF SHAVING SOAP TO THOSE SENDING IN 1 DOZ BLADES

Dull blades sharpened better than new by perfect chemical process. We sharpen any make safety razor blades for 2½c each, or

30c a Dozen

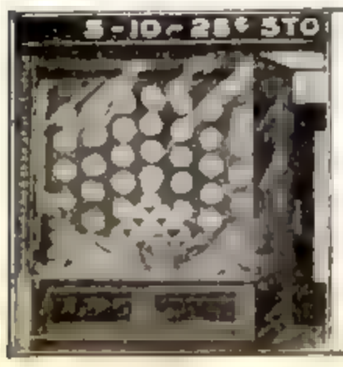
Don't confuse with similar offers. Each blade hair-tested before it leaves us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Read Free Shaving Soap offer—drop your blades in the mail *today!*

CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 160 North Fifth Ave., Chicago

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

[illegible] our [illegible] letters for office windows, store fronts and [illegible] Any one can put them on. Nice pleasant business. [illegible] for free [illegible] and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 423 North Clark Street, Chicago



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200-page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Automobile Owners Motor Boat Men Owners of Stationary Gas Engines

This Plug is Guaranteed Carbon and Soot PROOF

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Reliance

SPARK PLUG — "Sparks in Water"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Magneto Plugs are specially [illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back [illegible]

$1.00 $1.25

Get This Book [illegible]

JEFFERY DEWITT CO
68 Butler Ave.
Detroit

LARGEST MAKERS OF **GOOD SHOES** IN THE WORLD

FORTY years ago we began to make good footwear; we've been doing it ever since. The business has grown, from a very small beginning, to be the largest of its kind.

You may not be interested in the fact itself; but the reasons for it are interesting to everybody who pays out any money for shoes.

We started with the same materials, the same mechanical facilities, the same sort of workers that all manufacturers of shoes had then; we have now practically the same as all others have. We buy the best leather; we have the best machinery; we employ the most skillful labor possible; others may do the same. We improve in these matters wherever and whenever we can.

One thing we started with, forty years ago, hasn't changed any; a determination never to put our name on a shoe that wasn't good enough, all through, for you to pay your money for. We make shoes with a sense of obligation to the wearer.

In these forty years we've had many chances to make more profit by making shoes not quite as good as they ought to be; cheaper leather, cheaper soles, pieced counters, composition heels. These were merely opportunities to make more money; they didn't tempt us any. We've made the name Selz mean, to us, on a shoe, "good shoe." It's the only way to make it mean that to you.

We've started on another forty years of the same policy.

SELZ CHICAGO U.S.A.

Largest makers of good shoes in the world

JOB
—A Good One If You Act Now

A Business Proposition is Waiting for You Here

IF YOU are the kind of man we are looking for, whether young or middle aged, you can secure a first class opportunity to represent us in your town, county, or state.

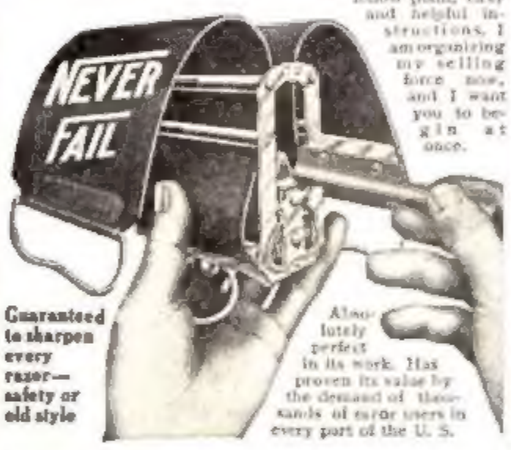
It depends only on you and whether by chance we may now have a satisfactory man where you live.

But it's well worth your while to write us and ask. That costs you only a 2-cent stamp or a postal.

If we didn't have a good, straightforward proposition this advertisement wouldn't be here.

AGENT SALESMAN MANAGER

I want a good man in every territory of the United States—as local agent for one county, or as general manager for a number of counties. This proposition offers an opportunity for you, to build up a splendid and permanent income. It's partly up to you, but hundreds of others are making a big success of this in their territories. No experience is necessary to start, but I want men—young or old—who will do their best, who will treat me square and who will follow plain, easy and helpful instructions. I am organizing my selling force now, and I want you to begin at once.



Guaranteed to sharpen every razor—safety or old style

Absolutely perfect in its work. Has proven its value by the demand of thousands of razor users in every part of the U. S.

The Never Fail Automatic Razor Stropper

—So Much Talked About

No charge made for territory. Protection against others running over your field. Co-operation, assistance, personal attention to each man.

This is a new proposition. A positive automatic razor stropper—absolutely guaranteed to sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds will put it in perfect and better shape to give a cooling, soothing, satisfying shave than can any expert hand operator, no matter how carefully he works. Men are eager to buy it. Women buy it for presents to men.

Part, or All Your Time

All I require is that you make an honest effort, keep things moving, and that you keep your promise to me and to your customers. The possibilities are unlimited. We absolutely prepare you on how to start at once and make a great success for yourself and us. Investigate. It costs you absolutely nothing to learn about this opportunity. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Write today, and give the name of your county.

Address, Secretary
The Never Fail Co.
1145 Colton Bldg.
Toledo, O.

Tear This Out and Mail Today

Secretary, THE NEVER FAIL CO.
1145 Colton Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Send me your offer, your proposition for me to represent you and all the facts about what others are doing in similar work for you.

*Name*_____

*County*_____
(Be sure to name your county)

*Address*_____

*State*_____

For You

Sense and Nonsense

DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

Use the Gnome Ash Sifter—You Sift Your Coal Ash, Why Not Your Tobacco Ash? If it is Not on Sale at Your Tobacconist's, Inquire for it at the Hardware Store.

Passamquoddy's Apple Toddy

By J. W. Foley

Pindar Peel, of Passamquoddy,
Made some birthday apple toddy
An' gits snubbed by everybody
(Female sect) in Passamquoddy.

He put apple brandy in it,
Put hot water in t' thin it,
Stood an hour t' stir an' spin it,
Timed it to th' very minute.

Watched it with th' tenderest feelin',
Knowed it would be soothin', healin',
Grated in some orange peelin'.
Toddy, say! That was a real un.

Pindar Peel, of Passamquoddy,
Sent a bid t' everybody
To jine him in apple toddy,
(Hemale sect) in Passamquoddy.

It had big baked apples floatin'
In it, an' I was a-notin'
Nutmeg smell, an' Peel was totin'
Glasses 'round an' jest a-gloatin'.

Ezry Beggs was thar, an' Struthers,
Homer Blake an' Job Caruthers;
Treadwell Pew an' his two brothers,
Me an' half a dozen others.

We set thar a while a-gassin',
Crackin' jokes an' neighbor-sassin',
An' while toddy was a-passin'
Ye sh'd hear th' tongues unfasten.

Me ner Job ner anybody
Ever drunk sech apple toddy,
Made all-wool without no shoddy
In th' days o' Passamquoddy.

Never see sech sly, deceivin'
Stuff as that—past all believin';
Put th' real kibosh on grievin',
Loosed up tongue-tied fellers even.

Homer Blake an' Job Caruthers
Sung some college songs an' others,
An' Tread Pew an' his two brothers
Danced a Highland fling with Struthers.

It was winter, an' th' wind er—
Roarin', but we all begin ter
Feel th' heat, by jing, an' Pindar
Shoved Gabe Struthers out th' winder:

Then reached out—he see he'd haf ter
Pull him back—an' give th' gaff ter
Gabe, an' shook so hard with laughter
That he went a-tumblin' after.

Wal, we got 'em back, an' Struthers
Wrastled Treadwell Pew's two brothers,
Blacked an eye fer Job Caruthers,
Skinned my nose an' hurt some others.

But th' was th' best o' feelin',
Pindar Peel kep' on a-dealin'
Toddy out—put in more peelin'.
Homer Blake nigh kicked th' ceilin'.

Ezry Beggs was that onstable,
He slid underneath th' table
Plumb onstiddy, pitch an' gable;
Tried t' rise, but wasn't able.

Pindar simply kep' th' kittle
Hard a-bile, full to th' middle,
Didn't no one have no tittle
Too much er no jot too little.

Job Caruthers felt like takin'
Jest a little nap; an' makin'
Him a bed, laid down till breakin'
Dawn without no sign o' wakin'.

Pindar Peel took home Gabe Struthers;
Treadwell went with his two brothers,
Hardly knowin' which fr'm t' others,
Which was like me—an' some others.

Nex' day Pindar heerd fr'm Struthers'
Wife, an' Blake's an' Job Caruthers',
Treadwell Pew's an' his two brothers',
Mine—an' mebbe fr'm some others.

Pindar writ a note an' sent it,
Beggin' pardon—an' he meant it;
Said th' was no harm intended,
Said them apples had fermented.

Treadwell Pew an' his two brothers,
Homer Blake an' Job Caruthers
Took probation—an' Gabe Struthers,
Me an' half a dozen others.

He gits snubbed by everybody
(Female sect) in Passamquoddy,
Jest fer makin' birthday toddy,
Pindar Peel, of Passamquoddy.

The Man Who Knows Watches

HERE is an instance of what *South Bend Watches* do.

Engineer Floyd of the Twentieth Century Limited carries a South Bend Watch.

Floyd's watch has run steadily for five months and has varied but 14 seconds—not enough variation to detect on the minute hand.

And this railroad test is one that few watches can stand. For an engine cab sways, jolts, pounds and vibrates as nothing else does. A watch that will remain accurate under conditions like these *will keep perfect time in your pocket.* Don't you want "Engineer's time"?

The South Bend Watch that this engineer uses is called "The Studebaker." You can get a South Bend Watch in a solid gold case for $75—or in less expensive gold filled and other cases at very reasonable prices. But every South Bend Watch is a Master Timepiece. See them at your jeweler's.

South Bend
The Master Timepiece

Write for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about the South Bend. How it gets 411 inspections. Why it takes from six months to a year to make each watch, and other interesting things that prove South Bend superiority. Send us a postal today. (70)

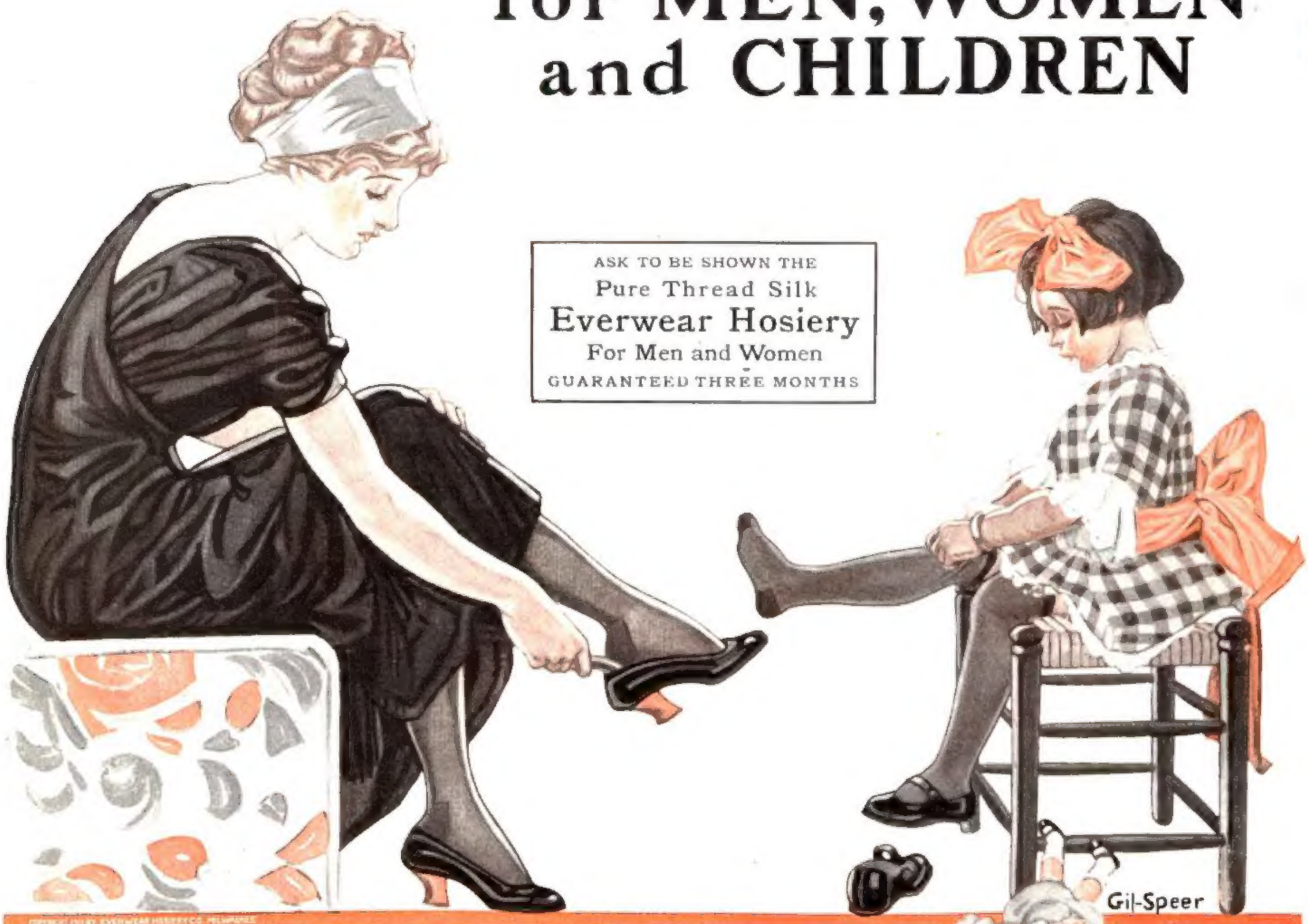
THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 134 South Bend, Ind.

Everwear TRADE MARK

Guaranteed Hosiery

for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

ASK TO BE SHOWN THE
Pure Thread Silk
Everwear Hosiery
For Men and Women
GUARANTEED THREE MONTHS



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EVERWEAR Hosiery is in the widest demand where hosiery excellence is most demanded. You can get any weight you prefer, from gauze to medium—in every seasonable color. Your unbiased judgment will concede to the superiority of our improved Everwear in every qualification—fit, comfort, quality, fineness, sightliness and durability. The softest, silkiest hose—the yielding, smooth fitting kind—seamless and most comfortable. Don't confuse Everwear with ordinary coarse, heavy hosiery, because that kind may well be guaranteed. But no merely guaranteed hosiery is like Everwear. Will you convince yourself? Everwear is the American Standard of Hosiery Excellence. Made for men, women and children, $1.50—$2.00 and $3.00 the box of six pair, with a specific guarantee of six months wear. Pure thread silk Everwear, sold three pair in a box, guaranteed three months, men's $2.00, women's $3.00 a box. If you cannot obtain them from a dealer in your city, we will send them, express paid, to your address, on receipt of price.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

Complexion Brushes

Two styles—white bristle—extra soft or medium; Alberite base. Prices $1.50 to $2.00. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

THE inside construction of every RUBBERSET Brush is one unvarying principle—*gripping bristles in hard, vulcanized Rubber.* This is true of shaving, tooth, complexion, nail and paint brushes. It is physically impossible for bristles to escape the everlasting hold that this rubber base takes The RUBBERSET rubber base is impervious to all uses a brush is designed to accept. Time has no terrors for RUBBERSET construction, and the problem to make the balance of the RUBBERSET as hardy and lasting as its bristle base has been accomplished by the introduction of *ALBERITE*, a material akin to solid ivory. For sanitary, cleanliness, brilliancy and appearance, *Alberite* is as far superior to other materials as is the RUBBERSET principle to old-style bristle-holding methods.

Nail Brushes

Two sizes—black and white combination of bristles and Alberite base. Indestructible. Prices $1.00 to $1.50. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

For life-time usefulness. A comprehensive line ranging upwards from 25c to $6.00 each. All Drug, Hardware, Department and General Stores.

Look for the name "RUBBERSET" on the brush—if the name isn't there—you can be sure that it is not a genuine RUBBERSET.

The principle of RUBBERSET construction is twenty years perfect. As an invention it is without precedent or parallel.

A RUBBERSET Brush, whether it be a shaving brush, tooth brush, nail brush, complexion brush or paint brush, is emphatically the best of its kind, and that best means you can put your money in and get the greatest value out of it.

In no other brand do you have the vastness of choice—the refinement of styles—the genuine utility—and the real, sound, solid worth of your money. Whatever the price amount of a RUBBERSET Brush, the measurement is one hundred cents to the dollar you pay. Each RUBBERSET product is standard—a standard created by its own superlative worth and complete originality.

This huge brush organization, unequalled in size, in capital, in modernness, in skilled labor, guarantees the perfection of each article. The name RUBBERSET on a brush is our "O. K." mark of production. Look for it—remember it—be guided by it, and if you don't see it, just reflect the fact that it isn't the genuine, RUBBERSET.

When you meet substitution, get wise to the dealer or go to a wise dealer. He may be the next one on the block, or if he isn't handy to you, just send a postal request for one of our catalogs, showing by picture and description and price just the precise brush you seek.

RUBBERSET COMPANY

(R. C. & H. T. Co., Props.)

Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.

Also makers of Berset Shaving Cream Soap, Berset Powdered Shaving Soap and Berset Triangular Dental Cream—25c the article.

The Safety Tooth Brush

Every scientific variation of tuft and handle. Individually boxed. 35c each at Drug, Department and General Stores.

Note the inside construction. Identical in all brushes. Each bristle deeply imbedded in its indestructible base.

Home Brushes

The ever-handy paint brush. 5 sizes—individually boxed, 20c to 60c each. At Department, Hardware and Paint Stores.

BRUSHES